Class PN4201
Book .M3
1849

THE

NATIONAL SPEAKER:

1503
3578

CONTAINING

EXERCISES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

IN PROSE, POETRY, AND DIALOGUE,

FOR DECLAMATION AND RECITATION;

AND

AN ELOCUTIONARY ANALYSIS,

EXHIBITING A CLEAR EXPLANATION OF PRINCIPLES, WITH RULES FOR EACH ELEMENT OF ORAL EXPRESSION, PRACTICALLY ILLUSTRATED IN A SYSTEMATIC COURSE OF LESSONS.

BY HENRY B. MAGLATHLIN, A. M.

AUTHOR OF "THE PRACTICAL ELOCUTIONIST."

1st edition.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY ROBERT S. DAVIS.

NEW YORK: G. F. COOLIDGE & BROTHER, AND HUNTINGTON & SAVAGE.
PHILADELPHIA: THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & CO.
And sold by the trade generally.

1849.

PN4201
M3
1849

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by
HENRY B. MAGLATHLIN,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From Thomas Sherwin, A. M., Principal of the English High School, Boston.

MR. H. B. MAGLATHLIN:

Dear Sir: — I have examined your "Practical Elocutionist," and "National Speaker," and am happy to say that I think they will prove valuable auxiliaries in teaching the important but too much neglected art of elocution.

I commend these works to the favorable regards of teachers and of the public.

From Elbridge Smith, A. M., Principal of the Central High School, Cambridge.

I have examined with great pleasure the proof sheets of "The National Speaker." I think the selections of a superior order, and I regard the entire work as better adapted to the wants of our High Schools than any other with which I am acquainted.

From Caleb Emery, A. M., Principal of the High School, Charlestown.

I have examined "The National Speaker" with much satisfaction, and consider it the best work of the kind with which I am acquainted. The arrangement is excellent; and the selections, for declamation and occasional reading, are of a high order, and eminently appropriate.

From Francis J. Child, A. M., Instructor in Elocution in Harvard College.

I have cursorily examined the Introduction to "The National Speaker," and am happy to say that I think it simple and lucid, commendably brief, yet quite sufficient for ordinary teachers and students of elocution.

It seems to me that the book will be found practically very useful.

THE PRACTICAL ELOCUTIONIST.

This work, containing the introductory portion of the National Speaker, is published separately, for general use in schools.

Stereotyped by
HOBART & ROBBINS;
NEW ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERY,
BOSTON.

PREFACE.

The declamations and recitations in this compilation are mostly *new*. Many of the dialogues, and some of the other pieces, have never before been published; and a majority of those not original appear in a work of this kind for the first time. A sufficient number, however, of the more choice of the older specimens of oratory and fine writing have been included, to make up a desirable variety.

Reference has been had, in admitting pieces, to the wants of pupils of both sexes, and of different ages.

The devoting of a part of the book to salutatories, valedictories, presentation speeches, and other occasional addresses, constitutes not only an original feature in this work, but one, it is believed, that will prove valuable and useful.

The arrangement of the pieces has been made chiefly with a view to convenience in making selections for speaking; but if, for the purposes of reading, this order should seem too methodical, it can be deviated from to any extent, in taking lessons, so as to secure, practically, all the possible advantages of an intermingling of prose with poetry, and of monologue with dialogue.

Some of the selections, in order to their better adaptation, it is but just to their authors to say, have been considerably condensed; and, in a *few* instances, otherwise changed. The piece entitled "Remembrance of the Good" was taken, by permission, from a compilation by another. Of the two dialogues, "The Seasons," and "The Village Squire," each partaking more or less of the nature of a waif, the latter has been somewhat altered, and both included in this collection, for the reason, that they have never before, in any form, appeared in any similar work, to the knowledge of the compiler.

The elocutionary analysis is the result of much labor, and is intended to contain, at least, all the more important principles upon which good reading and speaking depend, as clearly stated and as fully explained as could be expected in a work so elementary in its nature.

Technical terms have been avoided as much as possible; and when found necessary, no new ones have been introduced,

but such as seemed the most just and expressive have been selected from Dr. Rush, and other approved authorities.

Allusion has been made to many errors in the manner of reading and speaking, and all of them suitably noticed.

Particular pains has been taken to furnish concise and definite rules for the right use and application of *all* the elements of vocal expression. Under the rules there have been arranged numerous illustrations, with a special view to their being used as "*drill exercises.*" A large number of the illustrations being selected from the body of the work, a key is thereby afforded to the right expression of many important passages in the declamations and recitations.

The rhetorical notation is very simple, and, as exhibited on the fifty-fifth and the three pages immediately following, will be seen to be easy of application.

In preparing the analysis numerous English and American works, relating to the subject treated, have been examined and compared. Of these, great indebtedness is acknowledged to the well-known very original and philosophical treatise on "The Human Voice," by James Rush, M.D.; Murdoch and Russell's "Orthophony, or Vocal Culture in Elocution;" Barber's "Grammar of Elocution;" Gardner's "Music of Nature;" and the productions of Walker, Knowles, Sheridan, Bell, Wood, Smart, J. E. Worcester, Webster, Porter, Bronson, Caldwell, Day, Mandeville, W. Russell, Vandenhoff, and some others, have been consulted with more or less benefit. But it has been deemed scarcely necessary to give any more particular reference to authorities, since we have seldom had occasion to use the language of others, whenever it has been found convenient to adopt their views, and assimilate the same to the peculiar arrangement and design of this work.

Convinced, by the testimony of many practical teachers, as well as by his own large experience in imparting instruction, of the necessity of some brief yet comprehensive and practical manual of elocution, adapted alike to common schools and academies, the author has caused the elocutionary part of the National Speaker to be published by itself, in a cheap volume, called "The Practical Elocutionist."

HENRY B. MAGLATHLIN.

Boston, May, 1849.

CONTENTS.

ELOCUTIONARY ANALYSIS.

INTRODUCTION.

Properties of a good voice, ... 13
Freedom to the enunciatory organs, — the body — the teeth — the lungs — position, ... 13

VOCAL GYMNASTICS.

Movements, ... 14
Backward, downward, upward, forward, ... 14
Breathings, ... 14
Full, gentle, forcible, abrupt, sighing, sobbing, . . 14
Gasping, panting, ... 15

ARTICULATION.

Vocal elements, ... 15
Tonics, ... 15
Table of tonic elements, ... 15
Observations, ... 15
Illustrations, ... 17
Subtonics and atonics, ... 18
Correspondent sounds, ... 18
Table of subtonics and atonics, ... 18
Observations, ... 18
Illustrations, ... 20
1. Subtonics and atonics, ... 20
2. Subtonic combinations, ... 21
3. Atonic combinations, ... 22
4. Subtonic and atonic combinations, ... 22

ACCENTUATION.

Primary and secondary accent, ... 23
Rules for accent, — Illustrations, ... 23
Accent on the first syllable, ... 24
Accent on the last syllable but two, ... 24
Accent before the termination, ... 24
Accent according to signification, ... 24

PRONUNCIATION.

Standard of pronunciation, ... 25
Faults in pronunciation, ... 25
Rules for pronunciation, — Illustrations, ... 26
A unaccented, and *A* final, ... 26
Ed final, ... 26
O final, and *O* unaccented, ... 26

U after the accent, ... 26
A, *the*, and *my*, ... 27
Very long words, ... 27
Succession of similar sounds, ... 27

EMPHASIS.

Ordinary emphasis, ... 28
Notation of emphasis, ... 28
Kinds of emphasis, ... 28
Common errors, ... 28
Rules for emphasis, — Illustrations, ... 28
1. New or important idea, ... 29
2. Interjections and exclamations, ... 29
3. Antithesis and contrast, ... 29
4. Cumulative emphasis, ... 29

PAUSES.

Kinds of pauses, ... 30
Principles governing the length of pauses, ... 30
Rules for rhetorical and harmonic pauses, — Illustrations, . 31
1. Nominative long or emphatic, ... 31
2. Adjective after its noun, ... 31
3. Relative pronouns, ... 31
4. Verb in the infinitive, ... 32
5. Conjunction, preposition, or adverb, ... 32
6. Intervening phrase, ... 32
7. Transposition of phrases, ... 32
8. Words in opposition, ... 32
9. An ellipsis, ... 32
10. Word or clause, ... 32
11. Poetic lines, ... 33

INFLECTION.

Extent of the inflection, ... 33
Circumflex or wave, — Monotone, ... 33
Errors in inflection, ... 34
Rules for inflection, — Illustrations, ... 34
1. Tender and gentle emotion, ... 35
2. Inadequate or trifling matter, ... 35
3. Pause of suspension, ... 36
4. Concession, ... 36
5. Last inflection but one, ... 36
6. Wonder, surprise, and indignation, ... 36
7. Direct question and answer, ... 36
8. Direct question attended with emphasis, ... 36
9. Indirect question and answer, ... 36
10. Questions stated and repeated, ... 36
11. Answers expressive of indifference, ... 36
12. Clauses making complete sense, ... 37
13. Command, remonstrance, denunciation, and reproach, . 37
14. Equal contrast, ... 37
15. Unequal contrast, ... 37

16. Negation and affirmation, ... 37
17. Parenthesis, ... 37
18. Supposition, irony, sarcasm, scorn, derision, . . 38
19. Solemnity, sublimity, awe, amazement, horror, . . 38

PITCH.

Varieties, ... 38
Common errors, ... 39
Rules for pitch, — Illustrations, ... 39
1. Unimpassioned thought and moderate emotion, . . 39
2. Joyous and elevated feelings, ... 40
3. Impulsive and uncontrollable emotions, . . . 40
4. Grave and impressive thought, ... 40
5. Very deep feeling and emotions, ... 41

FORCE.

Degrees of force, ... 41
Error, ... 41
Rules for force, — Illustrations, ... 42
1. Suspicion and fear, ... 42
2. Caution and secrecy, ... 42
3. Pathos and solemnity, ... 42
4. Tranquillity, ... 42
5. Simple description, ... 43
6. Didactic style, ... 43
7. Animated description, ... 43
8. Energetic address, ... 43
9. Anger and rage, ... 44
10. Impetuous courage, ... 44
11. Calling, ... 44
12. Shouting, ... 44

STRESS.

Varieties, ... 44
Rules for stress, — Illustrations, ... 45
1. Fear, ... 45
2. Impetuous courage, ... 45
3. Obstinate determination, ... 45
4. Impatience, ... 45
5. Pathos and solemnity, ... 46
6. Elevated sentiment, ... 46
7. Surprise, ... 46
8. Earnest interrogation, ... 46
9. Vehement command, ... 46
10. Indignant emotion, ... 46
11. Voice enfeebled by rapture, ... 46
12. Voice enfeebled by weariness and hunger, . . 47

QUALITY.

The pure tone, orotund, aspirated, guttural, . . . 47
Plaintiveness of speech, ... 47
Rules for quality, — Illustrations, ... 48

1. Cheerfulness and gayety, ... 48
2. Joy, ... 48
3. Love and tenderness, ... 48
4. Pathos, solemnity, and grandeur, ... 49
5. Solemnity and sublimity, ... 49
6. Joy and sublimity, ... 49
7. Earnest and energetic address, ... 49
8. Vehement command, ... 50
9. Wonder and amazement, ... 50
10. Terror and horror, ... 50
11. Despair and remorse, ... 50
12. Anger and revenge, ... 50
13. Ardent expression of courage, ... 50
14. Hatred and aversion, ... 51
15. Loathing and contempt, ... 51
16. Impatience, ... 51
17. Complaint and lamentation, ... 51
18. Supplication and entreaty, ... 51
19. Grief, sorrow, and commiseration, ... 51

MOVEMENT.

Common distinctions, ... 52
Fault, ... 52
Rules for movement, — Illustrations, ... 52
1. Didactic thought and simple narration, . . . 52
2. Grandeur and vastness, ... 53
3. Solemnity and pathos, ... 53
4. Profound reverence and adoration, ... 53
5. Deep solemnity, awe, and consternation, . . . 54
6. Cheerfulness, ... 54
7. Lively description, ... 54
8. Joy and mirth, ... 54
9. Gayety and humor, ... 54
10. Sudden fear, ... 54
11. Violent anger, ... 55
12. Hurry and haste, ... 55

GENERAL REMARKS.

System of notation, ... 55
Tabular view, — Illustrations, ... 56
1. Caution, solemnity, tranquillity, ... 56
2. Earnest interrogation, ... 56
3. Amazement and horror, ... 56
4. Melancholy, cheerfulness, mirth, ... 56
5. Hurry and haste, ... 57
6. Pathos, terror, aversion, ... 57
7. Lamentation, ... 57
8. Shout of command, pathos, ... 57
9. Rapturous emotion, ... 57
10. Didactic thought, ... 58
11. Grave and serious description, ... 58
12. Bold declamation. 58

CONTENTS.

PROSE DECLAMATIONS AND RECITATIONS.

The Scholar's Responsibility,	C. B. Haddock,	59
Duties as Americans,	D. Webster,	60
Patriotic Self-sacrifice,	H. Clay,	62
On the Oregon Question,	E. Hannegan,	63
Enmity towards Great Britain,	R. Choate,	65
Death of John Q. Adams,	I. E. Holmes,	67
Remembrance of the Good,	H. Humphrey,	68
National Monument to Washington,	R. C. Winthrop,	69
On Declaring the Republic,	A. De Lamartine,	70
Sufferings and Destiny of the Pilgrims,	E. Everett,	72
Glorious New England,	S. S. Prentiss,	73
Pepetuity of our Liberties,	L. Beecher,	74
Ancient and Modern Productions,	C. Sumner,	76
The Ancient and Modern World,	J. Martineau,	77
Upon the Employment of Indians,	W. Pitt,	78
On Reform in Parliament,	H. Brougham,	79
Infidelity Tested,	R. Hall,	81
Belshazzar's Feast,	A. B. Fuller,	82
In Behalf of Education,	S. S. Randall,	83
Ignorance in our Country a Crime,	H. Mann,	85
The Provisional Government to the People,	A. De Lamartine,	86
The Dishonest Politician,	H. W. Beecher,	87
In Reply to Mr. Wickham,	W. Wirt,	89
The Character of Avonmore,	J. P. Curran,	90
A Columbian Orator,	J. G. Adams,	91
Lyceum Speech of Mr. Orator Climax,	Anonymous,	92
Unlawful Military Combinations,	J. McLean,	93
To the Jury, in Case of O'Brien,	Whiteside,	95
Speech of Vindication,	R. Emmet,	96
Necessity of Resistance,	P. Henry,	98
On Conciliation with the Colonies,	E. Burke,	101
Against the Force Bill,	J. C. Calhoun,	102
Extract from Speech delivered in New York,	C. M. Clay,	104
Crime its own Detecter,	D. Webster,	105
In Behalf of Greece,	H. Clay,	107
The Exact Sciences,	E. Everett,	109
Knowledge is Power,	E. H. Chapin,	110
In Reply to Corry,	H. Grattan,	111
Address to Citizens and Soldiers,	A. Jackson,	112

Speech of an Indian Prisoner, . . . Black Hawk, 113
Alpin's Lament, ... J. Macpherson, 114
In Behalf of Starving Ireland, . . . S. S. Prentiss, 115
The Fall of Switzerland, ... S. Smith, 116
The Judiciary Department, . . . W. E. Channing, 118
In Defence of Freeman, ... W. H. Seward, 119
In Defence of Widow Wilkins, ... C. Phillips, 120
The Model Repeal Orator, . . . H. Mayhew, 122
Cæsar Passing the Rubicon, . . . J. S. Knowles, 123
For the Vote of Confidence, . . Compte De Mirabeau, 124
A Vindication of the Laborer, . . . C. Naylor, 125
British Predilection, ... J. Randolph, 127
More may be Meant than Said, . . . R. Choate, 128
The Federal Union, ... D. Webster, 130
The Stability of our Government, . . C. Sprague, 131
Virginia and Massachusetts, . . . J. McDowell, 132
Reply to Mr. McDowell, ... J. G. Palfrey, 135
Value of Public Faith, ... F. Ames, 137
The Future Age of Literature, . . . H. Bushnell, 138
The Age of Humanity, ... C. Sumner, 139

POETICAL DECLAMATIONS AND RECITATIONS.

My Father 's at the Helm, ... Anonymous, 141
Press On, ... P. Benjamin, 142
The Young Soldier, ... J. G. Adams, 142
The Power of Art, ... C. Sprague, 143
Washington's Remains, ... G. Lunt, 144
David's Lament for Absalom, . . . N. P. Willis, 145
Address to the Ocean, ... B. W. Proctor, 146
A Farewell to America, ... R. H. Wilde, 148
The Features, ... N. M. Magazine, 148
Away to the West, ... W. K. Cole, 149
Bruce's Address, ... R. Burns, 150
La Marseillaise, ... C. W. Baird, 151
Evening Prayer at a Girl's School, . . . B. Barton, 153
The Evening before Eternity, . . J. A. Hillhouse, 154
The Flight of Xerxes, ... M. J. Jewsbury, 155
My Choice, ... Anonymous, 156
The Kaiser, ... W. Howitt, 157
The Summons of the Destroyer, . . . H. H. Milman, 158
Satan Calling to the Fallen Angels, . . . J. Milton, 159
Water, Bright Water for me, . . . E. Johnson, 160
A Modest Wit, ... Anonymous, 161
The Pilgrim Mothers, ... S. F. Streeter, 162
The Pauper's Death-Bed, ... C. B. Southey, 163
Albuquerque, ... R. Dawes, 164
The Seminole's Reply, ... G. W. Patten, 166
History of John Day, ... T. Hood, 167
The Polish Exiles, ... Miss Pardoe, 169
Casabianca, ... F. Hemans, 170

Patience and Hope, ... E. L. Bulwer, 171
Excelsior, ... H. W. Longfellow, 171
The Farmer's Blunder, ... Anonymous, 173
Look Aloft, ... J. Lawrence, 175
Song of Labor, ... I. F. Shepard, 175
The Ship-builders, ... J. G. Whittier, 177
Rienzi's Address, ... M. R. Mitford, 178
Marco Bozzaris, ... F. G. Halleck, 179
Spare the Birds, ... G. W. Bethune, 181
The Cold Water Man, ... J. G. Saxe, 182
The Mother Praying, ... A. Cunningham, 183
Thanatopsis, ... W. C. Bryant, 184
Child Rescued from the Eagle, . . . S. S. Advocate, 186
My Unmarried Aunt, ... O. W. Holmes, 188
The Sea, ... J. C. M'Cabe, 189
The People's Hymn, ... C. D. Stuart, 190
Bernardine Du Born, ... L. H. Sigourney, 191
Battle of Brunnenberg, ... J. H. Frere, 192
Darkness, ... G. G. Byron, 194
The Baron's Last Banquet, ... A. G. Greene, 196
New Hampshire, ... J. Q. A. Wood, 198
Progress of Liberty, ... G. D. Prentice, 199
A Parody, ... S. S. Greene, 199
The Prairie Cottage, ... J. H. Scott, 201
The Skater's Song, ... E. Peabody, 201
The Mother and her Child, ... Ch. Ad. and Journal, 202
The Present Age, ... M. A. Livermore, 203
Forest Hymn, ... W. C. Bryant, 205
The Closing Year, ... G. D. Prentice, 207

DIALOGUES FAMILIAR AND DRAMATIC.

The Beauty of Piety, ... S. C. Edgarton, 209
The Seasons, ... Anonymous, 215
Ungrounded Suspicions, ... Ch. Gosp. Guide, 217
On Chatting, ... E. A. Bacon, 220
The Hard Name, ... Comm. Script., 223
Fortune-Telling, ... J. A. Fletcher, 226
Queen Catharine, ... Comm. Script., 229
William Tell, ... J. S. Knowles, 235
Cowardice and Boasting, ... W. Shakspeare, 241
The Indian's Wrongs, ... N. T. Monroe, 244
The Sisters, ... F. Hemans, 248
Ellen and Mary, ... Gosp. Teacher, 250
The Colonists, ... L. Aikin, 251
Upon School Studies, ... W. Fernald, 253
The Hatter and Printer, ... J. M. Morton, 257
The Frenchman's Lesson, ... Home Journal, 262
Banishment of Cataline, ... G. Croly, 263
A Scene from Venice Preserved, ... T. Otway, 266
The Sister Band, ... N. T. Monroe, 269

The Four Wishes, ... Anonymous, 273
On Curiosity, ... Comm. Script., 274
The Ladies' Wreath, a Topic, arranged by . H. A. H. Wait, 276
Tattleville Sewing Society, ... F. Crosby, 280
Church Critics, ... Eastern Mail, 283
The Village Squire, ... Anonymous, 285
Gustavus Vasa, ... H. Brooks, 293
Baron Von Klingenberg, ... J. C. Porter, 295
Julius Cæsar, ... W. Shakspeare, 307

OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES AND EXERCISES.

A Salutatory, ... Comm. Script., 311
A Salutatory, ... F. Crosby, 312
An Introductory, ... Comm. Script., 313
A Valedictory, ... W. L. P. Boardman, 314
A Closing Address at an Academy, . . . J. Fisher, 315
A Closing Address for Examination Day, . J. C. Porter, 316
An Epilogue, ... C. D. Stuart, 317
A Closing Address at a Repeated Exhibition, J. G. Adams, 318
On Presentation of a Silver Pitcher at . . Salem, 319
On Presentation of a Vase and Flowers at . West Newton, 321
On Presentation of a Gold Pencil at . . . Danvers, 321
On Presentation of Books at . . . . Waterville, 322
On Presentation of a Gold Ring and Watch-chain at Salem, 323
Address to General Taylor at . . . New Orleans, 324

AN

ELOCUTIONARY ANALYSIS.

INTRODUCTION.

ALL that language or tones can effect, to convince the understanding, arouse the feelings, or enlist sympathy, must be done by the voice addressed to the ear. Hence, upon its quality and management depends the perfection of reading and speaking. A full, clear, and energetic utterance, united with richness and mellowness of tone, constitutes the properties of a good voice. In order to acquire these properties, by practising exercises designed for vocal culture, freedom of movement must be allowed to all the enunciatory organs.

1. The *posture* of the *body* must be upright and easy, the *head* erect, and the *shoulders* held back and down, so as to expand the *chest* as much as possible.

2. The *teeth* must not be too nearly closed, or the *cavity* of the *mouth* so contracted but that the *tongue* may execute its proper movements with celerity and exactness.

3. The *lungs* must be kept inflated; the portion of air given out being constantly and imperceptibly supplied, so that there shall always be a quantity in reserve.

4. In order to preserve an erect and easy position, when standing, the *feet* should be placed a few inches apart, one being a little in advance of the other, with its heel slightly turned inward; and the foot kept back should receive the principal weight of the body.

VOCAL GYMNASTICS.

GYMNASTICS in the open air are among the most important aids to vocal culture. The following *movements* and *breathings*, suitable for

Upon what depends the perfection of reading or speaking? What constitutes the properties of a good voice? What should be the posture of the body? How must be the teeth and mouth? The lungs? How must the feet be placed? What is said of Gymnastics? What of the movements?

the school-room, by expanding the chest, quickening the circulation, and imparting energy and pliancy to the respiratory organs, have considerable use as a preparatory drill in developing the voice.

MOVEMENTS.

1. *Backward, with arms akimbo.* With the head erect, and the shoulders back and down, place the hands upon the hips in such a manner that the thumbs shall press upon the side of the back, and the fingers upon the body in front, and then throw the elbows forcibly backward.

2. *Downward, with arms and hands extended.* Move the hands, after extending them downward by the sides, briskly up and down.

3. *Upward, with the arms and hands extended.* Let the hands and arms be placed in a vertical position, and then drawn down and projected upward, with force.

4. *Forward, with the arms and hands extended.* Draw back the hands and arms, after being extended horizontally forward, and project them forth again quickly, with force.

5. *Backward, with arms and hands extended.* Place the arms horizontally forward, with the palms of the hands together, and then throw them apart forcibly, bringing the backs of the hands as near together as possible behind the back.

BREATHINGS.

1. *Full breathing.* Place the arms and hands as required in the first movement; then, after slowly drawing in the breath until the chest is fully expanded, emit it with the utmost slowness.

2. *Gentle breathing.* Draw in the breath as in a full breathing, and expire it audibly in a prolonged sound of the letter *h*.

3. *Forcible breathing.* Fill the lungs, and then let out the breath with some degree of force, in the manner of a whispered cough.

4. *Abrupt breathing.* Send forth a full breath suddenly and forcibly, in the shortened sound of *h*, in the manner of an abrupt whispered cough.

5. *Sighing.* Fill suddenly the lungs with a full breath, and emit it as quickly as possible.

6. *Sobbing.* With a slight convulsive effort, inflate the lungs, and then send forth somewhat more gently the breath.

Describe and illustrate the first movement. The second. The third. The fourth. The fifth. Illustrate each of them, five times, rapidly. Describe and illustrate full breathing. Gentle breathing. Forcible breathing. Abrupt breathing. Sighing. Sobbing.

7. *Gasping*. Like sobbing, only the lungs must be filled with more violence and haste.

8. *Panting*. Breathe quickly and violently, making the emission of the breath loud and forcible.

ARTICULATION.

Elocution, or the art of speaking and reading with ease, elegance, and effect, makes a just *Articulation*, which is a clear and distinct utterance of all the elementary sounds entering into the formation of words, of the greatest consequence. It is certain that a speaker who possesses only a moderate voice, if his articulation be good, will be better understood, and heard with more pleasure, than another, speaking ever so loudly, whose articulation is imperfect.

The elements of our language have been divided, according to the quality of their sounds, into *tonics*, *subtonics*, and *atonics*.

TONICS.

The *tonics* are so called because they have perfect tone or vocality.

They are the only elements admitting of an indefinite prolongation of sound. They are nineteen in number.

TABLE OF TONIC ELEMENTS.

1. *A* in *All* — *Awe* — *War*.	11. *O* in *Do* — *Move* — *Soon*.
2. *A* " *Arm* — *Mart* — *Half*.	12. *U* " *Full* — *Pull* — *Bush*.
3. *A* " *At* — *Man* — *Have*.	13. *U* " *Up* — *Spun* — *Dull*.
4. *A* " *Air* — *Care* — *Fare*.	
5. *A* " *Ask* — *Past* — *Dance*.	14. *A* in *Ale* — *Mate* — *Laid*.
6. *E* " *End* — *Let* — *Mesh*.	15. *I* " *Ice* — *Lime* — *Find*.
7. *E* " *Err* — *Fern* — *Earl*.	16. *O* " *Old* — *Ode* — *Note*.
8. *E* " *Eve* — *Eel* — *Seize*.	17. *Ou* " *Our* — *Ounce* — *Loud*.
9. *I* " *It* — *Since* — *Did*.	18. *Oi* " *Oil* — *Joint* — *Voice*.
10. *O* " *Odd* — *Rob* — *Blot*.	19. *U* " *Use* — *Union* — *Mute*.

OBSERVATIONS.

1. The sounds of the first thirteen elements in the table are *simple*, that is, they may be indefinitely prolonged with-

---

Describe and illustrate gasping. Panting. What is Elocution? What is Articulation? How have the elements of the language been divided? Why are the tonics so called? What is said of them? Their number? What are the sounds of *A*? Of *E*? Of *I*? Of *O*? Of *U*? Of *OU*? Of *OI*? Which of the elements are simple? Name them.

out change of tone; the other six cannot thus be prolonged without change, and are *compound;* thus,

A in *ale* begins with the initial sound of *a*, and ends with a slight sound of *e* in *eve*. *I* in *ice* begins with *a* in *at*, and ends with *i* in *it*. *O* in *old* is compounded of an opening sound vanishing into *o* in *do*. *Ou* in *our* is formed by commencing with *u* in *up*, and closing with a short quantity of *o* in *do*. *Oi* in *oil* is compounded of *o* in *old* and *i* in *it*. *U* in *use* is the sound of *e* in *eve*, blended with *o* in *do*.

2. There are a few *medium* or *modified* sounds which require careful attention, in order that their utterance may be strictly conformed to the standard of elegant usage; as,

A in *air*, when articulated by the best speakers, is an intermediate sound between *a* in *ale* and *e* in *end*. *A* in *ask*, properly articulated, is an intermediate element between *a* in *arm* and *a* in *at*. *E* in *err* sounds between *e* in *end* and *u* in *cur*. The sound of *ur*, also, as heard from good speakers, in some words is so much softened as to approach very nearly to *e* in *err*.* *O* in *on* is somewhat lengthened before *f*, *s*, *th*, and *ng;* as in *often*, *moss*, *cloth*, and *long*.

3. In forming the tonics the voice is simply put forth from the mouth opened at certain distances; thus,

A in *all* is formed by opening wide the mouth, with resonance of sound in the chest. *O* in *on* is the same as *a* in *all*, only its quantity of sound is shorter. *E* in *err* is also the same, except the mouth is a little closer. In forming *a* in *arm*, the mouth is about as far open as in *e* in *err*, but with the corners of the mouth a little drawn back, and with a resonance of sound in the head. Of a similar formation, but differing in degrees of quantity, are *a* in *ask*, *a* in *air*, *e* in *end*, and *u* in *up*. *A* in *ale*, like these, has a resonance in the head, but requires in its formation that the corners of the mouth be somewhat more drawn back, and the teeth somewhat more nearly closed. In forming *e* in *eve*, the mouth is drawn still further back, and the teeth very nearly together. *I* in *it*, the same as the last, except a shorter sound. *I* in *ice* combines in its formation that of *a* in *at* and *i* in *it*. *O* in *old* requires the lips to be in a circle, and has a resonance in the head. *O* in *do*, like the last, except that the lips must project in the manner of pouting. *U* in *full* is a shorter sound, formed like *o* in *do*. *U* in *use* combines the formations of *e* in *eve* and *o* in *old*. *Ou* in *our* unites the methods of forming *u* in *up* and *o* in *do;* and *oi* in *oil*, the methods of forming *o* in *old* and *i* in *it*.

Which of the elements are compound? Of what sounds is *a* in *all* composed? *I* in *ice*? *O* in *old*? *Ou* in *our*? *Oi* in *oil*? *U* in *use*? What is said of the medium sounds? What of *a* in *air*? *A* in *ask*? *E* in *err*? *O* in *on*, before *f*, *s*, *th*, and *ng*? How are the tonics formed? What of *a* in *all*? Of *o* in *on*? *E* in *err*? *A* in *arm*? *E* in *err*? *A* in *ask*? *A* in *air*, *e* in *end*, and *u* in *up*? *A* in *ale*? *E* in *eve*? *I* in *it*? *I* in *ice*? *O* in *old*? *O* in *do*? *U* in *full*? *U* in *use*? *E* in *eve*? *Ou* in *our*? *Oi* in *oil*?

---

* See Smart's Practice of Elocution.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. *A.*

*A*ll, also, da*u*b, dra*w*, stra*w*, nor, for, bro*a*d, o*u*ght, fo*u*ght.

2. *A.*

*A*rm, *a*h, harm, farm, part, balm, calm, heart, g*u*ard, yard.

3. *A.*

*A*t, *a*dd, ban, hand, has, bat, slant, jam, shall, pla*i*d, wax.

4. *A.*

*Ai*r, fare, dare, rare, ware, tare, bear, pra*y*er, there, where.

5. *A.*

*A*sk, graff, gra*f*t, glance, ch*a*nce, cl*a*sp, br*a*ss, br*a*nch, gr*a*nt.

6. *E.*

*E*nd, den, hence, shell, beg, the*f*t, rest, *a*ny, m*a*ny, b*u*ry.

7. *E.*

*E*rr, *ea*rth, perfect, g*i*rd, f*i*rm, m*y*rrh, m*y*rtle, c*u*rl, b*u*rden.

8. *E.*

*E*ve, m*e*, f*ee*l, f*ie*ld, t*ea*m, h*ea*t, ch*ee*k, wh*ee*l, p*i*que, fr*ie*ze.

9. *I.*

*I*t, h*i*d, gr*i*m, z*i*nc, s*i*ng, b*ee*n, w*o*men, b*u*sy, s*y*lvan, h*y*mn.

10. *O.*

*O*dd, f*o*nd, n*o*t, *o*n, r*o*b, w*a*d, w*a*s, *o*ften, l*o*ss, fr*o*th, pr*o*ng.

11. *O.*

D*o*, t*o*, pr*o*ve, n*oo*n, s*ou*p, t*ou*r, tr*oo*p, r*u*de, r*u*le, tr*ue*, drew.

12. *U.*

F*u*ll, b*u*ll, p*u*sh, p*u*t, w*ou*ld, c*ou*ld, sh*ou*ld, wolf, f*oo*t, g*oo*d.

13. *U*

*U*p, b*u*d, d*u*ll, h*u*m, r*u*n, h*u*t, love, gl*o*ve, bl*oo*d, t*ou*ch, d*oe*s.

14. *A.*

*A*le, *a*ge, m*a*ke, f*a*me, *ai*m, h*ai*l, m*a*y, str*a*y, ob*ey*, w*ei*gh.

15. *I.*

*I*ce, l*i*fe, p*i*le, s*i*gn, w*i*pe, d*ie*, *eye*, g*ui*de, b*uy*, st*y*le, t*y*pe.

16. *O.*

*O*ld, t*o*me, *o*de, n*o*te, *oa*k, h*oe*, d*oo*r, s*ou*l, sn*ow*, b*eau*, sh*ow*.

17. *OU.*

*Ou*r, th*ou*, l*ou*d, p*ou*nd, r*ou*t, r*ow*, n*ow*, c*ow*, f*ow*l, gr*ow*l.

18. *OI.*

*Oi*l, s*oi*l, p*oi*nt, v*oi*d, n*oi*se, v*oi*ce, j*oy*, c*oy*, b*oy*, destr*oy*.

19. *U.*

*U*se, f*u*me, l*u*re, d*u*pe, d*ue*, s*ue*, f*eu*d, f*ew*, h*ew*, n*ew*, bl*ew*.

Give, first, the element, then the words of each illustration. Point out the instances of the same element being represented by different letters.

SUBTONICS AND ATONICS.

The *Subtonics* are so called from their vocal properties being somewhat inferior to that of the tonics; and the *Atonics* so called from their want of tone or vocality.

Each atonic element has its corresponding subtonic, of which it is the vanish or stop sound; as *b*, sounded until its vocality is lost, gives as its vanishing whisper the peculiar sound of *p*.

The subtonics are fifteen, and the atonics ten, in number. They are so arranged as to exhibit their correspondence of sound in the following

TABLE.

Subtonics with correspondent Atonics.

1.	*B*	in *Eb*b—*Bar*b—*Bade*—*But*.	1.	*P*	in *Up*—*Par*—*Pope*—*Pit*.
2.	*D*	" *Did*—*Down*—*Duke*—*Do*.	2.	*T*	" *It*—*Tall*—*Tune*—*Tin*.
3.	*G*	" *Egg*—*Get*—*Game*—*Go*.	3.	*K*	" *Kill*—*Cork*—*Cat*—*Cut*.
4.	*V*	" *Ever*—*Save*—*Velvet*.	4.	*F*	" *If*—*Farm*—*Fife*—*Fit*.
5.	*Z*	" *Buzz*—*Zealous*—*Zone*.	5.	*S*	" *Sin*—*Salt*—*Seen*—*Set*.
6.	*Zh*	" *Azure*—*Seizure*—*Vizier*.	6.	*Sh*	" *Shun*—*Bush*—*Shame*.
7.	*Th*	" *This*—*Father*—*Thy*—*The*.	7.	*Th*	" *Thin*—*Thong*—*Breath*.
8.	*Y*	" *Yet*—*Yam*—*Yield*—*Yes*.	8.	*H*	" *He*—*Hit*—*Hard*—*Hot*.
9.	*W*	" *Woe*—*Warm*—*Wit*—*We*.	9.	*Wh*	" *When*—*What*—*Wheel*.
10.	*J*	" *Judge*—*Jar*—*Jew*—*Jet*.	10.	*Ch*	" *Church*—*Chalk*—*Chain*.

Subtonics having no correspondent Atonics.

11.	*R*	in *Rap*—*Raw*—*Bride*.
—	*R*	" *Bar*—*Lard*—*Larch*.
12.	*L*	" *Loll*—*Lull*—*Lame*.
13.	*M*	" *Mum*—*Main*—*Morn*.
14.	*N*	" *Nun*—*North*—*Nine*.
15.	*Ng*	" *Sing*—*Prong*—*Sung*.

OBSERVATIONS.

1. The element *r* is repeated in the table in order to show its *softened* sound when used *final*, or *before a subtonic or atonic*.

2. *C*, *q* and *x*, represent no sound not denoted by other letters.

3. *W* and *y* are used, according to their position in words, as tonic or subtonic elements.

4. The subtonics and atonics are called *consonants* by grammarians, and are distinguished from the elements called *vowels*, as sounds modified in their formation by the organs of speech coming more or less in contact.

Why are the Subtonics so called? Why are Atonics so called? How do the atonics correspond with the subtonics? How many subtonics are there? How many atonics? What is the vanish or stop sound of *b*? Of *d*? Of *g*? Of *v*? &c. To what subtonic does *p* correspond? To what *t*? &c. Which subtonics have no correspondent atonics? When is the sound of *r* softened? Which letters represent no peculiar sound of their own? How are *w* and *y* used? How do consonants and vowels differ?

1. *B*, *p*, *m*, *w*, *wh*, *v*, and *f*, owing their formation principally to the *lips*, have been called *labials*. *D*, *t*, *th* in *this*, *th* in *thin*, *z* and *s*, elements formed by the aid of the *teeth*, are denominated *dentals*. From the agency of the *tongue* in their articulation, *j*, *ch*, *zh*, *sh*, *l*, and *r*, take the name of *linguals;* and *g*, *k*, *y* and *h*,* on account of being articulated chiefly by aid of the *palate*, or the back part of the mouth, are by some called *palatals*. *N* and *ng*, being modified in their utterance by the *nostrils*, have received the name of *nasals*.

2. By trying to pronounce forcibly the word *ebb*, with the lips closely shut, a murmuring sound will be heard from the chest, which is the element *b*. To form the sound of *p*, close the lips as in *b*, and then force them suddenly apart, with an explosive whisper. *M* is also made with the lips closed, and is heard, while the breath is passing through the nostrils, as a murmuring resonance in the head. *W* is a vocal sound produced with the lips curved and mouth contracted, as in the act of whistling. A whispering or aspirated sound, commencing far down in the throat, with the lips and mouth as in *w*, will produce the sound of *wh*. The sound of *v* is obtained by pressing the upper fore-teeth upon the lower lip, with a murmuring resonance in the head and chest. *F* is an aspirated utterance, with the mouth as in *v*.

3. In forming the element *d*, the mouth is a little way open, while a murmuring vocal sound is modified by forcibly pressing the tip of the tongue against the gums, just above the upper teeth. *T* is a whisper produced with the tongue placed as in *d*. *Th* in *this* is formed by emitting a vocal sound, with the tongue pressed against the upper fore-teeth. *Th* in *thin* is an aspirated lisping sound, produced by forcing the breath between the teeth, with the tongue placed as in the other *th*. *Z* is a vocalized hissing sound, uttered between the open teeth, with the end of the tongue placed against the gum, just above the upper fore-teeth. The aspirated hissing sound of *s* is produced by forcing out the breath with the mouth placed as in *z*.

4. In uttering *j*, the tongue is somewhat drawn in and thrown up against the roof of the mouth, and a murmuring and rustling sound, produced by an escape of breath, is heard from the chest. To produce *ch*, close the teeth, and press the forepart and the edges of the tongue firmly against the roof of the mouth, and then, at the instant of separating the teeth and dropping the point of the tongue, make a hissing emission of breath. In the formation of *zh*, the forepart of the tongue is drawn up nearly to the roof of the mouth, allowing an emission of partially vocalized breath between the tongue and teeth. *Sh* is a whispered utterance with the mouth, as in *zh*. *L* is made by raising the tip of the tongue to the roof of the mouth, and allowing the breath to pass out by the sides of the tongue, in a vocalized sound. *R* is formed by allowing the breath, with a slightly vibrating

---

Which are the labials? Which the dentals? Which the linguals? Which the palatals? Which are the nasals? How is *b* formed? How *p*? How *m*? How *w*? How *wh*? How *v*? How *f*? How *d*? How *t*? How *th* in *this*? How *th* in *thin*? How *z*? How *s*? How *j*? How *ch*? How *zh*? How *sh*? How *l*? How *r*?

---

* *H* is by some elocutionists classed by itself, and called an *aspirate*.

sound, to pass over the tongue, with its tip nearly to the gum, just above the upper fore-teeth.

5. *G* as in *egg* is produced by opening the mouth, and pressing the roof of the tongue against the palate. *K* is formed the same as *g*, except that the action against the palate is more forcible, and by means simply of a breathing. *Y* is formed by an expulsion of sound with moderate force, with the mouth and tongue as in *g*. *H* is a whispering sound, produced by a hard breathing, with the mouth and throat partially open.

6. *N* is formed with the mouth and tongue as in *d*, and allowing the vocalized breath to escape through the nose. *Ng* is executed as *g*, except with the sound through the nose as in *n*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. *Subtonics and Atonics.*

1. *B.*

E*bb*, *bib*, *babe*, *b*all, *b*eat, *b*oon, cur*b*, dra*b*, glo*be*, *b*ut, *b*y.

2. *D.*

Did, *deed*, *dared*, *d*awn, *d*un, le*d*, ro*d*, a*dd*, o*dd*, *dye*, *do*.

3. *G.*

E*gg*, *gag*, *gig*, dra*g*, dru*g*, *g*em, *g*one, *g*ild, bo*g*, *g*um.

4. *V.*

E*v*er, *valve*, hi*ve*, gra*ve*, *v*ice, *v*eer, *v*ain, mo*ve*, i*f*, *v*oice.

5. *Z.*

Bu*zz*, ooze, *z*one, ha*ze*, *z*inc; ro*se*, wa*s*, suffice, *X*enophon.

6. *Zh.*

A*zure*, gra*zier*, gla*zier*, ho*sier*, mea*sure*, plea*sure*, trea*sure*.

7. *Th.*

*Th*is, *th*ey, *th*ou, smoo*th*, ba*th*e, swa*th*e, *th*ere, *thith*er.

8. *Y.*

*Y*e, *y*ell, *y*arn, *y*oke, *y*awn, *y*our, *y*ield, *y*ear, *y*oung, *y*ea.

9. *W.*

*W*oe, *w*ed, *w*eak, *w*in, *w*it, *w*orld, *w*ail, *w*est, *w*aste, *w*ood.

10. *J.*

*J*udge, *j*ust, *j*oint, *j*eer, *j*aw; *g*em, wa*g*e, ca*g*e, *g*inger.

11. *R.*

*R*ap, *r*ain, *r*ound, *r*ead, lea*r*n, sti*r*, mo*r*n, doo*r*, *r*oar.

12. *L.*

Loll, *l*ad, *l*ie, *l*ow, *l*aw, a*ll*, we*ll*, du*ll*, mi*ll*, fu*ll*, fa*ll*.

How is *g* in *egg* formed? How *k*? How *y*? How *h*? How *n*? How *ng*? How many labials are there? How many dentals? How many linguals? How many palatals? How many nasals? Articulate the element at the head of each illustration, and then pronounce its words.

13. *M.*

*M*um, *m*aim, hi*m*, *m*oss, hel*m*, dum*b*, ri*m*, gu*m*, sa*m*e, a*m*.

14. *N.*

*N*un, *n*ame, ca*n*e, *n*ail, *n*ew, *n*oun, ma*n*, pe*n*, ru*n*, rai*n*.

15. *Ng.*

Si*ng*, so*ng*, ru*ng*, you*ng*, wi*ng*, ba*nk*, dra*nk*, i*nk*, wi*nk*.

1. *P.*

U*p*, *p*ipe, *p*ap, ho*p*e, *p*ass, *p*ull, *p*rop, *p*eal, to*p*, su*p*.

2. *T.*

I*t*, *t*int, *t*ide, *t*one, *t*ug, be*t*, debt, rushed, helped, stopped.

3. *K.*

*K*ill, *k*eep, *k*ite, *k*in, *c*all, *c*ull, cor*k*, bla*ck*, *qu*a*ck*, *q*uote.

4. *F.*

I*f*, *f*ine, *f*all, *f*ee, o*ff*, ra*ft*, lau*gh*, rou*gh*, *ph*rase, *ph*antom.

5. *S.*

*S*in, *s*ave, *s*ound, *s*um, pre*ss*, mi*ss*, gla*ss*, *c*ea*s*e, *s*lice, *c*ity.

6. *Sh.*

*Sh*un, *sh*ame, *sh*ow, *sh*een, cla*sh*, *ch*aise, o*c*ean, pa*ssi*on.

7. *Th.*

*Th*in, *th*eme, *th*orn, *th*ank, *th*irst, ha*th*, la*th*, nor*th*, mo*th*.

8. *H.*

*H*e, *h*ole, *h*ad, *h*aul, *h*orse, *h*ot, *h*ill, *h*elp, *h*eel, *h*ut, *h*ood.

9. *Wh.*

*Wh*en, *wh*ere, *wh*o, *wh*at, *wh*et, *wh*isk, *wh*irl, *wh*ale, *wh*y.

10. *Ch.*

*Ch*urch, *ch*arm, *ch*eck, *ch*ild, mar*ch*, ri*ch*, mu*ch*, su*ch*, *ch*op.

II. *Subtonic Combinations.*

1. *Bl, dl, gl, rl, vl, zl, lb, ld, lm, ln.* — A*bl*e, han*dl*e, *gl*ow, hu*rl*, dri*vl*, muz*zl*, bu*lb*, fo*ld*, fi*lm*, fa*ll'n*.

2. *Br, dr, gr, rb, rd, rg, rm, rn.* — *Br*and, *dr*aw, *gr*ave, ba*rb*, la*rd*, ba*rg*e, a*rm*, ba*rn*.

3. *Bz, dz, gz, thz, lz, mz, nz, rz, vz.* — Ro*bes*, dee*ds*, be*gs*, brea*thes*, fa*lls*, to*mbs*, fa*ns*, wa*rs*, li*ves*.

4. *Gd, jd, ld, md, nd, ngd, bld, dld, gld, rld, zld.* — Be*gg'd*, wed*g'd*, fo*ld*, doo*m'd*, la*nd*, ha*ng'd*, hob*bl'd*, ad*dl'd*, hag*gl'd*, sna*rl'd*, muz*zl'd*.

5. *Lbd, rbd, lmd, rmd, dnd, rnd, snd, rvd.* — Bu*lb'd*, ba*rb'd*, fi*lm'd*, a*rm'd*, mad*d'n'd*, bu*rn'd*, rea*s'n'd*, ca*rv'd*.

Articulate each of the subtonics in order. Articulate in like manner each of the atonics. Articulate each element of the combinations by itself, — then the combinations, — after which pronounce the words of the illustration.

6. *Rbz, rdz, rmz, rnz, rvz, dnz, zmz, znz.* — O*rbs*, ba*rbs*, a*rms*, ba*rns*, ca*rves*, mad*d'ns*, spa*sms*, pris*'ns*.

7. *Lbz, lvz, lmz, ldz, blz, dlz, glz, rlz, vlz, zlz.* — Bu*lbs*, e*lves*, fi*lms*, fo*lds*, ca*bles*, ad*dles*, man*gles*, hu*rls*, driv*'ls*, muz*zles*.

III. *Atonic Combinations.*

1. *Fs, ks, ps, ts, sk, sp, st.* — Cli*ffs*, ro*cks*, ca*ps*, ba*ts*, ma*sk*, *sp*end, *st*one.

2. *Fth, pth, fths, pths, fts, pts, sps, sts.* — Fi*fth*, de*pth*, fi*fths*, de*pths*, wa*fts*, cry*pts*, cla*sps*, re*sts*.

3. *Ft, kt, pt, sht, cht, skt, spt, fst, pst.* — O*ft*, sa*ck'd*, cre*pt*, pu*sh'd*, fe*tch'd*, ma*sk'd*, cla*sp'd*, lau*gh'st*, la*p'st*.

IV *Subtonic and Atonic Combinations.*

1. *Fl, kl, pl, sl, tl, lsh, lth, lk, lp, ls, lt.* — *Fl*ing, *cl*ing, *pl*ume, *sl*ay, ti*tle*, fi*lch*, hea*lth*, mi*lk*, he*lp*, fal*se*, ha*lt*.

2. *Fr, kr, pr, tr, rf, rch, rk, rp, rs, rt.* — *Fr*om, *cr*own, *pr*ance, *tr*ade, tu*rf*, sea*rch*, ha*rk*, ha*rp*, hea*rse*, ca*rt*.

3. *Mf, mp, mt, ngk, nch, nt, kn, sn, vn.* — Ny*mph*, he*mp*, te*mpt*, i*nk*, li*nch*, mea*nt*, ta*k'n*, *sn*ow, e*v'n*.

4. *Knd, pnd, pld, sld, tld, lft, lkt, lpt.* — Bec*k'n'd*, o*p'n'd*, rip*pl'd*, nes*tl'd*, ti*tl'd*, de*lft*, mi*lk'd*, he*lp'd*.

5. *Rth, rsh, rft, rkt, rnt, rpt, sht, skt.* — N*orth*, ma*rsh*, wha*rf'd*, wo*rk'd*, bu*rnt*, ha*rp'd*, sma*sh'd*, ma*sk'd*.

6. *Lfs, mfs, lks, lts, nts, ngths, lths.* — Gu*lfs*, ny*mphs*, mi*lks*, ha*lts*, wa*nts*, le*ngths*, hea*lths*.

7. *Dst, gst, fst, lst, mst, nst, pst, rst.* — Di*dst*, be*gg'st*, lau*gh'st*, fa*ll'st*, co*mb'st*, wi*nc'd*, ra*pp'st*, bu*rst*.

8. *Blst, dlst, flst, glst, klst, plst, rlst, tlst, zlst.* — Trou*bl'st*, han*dl'st*, tri*fl'st*, man*gl'st*, wrin*kl'st*, he*lp'st*, hu*rl'st*, set*tl'st*, muz*zl'st*.

9. *Bdst, gdst, ldst, ndst, rdst, vdst, rlst, ntst.* — Pro*b'd'st*, be*gg'd'st*, hur*l'd'st*, se*nd'st*, liv*'d'st*, hu*rl'st*, wa*nt'st*.

10. *Rbst, rmst, dnst, knst, rnst, rvst, znst.* — Bar*b'st*, wa*rm'st*, har*d'n'st*, blac*k'n'st*, bu*rn'st*, cu*rv'st*, impris*'n'st*.

11. *Bldst, dldst, gldst, kldst, rldst, tldst, vldst.* — Trou*bl'dst*, fon*dl'dst*, man*gl'dst*, wrin*kl'dst*, hu*rl'dst*, set*tl'dst*, driv*l'dst*.

12. *Lmdst, rmdst, rndst, dndst, kndst, zndst.* — Whe*lm'dst*, a*rm'dst*, bu*rn'dst*, har*d'n'dst*, blac*k'n'dst*, impris*'n'dst*.

In the subtonic and atonic combinations, point out which elements are subtonics and which atonics. Explain how these differ.

ACCENTUATION.

ACCENT is stress of voice on a particular syllable, to distinguish it from others in the same word.

It contributes to the harmony and distinctness of utterance, and is often necessary in discriminating the different significations of the same word.

When two syllables in the same word are accented, that receiving the greater stress is called the *primary accent*, and the other the *secondary*.

The secondary, whether occurring before or after the other, is almost always one syllable from it. Words of many syllables have sometimes more than one secondary accent.

The following rules for accentuation, being comparatively free from exceptions, will be found of great service to the learner, if they are thoroughly committed to memory.

RULES FOR ACCENT.

1. Words of two syllables formed by annexing to words of one syllable, *al*, *age*, *ant*, *ance*, *ed*, *en*, *er*, *ent*, *ment*, *ing*, *ive*, *ish*, *ist*, *less*, *ness*, *ship*, *some*, or *ful*, have the accent on the first.

2. Words of three syllables ending in *ly* or *ness*, preceded by *ed*, *less*, *ing*, *ish*, *ive*, *ous*, *some*, or *ful*, have the accent on the first syllable.

3. All words of two syllables ending in *le*, with no other tonic element in the same syllable, all of three syllables ending in *able*, *ably*, *ible*, *ibly*, and all of four syllables ending in *ableness* and *ibleness*, have the accent on the first.

4. Words ending in *acal*, *ical*, *efy*, *ify*, *ity*, *tude*, *ulous*, *inous*, *erous*, and *orous*, except *canorous* and *sonorous*, have the accent on the last syllable but two.

5. All words ending in *cracy*, *gamy*, *graphy*, *pathy*, *logy*, *phony*, *nomy*, *tomy*, *thropy*, and all of three or more syllables ending in *ative*, except *creative*, have the accent on the last syllable but two.

6. All words ending in *sive*, and all ending in *tive*, preceded by a single consonant, except *adjective* and *substantive*, have the accent on the last syllable but one.

7. All words ending in *ia*, *iac*, *ial*, *ion*, *ious*, *eous*, *tion* and *sion*, have the accent on the preceding syllable.

What is Accent? What effect has it upon utterance? What other use has it? How does the primary accent differ from the secondary? How far remote is the secondary accent from the primary? What is rule first? Rule second? Rule third? Rule fourth? Rule fifth? Rule sixth? Rule seventh?

8. Many words of two syllables, when used as *nouns* or *adjectives*, have the accent on the first syllable; and when used as *verbs*, on the second syllable.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. *Accent on the first syllable.*

Brutal, manage, claimant, clearance, mated, woollen, archer, solvent, payment, sheeting, active, whitish, nameless, thickness, hardship, lonesome, lonely, spoonful.

2. *Accent on the first syllable.*

Blessedly, blessedness, harmlessly, harmlessness, glaringly, glaringness, childishly, childishness, actively, activeness, pompously, pompousness, lonesomely, lonesomeness, truthfully, truthfulness.

3. *Accent on the first syllable.*

Noble, culpable, culpably, legible, legibly, capableness, legibleness.

4. *Accent on the last syllable but two.*

Heliacal, fanatical, rarefy, diversify, impurity, latitude, sedulous, voluminous, pestiferous, carnivorous.

5. *Accent on the last syllable but two.*

Democracy, polygamy, geography, sympathy, astrology, euphony, astronomy, anatomy, philanthropy, relative.

6. *Accent on the last syllable but one.*

Convulsive, consumptive, preventive, illusive, attractive.

7. *Accent before the termination.*

Regalia, demoniac, material, christian, dissensious, loquacious, farinaceous, dissensions, admiration.

8. *Accent according to signification.*

They may *concert* all the plans they can think of, but they shall not defeat my *concert*. At the *present* time, I *present* you with no *present*. I did not *record* the *record* you speak of, nor did I *comment* with severity upon your *comment*.

What is rule eighth? Show the application of the rules to the several words in the illustrations. Give the reason why the same word in the eighth illustration is accented differently. Which accent alone is usually marked in dictionaries and spelling-books?

PRONUNCIATION.

PRONUNCIATION unites a correct articulation with proper accentuation. Its standard is the usage of refined and cultivated society.

A good pronunciation of one's mother tongue constitutes so essential an element in even an ordinary education, that its possession can hardly entitle to praise, while its deficiency cannot but be regarded as a great fault.

Pronunciation may be rendered faulty, otherwise than from wrong accentuation, in three ways : —

1. *By omission of one or more elements ;* as, 'round, 'scribe, 'cur, 'xist, ev'ry, pr'vent, d'part, sev'ral, w'at, vess'l, an', gover'ment, wool'n, bein', doo', wa', for around, ascribe, occur, exist, every, prevent, depart, several, what, vessel, and, government, woollen, being, door, war.

2. *By sounding letters which should be silent ;* as, sounding the *b* in *subtle*, the *h* in *honest*, the *e* in *grovel*, the *o* in *unison*.

3. *By perversion of sounds ;* as, ubundance, eatuble, buhold, cumpare, seperate, winder, potater, nachure, forchune, Gord, lawr, for abundance, eatable, behold, compare, separate, window, potato, nature, fortune, God, law.

Learners, in order to perfect their pronunciation, should frequently consult some approved dictionary, and carefully observe the language of the best speakers. Many very common errors may be avoided by an observance of the following

RULES FOR PRONUNCIATION.

1. *A unaccented* before a consonant always has the sound of *a* heard in *at*.

2. *A final* has the sound of *a* in *arm*.

3. *A* when used as a word, if *emphatic*, sounds long, as *a* in *ale ;* but when *not under emphasis*, it sounds short, as *a* in *at*.

4. *E* in *ed final*, when preceded by *d* or *t*, has its short sound, as in *end ;* but when preceded by any other consonant, it is silent, and the *d* has its proper sound, unless it comes after the elementary sounds of *f*, *k*, *p*, *s*, and *sh*, when it sounds like *t*.

5. *E* in the word *the*, before a word *beginning with a vowel*, sounds long, like *e* in *eve ;* but when used without

---

What is Pronunciation? What is its standard? What is said about a good pronunciation? In how many ways may pronunciation be rendered faulty? What is the first fault mentioned? What the second? What the third? How may learners improve their pronunciation? Give the first rule. The second. The third. The fourth. The fifth.

emphasis before a word *beginning with a consonant*, the *e* is short, like *e* in *ebb*.

6. *O final*, except in *who*, *do*, *to*, *two*, *too*, and their compounds, has the sound of *o* in *old*.

7. *O* in *final* unaccented syllables, before *m*, *p*, *t*, *ny*, and *ry*, has generally the sound of *u* in *up*.

8. *U* coming immediately after the accent, has the long sound of *u* in *use*, slightly articulated.

9. *Y* in *my*, *emphatic*, sounds long, like *y* in *type ;* but when *not emphatic*, the *y* sounds short, as *y* in *hymn*.

10. In pronouncing *very long words*, or *a succession of words with similar sounds*, particular pains should be taken to have the utterance distinct and accurate.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. *A unaccented.*

Abode, abuse, acute, adopt, atone, amuse, citadel, diadem, privateer, curative, capable, orator, primary, notary, realize, ligament, permanence, caravan, infamy.

2. *A final.*

Comma, dogma, stigma, era, sofa, umbrella, opera, retina, peninsula, phenomena, influenza, panorama, formula, stamina, America, Indiana.

3. *Ed final.*

Blinded, budded, fended, counted, fainted, trusted, farmed, scanned, rolled, called, laughed, blacked, capped, crossed, pushed.

4. *O final.*

Embargo, tomato, potato, mulatto, negro, tobacco, morocco, prunello, musqueto.

5. *O unaccented before m, p, and ny, and ry, final.*

Atom, fathom, venom, buxom, gallop, develop, envelop, bigot, pivot, idiot, patriot, agony, ebony, felony, colony, harmony, monotony, memory, pillory, factory, victory, ivory, armory.

6. *U after the accent.*

Educate, modulate, nature, creature, capture, vesture, in-

Give the sixth rule. The seventh. The eighth. The ninth. The tenth. Show the application of the rules to the several illustrations. What is accent? Point out the accented syllable in each example.

jure, vulture, admixture, manufacture, petulance, importunate, salutary, credulous, tremulous, regular, popular.

7. *A, the, and my.*

Did you speak of *a** man, or of *the** man?
A cloud of dust was raised at the distance of *a* few rods.
I strike for *my** liberty, and not for yours.
An arrow from *my* bow had pierced their chief.
My lords, I am stating one or two of *the* prominent evils of *the* system.
The gentleman has lost *the* way to *the* city.

8. *Very Long Words.*

The unceremoniousness of their communicability is wholly inexplicable.
Most hypocritically he managed his part in the counter-revolutionary movement.
Authoritatively and peremptorily he forbade all intercommunication.
Such extraordinary untractableness manifested anything but disinterestedness.

9. *Succession of Similar Sounds.*

The blind man bewailed the blast.
Who can say crackers, crime, cruelty, crucible?
I think it my duty to do my duty, when it is my duty to do my duty.
Her rough and rugged rocks, that rear their hoary heads high in air.
I never saw such a saw as this saw, saw six sleek slim saplings.
We wistfully watched wrathful waters wildly play.
Lamely limped the lonely lion along the lane.
I say that that, that that man said, is not that, that that man told him.

When a twister twisting would twist him a twist,
For twisting a twist three twists he will twist;
But if one of the twists untwists from the twist,
The twist untwisting untwists the twist.

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round;
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round; round
Where rolled the round roll, Robert Rowley rolled.

What is elocution? Upon what does good pronunciation depend?

---

* The long sound of the vowel by emphasis.

EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is that expressive force of utterance, applied to certain significant words, by which they are distinguished from others in a sentence.

Ordinary emphasis may be considered as an extension of accent; and, as such, is most commonly produced by pronouncing the accented syllable with such additional loudness and quantity of voice as to give the whole word a peculiar and marked distinction.

Sometimes, however, it may be noted with the greatest effect by a low or whispered utterance.

Emphatic words are usually denoted in type by *italic letters;* those more emphatic by SMALL CAPITALS; those more emphatic by LARGE CAPITALS, &c.

Emphasis is termed *absolute*, when it gives expressive force to a thought or feeling, solely or singly considered; *relative*, when applied to words in contrast; and *cumulative*, when the force of utterance is accumulated on several successive words; and when these words form an entire clause, it is called an *emphatic phrase.*

Upon the right management of emphasis depends, in a great degree, the life and beauty of reading and speaking. If it be entirely omitted, discourse is not only uninteresting and dead, but obscure in its meaning. But when rightly used, every idea stands out in its proper relief, and thus produces a suitable impression upon the mind of the hearer.

The most common errors in emphasis are, —

1. *Want of force.* This defect, which never fails to produce a disagreeable monotony, may be easily remedied by distinctness and energy.

2. *Too much force.* The effect of this, especially when the stress is all laid upon one word, is to leave little or no power of giving a just force to other words, which, though not equally, are in a certain degree emphatic.

3. *Placing stress upon too many words.* This fault tends to destroy all regard for emphasis. For if it be much multiplied, it amounts to little less than no such distinction of words.

RULES FOR EMPHASIS.

1. Every word or phrase expressive of any *new* or *important idea* in discourse, requires to be marked by some emphasis.

2. *Interjections*, and all *exclamatory words*, are generally strongly emphatic.

3. All *correspondent* and *antithetic* words, and such as mark *discrimination of ideas*, are emphatic.

What is emphasis? How may ordinary emphasis be considered? How are emphatic words denoted? When is emphasis termed absolute? When relative? When cumulative? Mention some of the most common errors in emphasis. What is rule first? Rule second? Rule third?

4. *Repetition of words and phrases*, and any *succession of particulars*, generally require force of utterance increasing with the repetition or emphasis of the cumulative kind.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. *New or Important Ideas.*

The whole summit of the hill, which commanded the city, *blazed* like a volcano.

Not a *breeze* whispered, not a *bird* flapped its wings.

The horrors of *war* were the burden of his song. *Christianity* bears all the marks of a *divine original.*

2. *Interjections and Exclamations.*

Oh! Sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while.

How *dear* to this heart are the scenes of my childhood.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child.

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more.

O fools! and *slow of heart* to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me!

They shouted; France! Spain! Albion! VICTORY!

3. *Antithesis and Contrast.*

This is the main point, — not *universal* progress, but *human* progress — not progress *every*where, but progress *some*where.

Crafty men *contemn* studies; *simple* men *admire* them.

Contemporaries appreciate the *man*, rather than the *merit*; but *posterity* will regard the *merit*, rather than the *man.*

We are not to inquire into the *jus*tice or *in*justice,* the *hon*or or *dis*honor,* of the deed; nor whether it was *law*ful or *un*lawful,* *wise* or *un*wise.*

4. *Cumulative Emphasis.*

It is pleasant to grow better, because that is to *excel ourselves*; it is pleasant to subdue sins, because that is victory; it is pleasant to govern our appetites and passions, because that is EMPIRE.

He prayed but for *life* — for *life* he would have given all he

---

What is rule fourth? Show the application of the rules by the illustrations. What is meant by antithesis? What by *contrast?*

---

* Emphasis often changes the seat of the accent.

had in the world; it was but for LIFE he asked — LIFE, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations.

My first argument for the adoption of this measure is, *the people demand it.* My second argument is, THE PEOPLE DEMAND IT. My third argument is, THE PEOPLE DEMAND IT.

PAUSES.

To any suspension of the voice in discourse, longer than a momentary rest, the term *pause* is applied.

The pauses required in order clearly to display the sentiment and thought are called *rhetorical*, to distinguish them from the *grammatical* points, which relate simply to the grammatical construction of words and sentences.

The pauses peculiar to poetry, and designed to increase the beauty and melody of verse, are termed *harmonic.* These are usually considered as two; the one being called the *cæsural*, and the other the *final* harmonic pause.

The punctuation marks denote only incidentally the places of either the rhetorical or harmonic rests of the voice; being together by much the most numerous, while the former, especially the comma, occurs sometimes where there should be no pause in reading or speaking. Nor can the length of any required stop be inferred with much certainty from the common stop mark used. At the same stop mark in different situations, though in near connection, the intervals of rest may materially vary.

The length of pauses is not fixed and invariable, and so cannot be brought under precise rules. There are, however, a few general principles which may be safely observed as far as they have application.

1. One is, that pause should be *proportioned* to *the rate of utterance* — the intervals of rest being comparatively long when the rate is slow, and short when it is quick.

2. Another is, that the relative length of pause must be modified by the *degree of connection* in the thought, and by the *completeness of the sense.* Thus the pause at the end of a sentence must usually be two or three times longer than those separating its parts; and that at the end of a paragraph, several times longer than those between its sentences. So, also, the closer the connection of sense between clauses, sentences, or paragraphs, the shorter comparatively must be their intervening pauses.

3. A third principle is, that a pause may be lengthened in proportion to *the degree of emphasis* which may happen to accompany it.

What is meant by pause? Which are rhetorical pauses? To what do the grammatical points relate? Name the pauses peculiar to poetry. Can the length of a pause be told by the stop mark? Is there any fixed length for pauses? To what should the length of pauses be proportioned? By what may the same be modified? What is the third principle given?

RULES FOR RHETORICAL AND HARMONIC PAUSES.

1. A pause is required after the *nominative case*, when it consists of more than one word, or is emphatic.

2. An *adjective*, placed after its noun, should be separated from it by a short pause.

3. Before the *relative pronouns*, *who*, *which*, *that* and *what*, a pause is generally necessary.

4. There should be a pause before a *verb in the infinitive mode*, depending upon another verb.

5. Before *conjunctions*, *prepositions*, or *adverbs of time* and *similitude*, a pause is usually required.

6. Before and after an *intervening phrase*, there should be a short pause.

7. A pause is required between the *parts of a sentence* which may be *transposed*.

8. After *words placed* in *opposition* to each other, there should be a pause.

9. A slight pause should mark an *ellipsis*, or an *omission* of a word.

10. A long pause may be made before or after *a word* or *clause expressive* of *intense feeling* or *solemn emotion*.

11. The *cæsural* pause occurs at or near the middle, and the *final* pause at the end, of a *poetic line*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. *The Nominative Long or Emphatic.*

A remarkable affair | happened yesterday.
To be devoid of sense | is a terrible misfortune.
Industry | is the guardian of innocence.

2. *Adjective after its Noun.*

He was a man | contented, virtuous, and happy.
I behold its summit | noble and sublime.

3. *Relative Pronouns.*

Let us look forward to the end of that century | which has commenced.

Spirit | that breathest through my lattice, thou |
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day.

His natural instinct discovers | what knowledge can perform.

What is rule first? Rule second? Rule third? Rule fourth? Rule fifth? Rule sixth? Rule seventh? Rule eighth? Rule ninth? Rule tenth? Rule eleventh?

There is not a great author here | who did not write for us; not a man of science | who did not investigate for us. We have received advantages from every hour of toil | that ever made these good and great men weary.

4. *Verb in the Infinitive.*

He daily strove | to elevate their condition.
Do not dare | to lay your hands on the constitution.
I had hoped | to have had an opportunity of obliging so good a friend.

5. *A Conjunction, Preposition, or Adverb.*

I have watched their pastimes | and their labors.
We must not yield | to their foolish entreaties.
He continued steadfast | like the spring-time.

6. *Intervening Phrase.*

He exhibits | now and then | remarkable genius.
Trials | in this state of being | are the lot of man.
Talents | without industry | cannot accomplish much.

7. *Transposition of Phrases.*

With famine and death | the destroying angel came.
To whom | the Goblin, full of wrath, replied.
The pangs of memory are | to madness | wrought.

8. *Words in Opposition.*

The morn | was bright, but the eve | was clouded and dark.

Some | place the bliss in action, some | in ease;
Those | call it pleasure, and contentment | these.

9. *An Ellipsis.*

Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems | crowns of glory.

To our faith we should add virtue; and to virtue | knowledge; and to knowledge | temperance; and to temperance | patience; and to patience | godliness; and to godliness | brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness | charity.

10. *Word or Clause.*

BANISHED | from Rome! What 's banished, but set free?
And their young voices rose | A VENGEANCE CRY TO GOD!
And made | *me* | a poor orphan boy.

What is meant by an intervening phrase? What by transposition of phrases? What by opposition of words? What is an ellipsis?

11. *Poetic Lines.*

It trod the hall of revelry, || where thronged ||
The bright and joyous ; || and the tearful wail ||
Of stricken ones is heard || where erst the song ||
And reckless shout resounded.

Now, o'er the mount || the radiant legions hung,
Like plumy travellers || from climes remote ||
On some sequestered isle || about to stoop.

He rends the oak || and bids it ride ;
To guard the shores || its beauty graced ;
He smites the rock, || upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength || and domes of taste.

Placed | on an isthmus || of a middle | state,
A being | darkly wise || and rudely | great.*

INFLECTION.

Inflection denotes the slides of the voice from its general level in pronouncing a sentence.

The upward slide is called the *rising inflection;* and the downward slide, the *falling inflection.*

The inflection, whether rising or falling, begins at the accented syllable of the emphatic word. Its extent depends upon the intensity of the prompting emotion, and upon the length of the clause or sentence to which it belongs. The longer the expression, the more marked will generally be the height of the rising, or the depth of the falling inflection.

The *circumflex* or *wave* is the union of both slides upon the same syllable or word, producing a sort of undulation or wave of the voice; and this, when it begins with the falling and ends with the rising slide, is called the *rising circumflex;* and when it begins with the rising and ends with the falling slide, it is called the *falling circumflex.*

When the tone of the voice neither rises nor falls, but is kept with a comparative sameness of sound on a succession of words, it is called the *monotone.*

What is meant by inflection? What is the upward slide called? What the downward slide? Where does the inflection commence? Upon what does its extent depend? What is the circumflex? What is the monotone?

---

* In the last two lines, a division of the cæsura, commonly called the *demicæsura,* is denoted. The more perfect melody of verse sometimes requires this.

In consequence of faulty early instruction, many persons uniformly apply the rising inflection, or "keep the voice up," at every comma and semicolon, and the falling inflection, or "let the voice fall," at every period. This *mechanical sameness of inflection* is a very great error. The kind of inflection at any pause, whether at the close of a sentence, or elsewhere, should be ever strictly in accordance with the general nature of the discourse, and the peculiar construction or significance of the clause or sentence.

Sometimes *the circumflex is improperly substituted for the rising or falling inflection.* This error is particularly apt to occur in pronouncing sentences containing antithetic and contrasted parts.

A feeble and listless utterance of the monotone is another common fault. It may be avoided by uniting with the comparatively level tone of the monotone, depth and fulness of voice, with its sound increasing somewhat in volume as it proceeds.

RULES FOR INFLECTION.

1. Sentiment expressive of *tender* and *gentle emotions*, also that expressive of what is *unimportant*, *inadequate*, or *trifling*, inclines to the rising inflection.

2. A pause denoting that the sense is *incomplete** (unless attended with *strong emphasis*) generally requires the rising inflection.

3. A *concession* takes the rising inflection.

4. The *last inflection but one*, for sake of harmony, is usually the rising.

5. *Exclamations of wonder*, *surprise*, and *indignation*, for the most part, take the rising inflection.

6. A *question* that can be answered by *yes or no*† usually requires the rising inflection.

7. A *question* that can be answered by *yes or no*, when attended *with strong emphasis*, and the *reply anticipated*, takes the falling inflection.

8. A *question* that cannot be answered *by yes or no*† usually requires the falling inflection.

9. *Questions stated*, or *repeated* because not understood, have their usual inflections reversed.

10. *Answers* to all *questions* take the falling inflection, excepting those *expressive of indifference*, which take the opposite inflection.

What mechanical sameness of inflection is mentioned? How is the circumflex sometimes improperly used? What error in the use of the monotone? What is rule first? Rule second? Rule third? Rule fourth? Rule fifth? Rule sixth? Rule seventh? Rule eighth? Rule ninth? Rule tenth?

---

* Or pause of suspension. † Or the direct question.

11. A *clause* or *sentence making complete sense*, independently of what follows, generally ends with the falling inflection.

12. *Language of command*, *remonstrance*, *denunciation*, *reproach*, and of any *vehement emotion*, requires the falling inflection.

13. Sentences containing *antithetic words* or *clauses*, when the *contrast* is *equally balanced*, receive the rising inflection on the first part, and the falling on the last; but when the *contrast* is *unequally balanced*, the part having the greater emphasis receives the falling inflection.

14. When *negation* is opposed to *affirmation*, the former takes the rising and the latter the falling inflection; the reverse, however, may be required, should the negative part happen to be emphatic.

15. A *parenthesis* generally ends with the same inflection as that which next precedes.

16. *Supposition*, *irony*, *sarcasm*, *scorn*, *derision*, and all *peculiarly significant expressions*, require the use of the circumflex or wave.

17. Language peculiarly *solemn*, *grave*, or *sublime*, also that expressive of *awe*, *extreme amazement* and *horror*, require the monotone.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. *Tender and Gentle Emotion.*

Poor bóy! he is very sick, observed the fáther.

Few and short were the práyers we said,
We spoke not a word of sórrow;
But steadfastly gazed on the face of the déad,
And bitterly thought of the mòrrow.

2. *Inadequate or Trifling Matter.*

A mere apólogy, uttered apparently in the spirit of indífference, can hardly satisfy his injured fríend.

3. *Pause of Suspension.*

Beáuty, stréngth, yóuth, and old áge, lie undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of màtter.

Of the ten thousand battles which have been foúght; of all the fields fertilized with cárnage; of the banners which have been bathed in bloód; of the warriors who have hoped that

What is rule eleventh? Rule twelfth? Rule thirteenth? Rule fourteenth? Rule fifteenth? Rule sixteenth? Rule seventeenth?

they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and as durable as the stárs, few continue long to interest mankìnd.

4. *Concession.*

Paínting, póetry, éloquence, and every other art on which the genius of mankind has exercised itsélf, may be abúsed, and prove dangerous in the hands of bad mén; but it were ridiculous to conténd, that on this accoúnt, they ought to be abòlished.

5. *Last Inflection but One.*

Be pèrfect, be of good còmfort, be of one mínd, live in peàce.

There is no national dèbt; the community is òpulent; the government económical; and the public treasury fùll.

6. *Wonder, Surprise, and Indignation.*

Há! com'st thou now so late to móck?
Whát! yield to so wéak a foe?
Whát! am I braved in my own hóuse?

7. *Direct Question and Answer.*

Does the gentleman belong in Wáterville? Yès.
Is he a mémber of the Institute? He ìs.
Could tálent content you? Nò! Enterprise? Nò! Coúrage? Nò! Reputátion? Nò! Vírtue? Nò!

8. *Direct Question attended with Strong Emphasis.*

Was not Washington a genuine pàtriot?
Will you deny the certainty of the mathemàtics?

9. *Indirect Question and Answer.*

When did you vìsit Melrose? Last sùmmer.
Where did you fìnd him? At the acàdemy.

10. *Questions Stated or Repeated.*

The question before the meeting is, — Shall we admit stràngers?
What did you àsk? — I asked, was it yòu?

11. *Answers Expressive of Indifference.*

Did you cáre for it? Not múch.
Have you réad the poems? I have lóoked them over.

What is the definition of concession? How does the direct question differ from the indirect? What is meant by a clause?

12. *Clauses making Complete Sense.*

The wind and rain are òver; calm is the noon of dày; the clouds are divided in heáven;* over the green hill flies the inconstant sùn.

13. *Command, Remonstrance, Denunciation, and Reproach.*

Strĭke for your homes and lĭberty,
And the Heàven you worship o'er you!
Spàre him, by our many teàrs,—
Spàre him, as thou woùldst be spared!
Wòe unto thee, wicked cìty, wòe unto thee!
Thou slàve, thou wrètch, thou còward!

14. *Equal Contrast.*

The style of Demosthenes is nérvous; that of Cicero, flowing and gràceful. The latter kindles the fáncy, while the former seizes the understànding.

15. *Unequal Contrast.*

He is more a cold blooded mùrderer, than a poor deluded enthúsiast.

Such a man is more deserving of pùnishment, than commíseration.

16. *Negation and Affirmation.*

This is no time for a tribunal of jústice, but for showing mèrcy; not for accusátion, but for philànthropy; not for tríal, but for pàrdon; not for sentence and execútion, but for compassion and kìndness.

You were paid to fĭght against Alexander, and not to ráil at him.

We are surrounded by a multitude of temptátions, yet not overwhèlmed.†

17. *Parenthesis.*

If there 's a power above, (and that there is,
All nature cries aloud in all her wórks,)
He must delight in vìrtue.

Know ye not, bréthren, (for I speak to them that know the láw,) that the law hath dominion over a man as long as he líveth?

What is the definition of remonstrance? Of denunciation? Of reproach? Of contrast? Of negation? Of affirmation? What is a parenthesis?

---

* See Rule Fourth. † Inflections reversed by emphasis.

18. *Supposition, Irony, Sarcasm, Scorn and Derision.*

If yôu said sŏ, then Ĭ said sô.
Yôu did no mĭschief,—oh nô!
They tell ŭs to be moderate, but thêy revel ın profûsion.
Most coŭrteous tyrants! Rŏmans! rare patterns of humanity!

So ĕven ran his lîne of life,
His neighbors thought it ôdd.

19. *Solemnity, Sublimity, Awe, Amazement and Horror.*

Whēn nīght, with wīngs of stārry glōom,
O'ershādows āll the eārth and skīes,
Like sōme dārk, beaŭteous bīrd, whōse plūme
Is spārkling with unnūmbered eyes;
Thāt sācred glōom, thōse fīres divīne,
Sō grānd, sō countless, Lord! are thīne.

He stōod and mēasured the eārth; he behēld and drōve asūnder the nātions; the everlāsting moŭntains wēre scattered; the perpētual hīlls did bòw.

PITCH.

Pitch of voice has relation to the note which prevails in our speaking or reading.

Beauty and correctness of rhetorical expression depend essentially upon a voice so skilfully managed as readily to adapt its key to the proper utterance of any sentiment or passion.

The speaking voice is capable of as many variations of note as are marked on the musical scale. But for all the purposes of ordinary elocution, it will be sufficiently exact if we make of pitch a five-fold division, into

MIDDLE, HIGH, VERY HIGH, LOW, AND VERY LOW.

Middle pitch is that heard in common conversation.

High pitch is that which rises above the usual level of the voice.

Very high pitch is that heard in calling, or shouting, to persons at a distance.

Define supposition. Irony. Sarcasm. Scorn. Derision. Solemnity. Sublimity. Awe. Amazement. Horror. What is Pitch? Divisions of pitch? What is middle pitch? High pitch? Very high pitch?

Low pitch is that which falls below the usual level of the voice.

Very low pitch is that heard in the deepest utterance.

The following errors in pitch are particularly to be guarded against: —

1. *Beginning of every sentence with comparatively a high pitch*, and then sinking gradually down into a low note; a fault which, at the same time that it perverts the sense, by giving undue prominence to mere sentences, wearies the ear by the constant occurrence of a dwindling cadence.

2. *Rising into too high*, or *falling into too low a pitch* for the natural compass of the voice. By the one extreme the voice is rendered harsh, or breaks; while by the other the utterance is obscured.

3. *Want of variation.* By a continued utterance on the same key the lungs of the speaker suffer for want of variety of action, and the hearer is fatigued by a dull monotony of sound.

RULES FOR PITCH.

1. *Unimpassioned thought and moderate emotion* require the middle pitch.

2. High pitch is used in *expressing joyous and elevated feelings.*

3. Very high pitch should mark the utterance of most *impulsive and uncontrollable emotions.*

4. Low pitch is required in the expression of *grave and impressive thought;* and is also appropriate to *severity of manner.*

5. Very low pitch properly belongs to the expression of all *very deep feelings and emotions.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Unimpassioned Thought and Moderate Emotion.

Repose.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep;
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep;
And flowerets perfume it with ether.

Animated Narration.

It was summer. The sun shone proudly down upon the gray mist that rose above the billows. The blushing charms of spring were passed, and the summer glow of loveliness had

---

What is low pitch? Very low pitch? What errors are to be guarded against? What is rule first? Rule second? Rule third? Rule fourth? Rule fifth? Apply the rules to the illustrations. Define unimpassioned. Repose. Animated. Narration.

succeeded. The woodlands were gay and beautiful; for nature had clothed them in all her surpassing splendors.

2. Joyous and Elevated Feelings.

Joy.

Oh! yonder is the well known spot,
My dear, my long lost native home!
Oh, welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest, no more to roam!

Exultation.

Away, away! for the stars are forth,
And on the pure snows of the valley,
In a giddy trance, the moonbeams dance—
Come, let us our comrades rally!

3. Impulsive and Uncontrollable Emotions.

Ecstatic Joy.

Ye guards of liberty!
I 'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

Frenzied Burst of Indignation.

Ho! cravens! do ye fear him?
Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me
To meet him alone?

4. Grave and Impressive Thought.

Sublimity.

All dead and silent was the earth,
In deepest night it lay;
The Eternal spake creation's word,
And called to being—Day!

Reverence.

Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shall be, glorious! great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Define joy. Exultation. Impulsive. Uncontrollable. Ecstatic. Frenzied. Indignation. Sublimity. Reverence.

5. Very Deep Feeling and Emotions.

Melancholy.

On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snow, a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Awe.

It thunders! Sons of dust, in reverence bow!
Ancient of Days! thou speakest from above;
Almighty! Trembling, like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice. Alarmed — afraid —
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.

FORCE.

Force refers to loudness of sounds.

On the same note or key, the voice may vary, according to the nature and extent of the prompting emotion, from the slightest whisper up to the utmost vehemence and fulness of sound. But for the sake of convenience, the degrees of force may be regarded as six: namely —

1. *Suppressed*, or that degree of loudness which ranges between simple breathing and a complete vocality.
2. *Subdued*, or the gentle and softened form of a clear and audible utterance.
3. *Moderate*, or the medium loudness of the voice.
4. *Energetic*, or a degree of sound somewhat more loud and strong than the ordinary voice.
5. *Vehement*, or an utterance still more full and forcible than the last.
6. *Sustained*, or sound of the greatest degree of volume and loudness, issuing as it were in a continuous flow.

Force has been often very improperly *confounded with pitch*. But every one who aims at the attainment of a correct delivery, will be careful not to mistake mere elevation or depression of note for loudness or softness, which relate only to the quantity or fulness of sound.

Define melancholy. Awe. To which of the illustrations does the monotone apply? What is Force? How may force vary? How many degrees of force? What is suppressed force? Subdued? Moderate? Energetic? Vehement? Sustained? What error is mentioned?

RULES FOR FORCE.

1. *Suspicion*, *suppressed fear*, *caution*, *secrecy*, and all *violent emotions kept down* by the general state of the mind, find appropriate expression in suppressed force.

2. *Pathos*, *solemnity*, and all *tender* and *subdued emotions*, for the most part, require subdued force.

3. *Simple narration* or *description*, and *didactic style*, demand moderate force.

4. *Animated description* or *narration*, *ordinary declamatory style*, and *energetic feeling*, require energetic force.

5. *Unrestrained expressions* of *violent passion* and *vehement emotion* naturally demand vehement force.

6. *Shouting* and *calling* require the sustained or the fullest and strongest form of force.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. *Suspicion and Fear.*

Alas! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 't is not done; the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. — Hark! I laid the daggers ready;
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it.

2. *Caution and Secrecy.*

With searching eye, and stealthy tread,
The man of wrath sought his enemy's bed.

3. *Pathos and Solemnity.*

Tread softly — bow the head —
In reverent silence bow;
No passing bell doth toll —
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

4. *Tranquillity.*

That silent moon, that silent moon,
Careering now through cloudless sky!
Oh! who shall tell what varied scenes
Have passed beneath her placid eye,

What is rule first? Rule second? Rule third? Rule fourth? Rule fifth? Rule sixth? Apply the rules to the illustrations. Define suspicion. Fear. Secrecy. Pathos. Solemnity. Tranquillity.

Since first, to light this wayward earth,
She walked in tranquil beauty forth!

5. *Simple Description.*

The streets were almost impassable, from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered.

6. *Didactic Style.*

The soul which is not large enough for the indwelling of one virtue, affords lodgment, and scope, and arena, for a hundred vices. But their warfare cannot be indulged with impunity. Agitation and wretchedness are the inevitable consequences, in the midst of which the flame of life burns flaringly and swiftly to its close.

7. *Animated Description.*

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well.

8. *Energetic Address.*

Advance, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth!

Define didactic. Animated. Energetic.

9. *Anger and Rage.*

Hear me, rash man! on thy allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast striven to make us break our vow,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
We banish thee forever from our sight,
And kingdom! If when three days are expired,
Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,
That moment is thy death,—away!

10. *Impetuous Courage.*

Now for the fight! now for the cannon peal!
Forward!—through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire,
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire!

11. *Calling.*

What, ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
A flood surrounds thy walls.

12. *Shouting.*

Let loud Echo, from her circling hills,
Sound freedom, till the undulation shake
The bounds of utmost Sweden.

STRESS.

Stress denotes the manner of applying force in the utterance of single sounds. It is called

Radical, when the force of utterance, commencing abruptly, is applied to the first part of a sound;

Vanishing, when the force is thrown out at the end of a sound which terminates abruptly;

Median, when the force is given on the middle of a sound;

Compound, when the voice is strongly thrown out at the first and last part of a sound, leaving the intermediate portion comparatively without stress;

Thorough, when a marked force, commencing and ending abruptly, is applied to all parts of a sound;

Define anger. Rage. Impetuous courage. Alarm. What does Stress denote? When is stress called radical? When vanishing? When median? When compound? When thorough?

Intermittent, when the force of utterance is broken into parts, by a quiver or tremor of voice.

Each of these forms has its peculiar significance. Some one of them enters as an element into the enunciation of almost every emphatic sound.

RULES FOR STRESS.

1. *Anger*, *fear*, *impetuous courage*, and all *sudden* and *startling emotions*, also, to some extent, *animated discussion*, require the radical stress.

2. *Obstinacy*, *fixed determination*, *sullenness*, *anxious alarm*, *peevishness*, and *impatience*, usually take, as their most natural form of utterance, the vanishing stress.

3. *Dignified* and *elevated sentiment*, also, *gentle emotions*, demand median stress.

4. Compound stress belongs to the expression of *surprise*, and sometimes marks the utterance of *raillery*, *earnest interrogation*, and *importunate entreaty*.

5. *Vehement address* and *highly impassioned feelings* require thorough stress.

6. *Such emotions as have an effect to enfeeble the voice* demand the intermittent stress.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. *Fear.*

Ha! dost thou not see it, by the moon's trembling light!

2. *Impetuous Courage.*

To arms! to arms! to arms! they cry;
Lead us to Philippi's lord;
Let us conquer him, or die!

3. *Obstinate Determination.*

I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
Till I sink beneath the wave.

4. *Impatience.*

Oh! he 's as tedious
As is a tired horse, or a railing wife.

When is stress called intermittent? Give the rule for radical stress. For vanishing stress. For median stress. For compound stress. For vehement stress. For intermittent stress. Apply the rules to the illustrations. Define impetuous. Courage. Obstinate. Determination. Impatience.

5. *Pathos and Solemnity.*

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

6. *Elevated Sentiment.*

We have a common stock both of happiness and of distinction, of which we are all entitled, as citizens of the country, to partake. We may all rejoice in the general prosperity, in the peace and security which we enjoy, and in the brilliant success which has thus far attended our republican institutions.

7. *Surprise.*

I be nominated,—I go to Congress! Who says it,—who believes it? It can't be so.

8. *Earnest Interrogation.*

And, sir, has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so despicable, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece — that we dare not express our horror, articulate our detestation of the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth, or shocked high heaven?

9. *Vehement Command.*

Up with my banner on the wall,—
The banquet board prepare;
Throw wide the portals of my hall,
And bring my armor there!

10. *Indignant Emotion.*

Tried and convicted traitor! who says this?
Who 'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?

11. *Voice enfeebled by Rapture.*

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!

Define surprise. Interrogation. Vehement. Indignant. Rapture.

12. *Voice enfeebled by Weariness and Hunger.*

Dear master, I can go no further! Oh, I die for food! Here lie I down and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master!

QUALITY.

Quality signifies the kind of sound uttered.

The kinds or qualities of voice most directly affecting vocal expresssion are

THE PURE TONE, THE OROTUND, THE ASPIRATED AND THE GUTTURAL.

The *pure tone* is distinguished by its freedom from all harsh and impure properties, being a clear, even and smooth flow of sound, accompanied, usually, with a pitch rather elevated, and softened or moderate force, and a clear, ringing resonance in the head.

The *orotund* voice combines, with purity of sound, depth, weight, and roundness; and is so formed as to produce a clear resonance of the voice, not only in the head, but in the chest.

The *aspirated* voice is exhibited whenever the utterance is attended with unvocalized sound.

The *guttural* quality unites, with simple aspiration, an impure sound, produced by contraction of the upper part of the throat.

The orotund requires expansion of the chest, depression of the larynx, full and unobstructed opening of the throat, with extension of the cavity of the mouth.

The aspirated voice is generally the result of the organs of speech being too much under the influence of certain strong and forcible feelings to be able to convert all the breath thrown upon them into vocalized expression.

The guttural is always accompanied with some other quality, and seldom applies to more than a few peculiarly expressive words or phrases in the same connection.

Frequent practice of the pure tone and the orotund affords the best means of rendering utterance clear, full, strong, and melodious.

Plaintiveness of Speech is the result of what is called a semitonic movement of the voice.

Ordinarily the voice, in its ascent or descent, with regard to the musical scale, is through whole tones; but in the plaintive form, its

---

What does quality signify? Which are the principal kinds? How is the pure tone distinguished? What is the orotund voice? The aspirated? The guttural? What does the orotund voice require? Of what is the aspirated voice the result? What is said of the guttural voice? Of the practice of the pure tone and the orotund? Of what is plaintiveness the result?

range is limited either in upward or downward slide, or both, by half tone intervals.

The plaintive is better suited than any other kind of voice to subdue and soften, and to enlist sympathy. Its peculiar touching and moving effects are very much augmented by combination with the monotone, or intermittent stress.

Plaintiveness is usually exhibited with purity of tone, but may sometimes very properly be an accompaniment of the orotund or aspirated voice.

RULES FOR QUALITY.

1. *Cheerfulness*, *gayety*, *joy*, *pathos*, *love*, *sorrow*, *solemnity*, and *tranquillity*, when not combined with other emotions, require the pure tone.

2. *Pathos*, *solemnity*, *tranquillity*, and *joy*, when combined with *grandeur* or *sublimity*, also *energetic* or *vehement* forms of address, for the most part, demand the orotund.

3. *Wonder*, *amazement*, *terror*, *horror*, *excessive anger*, *revenge*, *despair* and *remorse*, also most *ardent* and *fervent forms of expression*, usually require the aspirated quality.

4. *Hatred*, *malignity*, *aversion*, *loathing*, *contempt*, *impatience*, and the like feelings, require guttural quality.

5. *Grief*, *sorrow*, *complaint*, *lamentation*, *penitence*, *commiseration*, *tenderness*, *supplication*, and *entreaty*, usually demand an expression more or less of a plaintive nature.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. *Cheerfulness and Gayety.*

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And, leading a band of laughing hours,
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers;
Oh! cheerily then my voice is heard,
Mingling with that of the soaring bird.

2. *Joy.*

Then is Orestes blest! My griefs are fled!
Fled like a dream! Methinks I tread in air!
Surprising happiness! unlooked for joy!
Never let love despair! Thy prize is mine!

3. *Love and Tenderness.**

Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;

To what is plaintiveness suited? With what is it accompanied? What is rule first? Rule second? Rule third? Rule fourth? Rule fifth? Apply the rules to the illustrations. Define cheerfulness. Gayety. Joy.

* Plaintive.

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep at least one parent from the sky.

4. *Pathos, Solemnity, and Grandeur.*

The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on the brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful;
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man; and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

5. *Solemnity and Sublimity.*

The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between, —
The venerable woods, — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green, — and, poured 'round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

6. *Joy and Sublimity.*

Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!
Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements! —
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

7. *Earnest and Energetic Address.*

I hope, sir, that gentlemen will deliberately survey the awful isthmus on which we stand. They may bear down all opposition. They may carry the measure triumphantly through this house. But if they do, sir, in my humble judg-

Define pathos. Grandeur. Energetic.

ment, it will be a triumph of the military over the civil authority — a triumph over the powers of this house — a triumph over the constitution of the land — and I pray, sir, most devoutly, that it may not prove, in its ultimate effects and consequences, a triumph over the liberties of the people.

8. *Vehement Command.*

Strike till the last armed foe expires!
Strike for your altars and your fires!
Strike for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land!

9. *Wonder and Amazement.*

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here!
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition!
It comes upon me! — Art thou anything?

10. *Terror and Horror.*

Have mercy, Heaven! — Ha! soft! 't was but a dream!
But then so terrible, it shakes my soul!
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh!
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror!

11. *Despair and Remorse.*

With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery! Such joy ambition finds!

12. *Anger and Revenge.*

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak, for my revenge!
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearty throne
To tyrannous hate!

13. *Ardent Expression of Courage.*

You see yon foremost squadron there,
The thickest of the foes,
And there your banner goes!
Let him that serves and honors it
Show the duty that he owes!

Define vehement. Wonder. Amazement. Terror. Horror. Despair. Remorse. Anger. Revenge.

14. *Hatred and Aversion.*

I hate him, for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance with us here in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him!

15. *Loathing and Contempt.*

Thou worm! thou viper! — to thy native earth
Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon. — Thou scum! Thou reptile!

16. *Impatience.*

Brutus. Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cassius. O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

17. *Complaint and Lamentation.**

Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

18. *Supplication and Entreaty.**

Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness, Heaven,
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart,
I bear thee, and unwitting have offended,
Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant,
I beg and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay. Forlorn of thee,
Whither should I betake me, where subsist?

19. *Grief, Sorrow, and Commiseration.**

As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the

Define hatred. Aversion. Loathing. Contempt. Impatience. Lamentation. Supplication. Entreaty. Sorrow.

* Plaintive.

arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation. "Nay, now, — nay, now, — don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

MOVEMENT.

Movement, in elocution, as in music, refers to the time or rate of utterance.

The most common distinctions of movement are into *moderate*, *slow*, *very slow*, *lively*, *brisk*, and *rapid*.

The degree or kind of movement must correspond with the pervading sentiment of the language, the action described, and the nature of the feeling or emotion expressed.

The rate of utterance for unimpassioned thought is usually moderate; and that for impassioned expression, quick proportionably as the feeling is lively or rapid, or slow proportionably as the emotion is more or less grave and deep.

The *fault* in movement most to be guarded against by readers and speakers is, that of a uniform use of either a moderate, slow, or quick rate, without regard to the sentiment or language uttered.

RULES FOR MOVEMENT.

1. *Didactic thought, and simple narration* or *description*, require the moderate movement.

2. *Pathos, reverence, solemnity*, and language expressive of *grandeur, vastness, and the like*, demand the slow movement.

3. *Deep solemnity, adoration, awe, horror* and *consternation*, require very slow movement.

4. *Cheerfulness, liveliness*, and the *gentler forms* of all *vivid emotions*, find appropriate utterance in the lively movement.

5. *Gayety, joy* and *humor*, demand the brisk movement.

6. *Hurry, confusion, violent anger* and *sudden fear*, require the rapid rate of utterance.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. *Didactic Thought and Simple Narration.*

The old philosopher we read of, might not have been dreaming when he discovered that the order of the sky was like a scroll of written music, and that two stars (which are

---

To what does Movement refer? Which are the common distinctions of movement? To what must the movement correspond? What fault is mentioned? What is the rule for moderate movement? For slow movement? For very slow movement? For lively movement? For brisk movement? For rapid movement? Define didactic. Apply the rules.

said to have appeared centuries after his death, in the very places he mentioned) were wanting to complete the harmony. We know how wonderful are phenomena of color; how strangely like consummate art the strongest dyes are blended in the plumage of birds, and in the cups of flowers; so that, to the practised eye of the painter, the harmony is inimitably perfect. It is natural to suppose every part of the universe equally perfect; and it is a glorious and elevating thought, that the stars of heaven are moving on continually to music; and that the sounds we daily listen to are but parts of a melody that reaches to the very centre of God's illimitable spheres.

2. *Grandeur and Vastness.*

And these are suns! — Vast, central, living fires,
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds
That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,
And meditate the wonder! Countless suns
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds!—
Worlds, in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
And drink the bliss of being from the fount
Of all-pervading love! What mind can know,
What tongue can utter, all their multitudes, —
Thus numberless in numberless abodes?

3. *Solemnity and Pathos.*

Ye 've gathered to your place of prayer,
With slow and measured tread;
Your ranks are full, your mates all there,
But the soul of one has fled.

He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall?

4. *Profound Reverence and Adoration.*

Oh! thoughts ineffable! Oh! visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore!

Define grandeur. Vastness. Pathos. Reverence. Adoration.

5. *Deep Solemnity, Awe, and Consternation.*

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds.

6. *Cheerfulness.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity, —
And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

7. *Lively Description.*

A farmer once to London went,
To pay the worthy Squire his rent;
He comes, he knocks, soon entrance gains, —
Who at the doors such guests detains?
Forth struts the squire, exceeding smart —
"Farmer, you 're welcome to my heart.
You 've brought my rent then to a hair!
The best of tenants, I declare!"

8. *Joy and Mirth.*

There is joy in the mountain; the bright waves leap,
Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep;
Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along —
Let the heavens ring with song!

9. *Gayety and Humor.*

The stars are rolling in the sky,
The earth rolls on below,
And we can feel the rattling wheel
Revolving as we go.

Then tread away, my gallant boys,
And make the axle fly, —
Why should not wheels go round about,
Like planets in the sky?

10. *Sudden Fear.*

But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat!
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Define awe. Consternation. Cheerfulness. Mirth. Humor.

11. *Violent Anger.*

Tut! tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle!
I am no traitor's uncle! and that word, grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

12. *Hurry and Haste.*

More rapid than eagles his coursers they come;
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name.
Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blixen —
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away! dash away! dash away, all!

GENERAL REMARKS.

The elements which have been explained in the foregoing analysis admit of various combinations. Every shade of style or sentiment, to some extent, presents a peculiar combination of principles. Even in the same piece there may be variations demanding kinds of expression widely differing.

The organs of speech, therefore, should be not only so disciplined as readily and naturally to adapt themselves to the general character of different pieces, but to all the changes, even those the most frequent and abrupt, that can be required in any continuous reading or speaking.

For the convenience of marking the expression of pieces for the practical application of rules and principles, most of the elements explained will now be recapitulated, with a system of *notation*, in

A TABULAR VIEW.

Elements	Varieties or Subdivisions.	Notation.
Pause.	Rhetorical — Cæsural — Demicæsural — Final.	(‖) (‖) (ı) (ıı)
Inflection.	Rising — Falling — Circumflex — Monotone.	(/) (\) (∨ ∧) (–)
Pitch.	Very Low — Low — Middle — High — Very High.	(Ll.) (L.) (M.) (H.) (Hh.)
Force.	Suppressed — Subdued — Moderate — Energetic — Vehement — Sustained.	(Sp.) (Sb.) (Md.) (En.) (Vh.) (St.)
Stress.	Radical — Vanishing — Median — Compound — Thorough — Intermittent.	(r.) (v.) (m.) (c.) (th.) (tr.)
Quality.	The Pure — The Orotund — The Aspirated — The Guttural — The Plaintive.	(P.) (O.) (A.) (G.) (Pl.)
Movement.	Very Slow — Slow — Moderate — Lively — Brisk — Rapid.	(Ss.) (S.) (Mm.) (Lv.) (Br.) (R.)

All — *Arm* — *At* — *Air* — *Ask* — *End* — *Err* — *Eve* — *It* — *Odd* — *Do* — *Full* — *Up* — *Ale* — *Ice* — *Old* — *Our* — *Oil* — *Use*.

Define anger. What is said of the combination of elements? What is said about the organs of speech?

OBSERVATIONS.

The tonic or vowel sounds, as represented in the words at the bottom of the Table, should, each, as a review exercise, be run through all the varieties of inflection, pitch, force, stress, quality, and movement.

The manner of applying the symbols of notation is shown, and, also, an exercise given for modulating the voice, in the following

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. *Caution, Solemnity, Tranquillity.*

[L. Sp. r. & m. S.] Hŭsh! 't is a *holy hòur!* the *quiet room* ‖
Seems | like a *tèmple*, while yon *soft lamp* sheds ‖
A *faint* and *starry rádiance* through the *gloom*, ‖
And the *sweet stíllness*, down on bright *young héads*,
With all their *clustering lócks untouched* | by *càre*,
And *bŏwed* | ās *flŏwers* | āre *bowed* with *night* | in *pràyer*.

2. *Earnest Interrogation.*

[H. Vh. c. O. Lv.] Why stand *we* here *ìdle?* *What is it* | that gentlemen *wish?* *What would* they *hàve?* Is *life* | so *dear*, or *peace* | so *sweet*, as to be *purchased* | at the *price* of *chains* | and *slàvery?*

3. *Amazement and Horror.*

[Ll. Sp. m. A. Ss.] *Creation sleèps.* 'T is as the *gēneral pŭlse* ‖
Of *life* stood | *still*, and *nāture* māde a *pāuse*,
An *āwful* | *pause*, *prophetic* | of her *èn̆d*.

4. *Melancholy, Cheerfulness, Mirth.*

[L. Sb. m. P. S.] With *eyes* | *upraised* | as one | *inspíred*,
Pāle Mēlancholy | sat *retìred;*
And, from her *wild* | *sequestered séat*,
In *notes*, by *distance* | made more *swéet*,
Pŏured thrŏugh the *mĕllow hŏrn* | her *pensive soùl*.
[H. En. r. Lv.] But, *O*, how *altered*, and *sprightlier* the *tóne!*
When Cheèrfulness, a *nymph* of healthiest hue,
Her *bow* | across her shoulder flung,
Her *buskins* | gemmed with *morning* dew,
Blew an *inspiring aír* that *dale* and *thìcket rung*,

By what symbols are the different kinds of pauses represented? By what the different kinds of inflections? By what the kinds of pitch? By what the kinds of force? By what the kinds of stress? By what the kinds of quality? By what the kinds of movement?

[Br.] Brown EXERCISE *rejoiced* to hear;
And SPORT *leapt up*, and *seïzed* his *beechen spear*.

5. *Hurry and Haste.*

[H. Vh. SPEÈD, MÀLISE, SPEÈD!—The dun-deer's hide |
r. A. On *fleëter foot* | was never tied;
R.] SPEÈD, MÀLISE, SPEÈD! *such cause* | of *haste*
Thine *active sinews* | never braced;
BÈND | *gainst* the *steepy-hill* thy *brèast*—
RÙSH | *down* like TÒRRENT | from its *crest!*

6. *Pathos, Terror, Aversion.*

[H. Md. The *child* stretched forth *his little hánds* |
m.P.Pl. To grasp the *hand* | *he* gàve—
En. r.] Then *William* | *shrïeked;* [Ll. Sp. tr. G.] The *hand*‖
He | *touched* | was | *còld* | and *dùmp* | and *deàd!*

7. *Lamentation.*

[M. Sb. O, *unexpected stróke*, *worse* than of *deàth!*
v. P. Must I *leave* thee, happy *walks* and *shádes*,
Pl. S.] Fit *haunts* of *góds?* *Where* I had hoped to spend,
Quïet though *sàd*, the *respite* of *thát day*,
That must be *mòrtal* to us *both*.

8. *Shout of Command, Pathos.*

[Hh. St. ÒN! ye BRÀVE,
th. O. Who *rush* to *glóry*, or | the *gràve!*
Br.] WÀVE, *Mùnich*, *all* thy *banners* WÀVE!
And CHÀRGE | with all thy CHÌVALRY!
[H. Sb. Ah! *few* shall *pàrt* where *many mèet!*
m. P. The *snow* | shall be their *winding shèet*,
Pl. S.] And every *turf* | beneath their fëet‖
Shall be | a *soldier's sèpulchre.*

9. *Rapturous Emotion.*

[H. En. The *world* | *recèdes*, it *disappèars!*
r. O. Br.] *Heaven* | *opens* on my *eyès!* My *eärs*‖
With sounds *seraphic* ring!
[Hh. Vh.] LÈND, LÈND your *wings*! I MOÙNT! I FLŸ!
O GRÀVE! where | is thy *vìctory?*
O DEÀTH! where is thy *stïng?*

Explain the application of notation in the illustrations. Repeat all the rules for rhetorical and harmonic pauses. The rules for the rising inflection. For the falling. For the monotone. For the circumflex. For pitch. For force. For stress. For quality. For movement.

10. *Didactic Thought.*

[M. Md. m. P. Mm.] The moral power is what tyrants have most cause to dread. It addresses itself to the thought and the judgment of men. No physical force can arrest its progress. Its approaches are unseen, but its consequences are deeply felt. It enters garrisons most strongly fortified, and operates in the palaces of kings and emperors. We should cherish this power, as essential to the preservation of our government, and as the most efficient means of ameliorating the political condition of our race. And this can only be done by a reverence for the laws, and by the exercise of an elevated patriotism.

11. *Grave and Serious Description.*

[L. En. m. O. S.] The vengeance which the French took of the Swiss, for their determined opposition to the invasion of their country, was decisive and terrible. The soldiers dispersed over the country, carried fire, and sword, and robbery, into the most tranquil and hidden valleys of Switzerland. From the depths of sweet retreats echoed the shrieks of murdered men, stabbed in their humble dwellings, under the shadow of the high mountains, in the midst of those scenes of nature which make solemn and pure the secret thought of man, and appal him with the majesty of God. The flying peasants saw, in the midst of the night, their implements of husbandry, and the hopes of the future year, expiring in one cruel conflagration.

12. *Bold Declamation.*

[H. Vh. th. O. Lv. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, — upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character.

Mark the last three illustrations for emphasis, inflection, and for rhetorical pauses. How does emphasis differ from accent? Inflection from pitch? Pitch from force? Force from stress?

PROSE

DECLAMATIONS AND RECITATIONS.

THE SCHOLAR'S RESPONSIBILITY.

C. B. HADDOCK.

The scholar is the proper link between the present and the past. The past, the mighty past, the parent of the present, where is it? What is it? It is not the pyramids, in their silent loneliness, by the mysterious Nile, which flows and reflows, as it did four thousand years ago, and tells no tale. The Parthenon and the Coliseum, the Illyssus and the Tiber, are ruins and rivers only, and of themselves reveal no instructive or intelligible history. The past has been, and is not. All that is left of it is comprised in the mystic words of the scholar, which the scholar alone can interpret to his generation. But for him, the rich, inspiring, prophetic past had been all a world unknown — a limitless, fathomless, impenetrable profound.

Nor is it, after all, the real past, that with the scholar's aid is restored and revived. That never comes back again. The landscapes of time, as they recede from us, are softened and mellowed by the distance. The historic eye creates the colors which seem spread over the picture of dead times. And hence the universal, incorrigible, strange illusion of a golden age in the infancy of the race, of a retrocession from perfection, always the more apparent the further it is from being real. With his miraculous wand, his talismanic sentences, whereby he evokes the buried centuries from their graves, to pass again before us, in new and more glorious forms — in reverend history and youthful poetry, and many-voiced art, sculpture, painting, music, and the more familiar companionable, heart-moving, heart-moulding romance — with this magic, mighty power for good or evil, what does the scholar need but a patriot's heart, to do a patriot's work, and open to his own dear land the sacred legacies of the deceased ages?

The future, too — the brilliant or the frowning future — is a province of the scholar's empire. It is no entity; all, all, a creature of the mind. It exists only in the causes which are to produce it, and the scholar is the interpreter of these causes. He, to some extent, creates the future; he is himself one of the causes from which its events are evolved, one of the elements out of which its many colored destiny is woven. He not only throws upon the dim-seen future the light of painfully gathered experience; he shapes, by his own creative energy, the very future which he foreshadows.

And so the whole of life, the past and the future, both suspended and counterpoised upon this little pivot of the present, we hold at the will of the scholar. Our philosophy, our literature, our schools, all the products of his mind, are all instruments of his power. Through them he reaches the heart of the people — teaching them what to think and how to think — determining, in no small degree, their individual habits and their public spirit. It is thus his grateful task, his enviable responsibility, by his own example and through the multiplied channels of education, to mature the action and regulate the development of the public mind.

DUTIES AS AMERICANS.

D. WEBSTER.

Fellow-citizens, let us not retire from this occasion, without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us, with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes — all, all conjure us to act wisely, and faithfully, in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much of what we are and of what we possess we owe to this liberty and these institutions of government.

Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounte-

ously to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government? Fellow-citizens, there is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience, in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty, and these institutions. Let us, then, acknowledge the blessing, let us feel it deeply and powerfully, let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers,—let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity,—let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us—a topic to which, I fear, I advert too often, and dwell on too long—cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their part well, until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance, but it is that we may judge justly of our situation, and of our own duties, that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position, and our character, among the nations of the earth.

It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upholden them. Let us contemplate, then, this connection, which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us.

Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. WASHINGTON is in the clear upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.

PATRIOTIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

H. CLAY.

I ROSE not to say one word which should wound the feelings of the president. The senator* says, that, if placed in like circumstances, I would have been the last man to avoid putting a direct veto upon the bill, had it met my disapprobation; and he does me the honor to attribute to me high qualities of stern and unbending intrepidity. I hope, that in all that relates to personal firmness, all that concerns a just appreciation of the insignificance of human life — whatever may be attempted, to threaten or alarm a soul not easily swayed by opposition, or awed or intimidated by menace — a stout heart and a steady eye, that can survey, unmoved and undaunted, any mere personal perils that assail this poor, transient, perishing frame, — I may, without disparagement, compare with other men.

But there is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess; a boldness to which I dare not aspire; a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I cannot, I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested — a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good — to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough, I am too cowardly, for that. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a trust, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and private relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

---

* Mr. Rives, of Virginia.

Apprehension of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impels to the performance of rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself. The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism, which, soaring toward heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself — that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

ON THE OREGON QUESTION.

E. HANNEGAN.

THE honorable senator* has arrayed before us, the mighty naval power of England, the number of her ships of war, her sailors, and her guns, and the comparatively diminutive force we present. If that senator, by this, intended to awe us into a compromise, by the surrender of our own territory, it was certainly both ill-timed and ill-planned; that would have better become a secret session. The idea of surrendering without an effort, because of the numerical superiority of the enemy, whether in guns or men, is new to me in military history. I admit that it is right and proper to examine the force of Great Britain, but at the same time we ought not to forget or undervalue our own. The American people cannot be alarmed; they are not to be awed by any such representations.

But the senator of South Carolina† is wedded to a different plan — a plan which avoids all action. He is for leaving the whole matter to the silent, quiet, noiseless operation of time,

* Mr. Clayton, of Delaware. † Mr. Calhoun.

and the gradual encroachments of our hardy and enterprising settlers, who have gone, and are going, into the territory.

But do gentlemen flatter themselves that we can thus take Oregon, and England know nothing of it? Will the English not understand this policy as well as we? And when they perceive the plan likely to take effect, will they not be on their guard? If we press our population upon them, will they not, in turn, press their pauper population upon us? Which of the two plans will most consult the honor of this country? Which story shall we rather have on record as a heritage to our posterity — the plan of the honorable senator, to get the territory by silent encroachment, or that advocated by gentlemen on the other side, who are for demanding the territory, because it is ours? Shall we take it openly and boldly, by a straight-forward, manly course? — or shall we get it covertly, slily, stealthily? No! I will not say stealthily; I will not employ any term that may imply the slightest disrespect to the honorable senator; I will not say stealthily, but I will say circuitously; yes, that is the word, — circuitously. I would not say anything that could be a cause of offence to the honorable gentleman from South Carolina. I have no such feelings toward him. I hold that honorable senator in too much respect; I have too much esteem and regard for him. I would not, for the world, pluck one leaf from the laurel that enwreaths his venerated brow. He has ably served his country in many and various important stations. I hope and trust he will do nothing that shall mar the page in this nation's history which he is destined to fill. I respect his acquisitions; above all, I venerate his virtues — the spotless purity of his private life. But the senator's course is circuitous; ours is direct. Which, I ask, will do most honor to a country like this? Which will read the best? Sir, how will it read along side of the history of '76? Then the whole population of a range of Atlantic colonies, sooner than submit to the exactions of a slight tax, took up arms, and went into the appeal of battle. They stood for their rights in many a bloody field; and they conquered those rights from the mightiest and the haughtiest power the world ever saw. Such was the first chapter of our history, read and studied by the nations of the Old World. But what is to be the second chapter? At first we had but three millions of people; now we have twenty millions. Our wealth, our power, our energy, have increased in more than a like proportion. And now the same old enemy claims a great empire on our western coast; and the descendants of the same people

resolve, sooner than resist, to surrender their rights, and let her take it. I trust no such chapter is to be written in our history.

Mr. President, I have but uttered the rights of my country; and by their side I plant myself, ready to abide the issue — come peace, come war.

ENMITY TOWARDS GREAT BRITAIN.

R. CHOATE.

Mr. President, we must distinguish a little. That there exists in this country an intense sentiment of nationality; a cherished energetic feeling and consciousness of our independent and separate national existence; a feeling that we have a transcendent destiny to fulfil, which we mean to fulfil; a great work to do, which we know how to do, and are able to do; a career to run, up which we hope to ascend, till we stand on the steadfast and glittering summits of the world; a feeling, that we are surrounded and attended by a noble historical group of competitors and rivals, the other nations of the earth, all of whom we hope to overtake, and even to distance; — such a sentiment as this exists, perhaps, in the character of this people. And this I do not discourage; I do not condemn. It is easy to ridicule it. But "grand, swelling sentiments" of patriotism, no wise man will despise. They have their uses. They help to give a great heart to a nation; to animate it for the various conflicts of its lot; to assist it to work out for itself a more exceeding weight, and to fill a larger measure of glory. But, sir, that among these useful and beautiful sentiments, predominant among them, there exists a temper of hostility towards this one particular nation, to such a degree as to amount to a habit, a trait, a national passion — to amount to a state of feeling which "is to be regretted," and which really threatens another war — this I earnestly and confidently deny. I would not hear your enemy say this.

Sir, the indulgence of such a sentiment by the people supposes them to have forgotten one of the counsels of Washington. Call to mind the ever seasonable wisdom of the Farewell Address: "The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is, in some degree, a slave. It is a slave to its animosity, or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest."

No, sir! no, sir! We are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half naked, half civilized, half blinded by the peat-smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and precious hatred, set on fire of hell, alive if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by Heaven knows what symbols of alligators, and rattlesnakes, and war-clubs, smeared with vermilion and entwined with scarlet; let such a country as Poland, — cloven to the earth, the armed heel on the radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable to die, — let her remember the "wrongs of days long past;" let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs — the manliness and the sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them; — but shall America, young, free, prosperous, just setting out on the highway of heaven, "decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy," shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart, by moping over old stories of stamp act, and tea tax, and the firing of the Leopard upon the Chesapeake in a time of peace? No, sir! no, sir! a thousand times no! Why, I protest I thought all that had been settled. I thought two wars had settled it all. What else was so much good blood shed for, on so many more than classical fields of revolutionary glory? For what was so much good blood more lately shed, at Lundy's Lane, at Fort Erie, before and behind the lines at New Orleans, on the deck of the Constitution, on the deck of the Java, on the lakes, on the sea, but to settle exactly these "wrongs of past days?" And have we come back sulky and sullen from the very field of honor? For my country, I deny it. The senator* says, that our people still remember these "former scenes of wrong, with, perhaps, too deep" a sensibility; and that, as I interpret him, they nourish a "too extensive" national enmity. How so? If the feeling he attributes to them is moral, manly, creditable, how comes it to be too deep? and if it is immoral, unmanly, and unworthy, why is it charged on them at all? Is there a member of this body, who would stand up in any educated, in any intelligent and right-minded circle which he respected, and avow that, for his part, he must acknowledge, that, looking back through the glories and the atonement of two wars, his views were full of ill blood to England; that in peace he could not help being her enemy;

* Mr. Buchanan, of Pennsylvania.

that he could not pluck out the deep-wrought convictions and "the immortal hate" of the old times? Certainly, not one. And then, sir, that which we feel would do no honor to ourselves, shall we confess for our country?

Mr. President, let me say, that in my judgment this notion of a national enmity of feeling towards Great Britain belongs to a past age of our history. My younger countrymen are unconscious of it. They disavow it. That generation, in whose opinions and feelings the actions and the destiny of the next are unfolded, as the tree in the germ, do not at all comprehend your meaning, nor your fears, nor your regrets. We are born to happier feelings. We look to England as we look to France. We look to them, from our new world, — not unrenowned, yet a new world still, — and the blood mounts to our cheeks; our eyes swim; our voices are stifled with emulousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep: but there is no hatred at all; no hatred — no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave.

DEATH OF JOHN Q. ADAMS.

I. E. HOLMES.

Mr. Speaker: The mingled tones of sorrow, like the voice of many waters, have come unto us from a sister state — Massachusetts, weeping for her honored son. The state I have the honor in part to represent once endured, with yours, a common suffering, battled for a common cause, and rejoiced in a common triumph. Surely, then, it is meet, that in this the day of your affliction, we should mingle our griefs.

When a great man falls, the nation mourns; when a patriarch is removed, the people weep. Ours, my associates, is no common bereavement. The chain which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times has been suddenly snapped. The lips from which flowed those living and glorious truths that our fathers uttered are closed in death. Yes, my friends, Death has been among us! He has not entered the humble cottage of some unknown, ignoble peasant; he has knocked audibly at the palace of a nation! His footstep has been heard in the halls of state! He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the councils of a people. He has borne in triumph from among you the gravest, wisest, most reverend head. Ah! he has taken him as a trophy who was

once chief over many statesmen, adorned with virtue, and learning, and truth; he has borne at his chariot wheels a renowned one of the earth.

How often we have crowded into that aisle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the venerable Sage, we can all remember, for it was but of yesterday. But what a change! How wondrous! how sudden! 'T is like a vision of the night. That form which we beheld but a few days since is now cold in death!

But the last Sabbath, and in this hall he worshipped with others. Now his spirit mingles with the noble army of martyrs and the just made perfect, in the eternal adoration of the living God. With him, "this is the end of earth." He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. He is gone — and forever! The sun that ushers in the morn of that next holy day, while it gilds the lofty dome of the capitol, shall rest with soft and mellow light upon the consecrated spot beneath whose turf forever lies the PATRIOT FATHER and the PATRIOT SAGE.

REMEMBRANCE OF THE GOOD.

H. HUMPHREY.

WHY is it that the names of Howard, and Thornton, and Clarkson, and Wilberforce, will be held in everlasting remembrance? Is it not chiefly on account of their goodness, their Christian philanthropy, the overflowing and inexhaustible benevolence of their great minds? Such men feel that they were not born for themselves, nor for the narrow circle of their kindred and acquaintances, but for the world and for posterity. They delight in doing good on a great scale. Their talents, their property, their time, their knowledge and experience and influence, they hold in constant requisition for the benefit of the poor, the oppressed, and the perishing. You may trace them along the whole pathway of life, by the blessings which they scatter far and wide. They may be likened to yon noble river, which carries gladness and fertility, from state to state, through all the length of that rejoicing valley, which it was made to bless; — or to those summer showers which pour gladness and plenty over all the regions that they visit, till they melt away into the glorious effulgence of the setting sun.

Such a man was Howard, the prisoner's friend. Christian philanthropy was the element in which he lived and moved,

and out of which life would have been intolerable. It was to him that kings listened with astonishment, as if doubtful from what world of pure, disinterestedness he had come. To him despair opened her dungeons, and plague and pestilence could summon no terrors to arrest his investigations. In his presence, crime, though girt with the iron panoply of desperation, stood amazed and rebuked. With him home was nothing, country was nothing, health was nothing, life was nothing. His first and last question was, "What is the utmost that I can do for degraded, depraved, bleeding humanity, in all her prison houses?" And what wonders did he accomplish! What astonishing changes in the whole system of prison discipline may be traced back to his disclosures and suggestions, and how many millions, yet to be born, will rise up and call him blessed! Away, all ye Cæsars and Napoleons, to your own dark and frightful domains of slaughter and misery! Ye can no more endure the light of such a godlike presence than the eye, already inflamed to torture by dissipation, can look the sun in the face at noonday.

NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

R. C. WINTHROP.

Fellow-citizens, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever! Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun — till that sun shall set to rise no more — draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive cord in every heart throughout the republic!

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious father of his country! Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles!

Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character.

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. *Similitudine decoremus.* He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us, in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians. The wide-spread republic is the future monument to Washington. Maintain its independence. Uphold its constitution. Preserve its union. Defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality and freedom, to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world,—and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fully testify our veneration for him; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Nor does he need even this. The republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame, of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ON DECLARING THE REPUBLIC.

A. DE LAMARTINE.

GENTLEMEN — In beholding one of the most affecting sights which the annals of human life are capable of presenting — that of an august princess defending herself with her innocent child, and coming from the midst of a deserted palace to throw herself into the midst of the representatives of the people — at such a spectacle, I share with all of you, and feel as profoundly as any of you, the two-fold sensations which have but just now agitated this assembly. I beg permission to

repeat my words, and entreat you to wait to hear what will follow them. I said, gentlemen, that I feel as deeply as any man in this assemblage the two-fold sensations which have just now agitated all of us. I say this without making any distinctions. This is a moment which will not admit of them. It is a moment of equality; and this equality, I doubt not, will serve to show that those men who may hereafter be selected by their country to give peace, harmony and concord, to the nation, will only receive a sacred mission for the peace and happiness of their country — not for their own emolument and aggrandizement. But, gentlemen, if I have experienced so much emotion, which such an affecting spectacle naturally inspires — a spectacle of the greatest of human catastrophes — if I have shared, in common with you all, in the feelings which have animated you all, whatever in other respects your opinions may be, much less have I been wanting in deeply partaking and vividly feeling a sensation of the deepest and profoundest respect for that glorious people, who have now for two days been fighting to overthrow a treacherous and deceitful government, and to reëstablish, upon a foundation henceforth not to be shaken, the reign of order and the empire of liberty.

But, gentlemen, I do not fall into the delusion made a little while ago in this place. I do not conceive that a sudden exclamation, the effect of a momentary emotion, can bestow any solid right to the possession of the government over thirty-five millions of men! What one plaudit may proclaim, a succeeding acclamation may overthrow. Whatever form of government it may please the wisdom and interest of the country to erect, it is the interest of all persons, that a popular, solid and firm government should be established. Well, then, gentlemen, how are we to do this? How are we to find this unshakable foundation? From the great mass of the people — from them let it be, as it were, expressed in a convention of the people. This will be better than having recourse to tricks, to subterfuges, to intrigues, to sudden surprises and sudden emotions, of which the people sooner or later will have cause bitterly to repent.

I come forward, therefore, to support with all my powers the two-fold demand; first of a government provisional, and of necessity, I admit, but a government of order, a government which may staunch the blood which is now flowing, and stop the civil war which is raging between fellow-citizens. I demand, therefore, that instantly, by the rights of public peace, by the rights of the blood which is flowing, by the rights of a

glorious people, exhausted with the heroic toil of the three past days — I demand the immediate establishment of a provisional government — a government to be set aside by the definitive government which the people may be pleased to organize when consulted in convention — a provisional government, whose first mission will be, in my opinion, to establish peace between citizens; the second, to prepare immediately to consult the whole nation — to consult the whole National Guard of the whole people — I mean the entire people — all who, by the title of a man, have rights as men.

SUFFERINGS AND DESTINY OF THE PILGRIMS.

E. EVERETT.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy wave. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a few months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, — weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut, now, the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not

smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this! Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? — was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope! Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious!

GLORIOUS NEW ENGLAND.

S. S. PRENTISS.

Glorious New England! thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. We, thy children, have assembled in this far distant land to celebrate thy birthday. A thousand fond associations throng upon us, roused by the spirit of the hour. On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the Revolution; and far away in the horizon of thy past gleam, like thy own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our pilgrim sires! But while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection, that though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birth-place, still our country is the same. We are no exiles meeting upon the banks of a foreign river, to swell its waters with our home-sick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider, and its glittering stars increased in number.

The sons of New England are found in every state of the broad republic! In the East, the South, and the unbounded West, their blood mingles freely with every kindred current.

We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth; of guarding with pious care those sacred household gods.

We cannot do with less than the whole Union; to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows Northern and Southern blood; how shall it be separated? — who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption; so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both; and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the republic.

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of union! thrice accursed the traitorous lips which shall propose its severance!

But no! the Union cannot be dissolved; its fortunes are too brilliant to be marred; its destinies too powerful to be resisted. Here will be their greatest triumph, their most mighty development.

And when, a century hence, this Crescent City* shall have filled her golden horns; — when within her broad-armed port shall be gathered the products of the industry of a hundred millions of freemen; — when galleries of art and halls of learning shall have made classic this mart of trade; — then may the sons of the Pilgrims, still wandering from the bleak hills of the north, stand up on the banks of the Great River, and exclaim, with mingled pride and wonder, — Lo! this is our country; — when did the world ever behold so rich and magnificent a city — so great and glorious a republic!

PERPETUITY OF OUR LIBERTIES.

L. BEECHER.

I AM aware that our ablest patriots are looking out on the deep, vexed with storms, with great forebodings and failings of heart, for fear of the things that are coming upon us; and I perceive a spirit of impatience rising, and distrust, in respect to the perpetuity of our republic; and I am sure that these fears are well founded, and am glad that they exist. It is the

---

* New Orleans.

star of hope in our dark horizon. Fear is what we need, as the ship needs wind on a rocking sea, after a storm, to prevent foundering. But when our fear and our efforts shall correspond with our danger, the danger is past. For it is not the impossibility of self-preservation that threatens us; nor is it the unwillingness of the nation to pay the price of the preservation, as she has paid the price of the purchase, of our liberties. It is inattention and inconsideration, protracted till the crisis is past, and the things which belong to our peace are hid from our eyes. And blessed be God, that the tokens of a national waking up, the harbinger of God's mercy, are multiplying upon us!

There is at the West an enthusiastic feeling on the subject of education, and nothing has so inspired us with hope, as to witness the susceptibleness of the East on the same subject, and the national fraternal benevolence with which you are ready to put forth a helping hand. We have been sad, but now we are joyful. We see, we feel, that East and West, and North and South, are waking up on this subject; a redeeming spirit is rising which will save the nation. We did not, in the darkest hour, believe that God had brought our fathers to this goodly land to lay the foundation of religious liberty, and wrought such wonders in their preservation, and raised their descendants to such heights of civil and religious prosperity, only to reverse the analogy of his providence, and abandon his work; and though now there be clouds, and the sea roaring, and men's hearts failing, we believe there is light behind the cloud, and that the imminence of our danger is intended, under the guidance of Heaven, to call forth and apply a holy, fraternal fellowship between the East and West, which shall secure our preservation, and make the prosperity of our nation durable as time, and as abundant as the waves of the sea.

I would add, as a motive to immediate action, that if we do fail in our great experiment of self-government, our destruction will be as signal as the birth-right abandoned, the mercies abused, and the provocation offered to beneficent Heaven. The descent of desolation will correspond with the past elevation. No punishments of Heaven are so severe as those for mercies abused; and no instrumentality employed in their infliction is so dreadful as the wrath of man. No spasms are like the spasms of expiring liberty, and no wailings such as her convulsions extort. It took Rome three hundred years to die; and our death, if we perish, will be as much more terrific as our intelligence and free institutions have given to us more

bone, and sinew, and vitality. May God hide me from the day, when the dying agonies of my country shall begin! O, thou beloved land, bound together by the ties of brotherhood and common interest and perils, live forever, — one and undivided!

ANCIENT AND MODERN PRODUCTIONS.

C. SUMNER.

The classics possess a peculiar charm, from the circumstance that they have been the models, I might almost say the masters, of composition and thought in all ages. In the contemplation of these august teachers of mankind, we are filled with conflicting emotions. They are the early voice of the world, better remembered and more cherished still, than all the intermediate words that have been uttered, — as the lessons of childhood still haunt us when the impressions of later years have been effaced from the mind. But they show with most unwelcome frequency the tokens of the world's childhood, before passion had yielded to the sway of reason and the affections. They want the highest charm of purity, of righteousness, of elevated sentiments, of love to God and man. It is not in the frigid philosophy of the Porch and the Academy that we are to seek these; not in the marvellous teachings of Socrates, as they come mended by the mellifluous words of Plato; not in the resounding line of Homer, on whose inspiring tale of blood Alexander pillowed his head; not in the animated strain of Pindar, where virtue is pictured in the successful strife of an athlete at the Isthmian games; not in the torrent of Demosthenes, dark with self-love and the spirit of vengeance; not in the fitful philosophy and intemperate eloquence of Tully; not in the genial libertinism of Horace, or the stately atheism of Lucretius. No; these must not be our masters; in none of these are we to seek the way of life. For eighteen hundred years the spirit of these writers has been engaged in weaponless contest with the Sermon on the Mount, and those two sublime commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets. The strife is still pending. Heathenism, which has possessed itself of such siren forms, is not yet exorcised. It still tempts the young, controls the affairs of active life, and haunts the meditations of age.

Our own productions, though they may yield to those of the ancients in the arrangement of ideas, in method, in

beauty of form, and in freshness of illustration, are immeasurably superior in the truth, delicacy, and elevation of their sentiments — above all, in the benign recognition of that great Christian revelation, the brotherhood of man. How vain are eloquence and poetry, compared with this heaven-descended truth! Put in one scale that simple utterance, and in the other the lore of antiquity, with its accumulating glosses and commentaries, and the last will be light and trivial in the balance. Greek poetry has been likened to the song of the nightingale as she sits in the rich, symmetrical crown of the palm-tree, trilling her thick-warbled notes; but even this is less sweet and tender than the music of the human heart.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN WORLD.

J. MARTINEAU.

The difference between the ancient and modern world is this: that in the one the great reality of being was *now;* in the other, it is *yet to come.* If you would witness a scene characteristic of the popular life of old, you must go to the amphitheatre of Rome, mingle with its eighty thousand spectators, and watch the eager faces of senators and people; observe how the masters of the world spend the wealth of conquest, and indulge the pride of power; see every wild creature that God has made to dwell, from the jungles of India to the mountains of Wales, from the forests of Germany to the deserts of Nubia, brought hither to be hunted down in artificial groves by thousands in an hour; behold the captives of war, noble perhaps and wise in their own land, turned loose amid yells of insult, more terrible for their foreign tongue, to contend with brutal gladiators trained to make death the favorite amusement, and present the most solemn of individual realities as a wholesale public sport; mark the light look with which the multitude, by uplifted finger, demands that the wounded combatant be slain before their eyes; notice the troop of Christian martyrs awaiting, hand in hand, the leap from the tiger's den; and when the day's spectacle is over, and the blood of two thousand victims stains the ring, follow the giddy crowd as it streams from the vomitaries into the streets; trace its lazy course into the forum, and hear it there scrambling for the bread of private indolence doled out by the purse of public corruption; and see how it suns itself to sleep in the open ways, or crawls into foul dens,

till morning brings the hope of games and merry blood again;—and you have an idea of the imperial people, and their passionate living for the moment, which the gospel found in occupation of the world.

And if you would fix in your thought an image of the popular mind of Christendom, I know not that you could do better than go at sunrise with the throng of toiling men to the hill-side where some Whitfield or Wesley is about to preach. Hear what a great heart of reality in that hymn that swells upon the morning air,—a prophet's strain upon a people's lips! See the rugged hands of labor, clasped and trembling, wrestling with the Unseen in prayer! Observe the uplifted faces, deep-lined with hardship and with guilt, streaming now with honest tears, and flushed with earnest shame, as the man of God awakes the life within, and tells of him that bore for us the stripe and the cross, and offers the holiest spirit to the humblest lot, and tears away the veil of sense from the gates of the future state. Go to these people's homes, and observe the decent tastes, the sense of domestic obligations, the care for childhood, the desire of instruction, the neighborly kindness, the conscientious self-respect; and say, whether the sacred image of duty does not live within those minds; whether holiness has not taken the place of pleasure in their idea of life; whether for them, too, the toils of nature are not lightened by some eternal hope, and their burden carried by some angel of love, and the strife of necessity turned into the service of God. The present tyrannizes over their character no more, subdued by a future infinitely great; and hardly though they lie upon the rock of this world, they can live the life of faith; and while the hand plies the tools, earth keep a spirit open to the skies.

UPON THE EMPLOYMENT OF INDIANS IN THE AMERICAN WAR.

W. PITT.

My Lords,—who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my

lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country!

My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation;—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—That God and nature have put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature, to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood, of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor! These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation!

I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn,—upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution.

I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin!

ON REFORM IN PARLIAMENT.

H. BROUGHAM.

My Lords,—I have yet to learn that a measure recommended upon principle, consistent in its form, and certainly proceeding upon an anxious wish to restore, and not to de-

stroy — to improve, and not to impair — is to be at once cried down and abandoned, because it happens to enjoy the additional quality — I will not call it a recommendation — that it is honestly and sincerely greeted with approbation by a large body of his majesty's subjects. But if it is said that I am talking of the people, and not of a few agitators, then I say I am also yet to learn that a measure recommended by its own merits, good in principle, and having the additional accident — I will not call it a recommendation, though I think it to be one — of being universally and in an unprecedented degree, the favorite of the people of England, is at once to be set aside, and at once to be condemned and rejected, because it possesses the aditional accident — again I will not call it a recommendation, but an accident — of pacifying even that portion of our fellow-subjects, which, as has been mentioned in this house, no exertion of human power can satisfy. Still, my lords, I do not call upon you to adopt this measure because it happens to be consistent with popular feelings; I do not call upon you to adopt it upon that account; but I am persuaded, that if this measure be rejected, you will bring the security of the country, the peace of his majesty, the stability of our ancient constitution, and the whole frame of society, from Cornwall to Sutherland, — *Ireland* as well as *England*, — into a state of jeopardy, which I earnestly pray to Heaven may never come to pass.

My lords, I do not wish to use the language of threats; but I recollect, and history has recorded the fact, that when the great Earl of Chatham was addressing our most severe ancestors within these walls, when he was shaking them with his magnificent oratory, he suffered the lightning of his eloquence to smite the enemies of reform by menacing them with the dangers that must attend an attempt to withhold from the people their just rights; and I well remember that that was deemed no insult by those who heard him, but was considered honorable, highly honorable, to him who had the boldness to utter that denunciation. For my own part, all that I will venture to do, in this latter day of eloquence and of talent, standing in the honorable situation which I do in this house and in the country, is to call upon your lordships to reflect, and believe that *the thunders of heaven* are sometimes heard to roll *in the voice of a united people!*

INFIDELITY TESTED.

R. HALL.

We might ask the patrons of infidelity, what fury impels them to attempt the subversion of Christianity? Is it that they have discovered a better system? To what virtues are their principles favorable? Or is there one which Christians have not carried to a higher than any of which their party can boast? Have they discovered a more excellent rule of life, or a better hope in death, than that which the Scriptures suggest? Above all, what are the pretensions on which they rest their claims to be the guides of mankind, or which emboldened them to expect we should trample on the experience of ages, and abandon a religion which has been attested by a train of miracles and prophecies, in which millions of our forefathers have found a refuge in every trouble, and consolation in the hour of death; a religion which has been adorned with the highest sanctity of character and splendor of talents; which enrols amongst its disciples the names of Bacon, Newton and Locke, the glory of their species, and to which these illustrious men were proud to dedicate the last and best fruits of their immortal genius?

If the question at issue is to be decided by argument, nothing can be added to the triumph of Christianity; if by an appeal to authority, what have our adversaries to oppose to these great names? Where are the infidels of such pure, uncontaminated morals, unshaken probity, and extended benevolence, that we should be in no danger of being seduced into impiety by their example? Into what obscure recesses of misery, into what dungeons, have their philanthropists penetrated, to lighten the fetters and relieve the sorrows of the helpless captive? What barbarous tribes have their apostles visited? What distant climes have they explored, encompassed with cold, nakedness, and want, to diffuse principles of virtue and the blessings of civilization? Or will they choose to waive their pretensions to this extraordinary, and in their eyes eccentric, species of benevolence, and rest their character on their political exploits; on their efforts to reanimate the virtues of a sinking state, to restrain licentiousness, to calm the tumult of popular fury; and, by inculcating the spirit of justice, moderation and pity for fallen greatness, to mitigate the inevitable horrors of revolution? Our adversaries will, at least, have the discretion, if not the modesty, to recede from this test.

More than all, their infatuated eagerness, their parricidal

zeal, to extinguish a sense of Deity, must excite astonishment and horror. Is the idea of an almighty and perfect ruler unfriendly to any passion which is consistent with innocence, or an obstruction to any design which it is not shameful to avow?

Eternal God! on what are thine enemies intent? What are those enterprises of guilt and horror, that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not pierce? Miserable men! Proud of being the offspring of chance; in love with universal disorder; whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness to their designs, and who are at ease only because they suppose themselves inhabitants of a forsaken and fatherless world!

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

A. B. FULLER.

Belshazzar presides at the thronged banquet, and his proud heart is elevated by the brilliant spectacle. The noble is there, glittering with the wealth extorted from the oppressed and enslaved; while the flatterer, with smiling brow and wily heart, creeps with serpent noiselessness to whisper his welcome adulations in the sovereign's ear.

The maddening wine produces in the assemblage the laughter of frenzied mirth; the pointless but royal jest elicits peal after peal of hollow forced applause; and the glare of myriad candles is reflected from all the barbaric splendor with dazzling radiance. The revel burns. But 't is not enough. "Drain the intoxicating bowl!" commands the monarch; "raise the triumphant shout! louder clash the cymbals, and softer rise the strains of delusive yet enchanting melody! Stay, we will show ourselves equal with, nay, greater than that Jehovah whose vengeance slumbers over the wrongs of oppressed Israel. Bring in the golden and silver vessels consecrated to his worship and honor. They shall be filled with joyous wine, and be drained by lips of those who never spoke his praise." The royal mandate is obeyed. Those vessels, hallowed by many a prayer and dedicated to the service of the great I am, glitter at a pagan festival. The vaulted roof echoes with drunken laughter; the sacred cup passes from one guilty hand to the grasp of another, and is drained by feverish, unnatural thirst; triumphal strains of music are mingled with mad merriment.

But—pause—look! Is it possible? In that same hour

comes forth fingers of a man's hand and writes its mystic characters upon the palace wall. What a change has suddenly come over the spirit of that dream of earthliness and sensuality! Is this banquet hall a tomb? This silence that of the grave? Are those motionless men, riveted and fascinated while gazing upon that mysterious hand? Where has fled the merry jest? Why, spell-bound, do the musicians cease their strains? Have mirth, flattery, smiles—all so soon given place to the quivering lip, blanched cheek, and pallid brow upon which fear's agonized cold dew-drops rest? Where now is that smooth flatterer, to whose blandishments the king gave such ready heed? Has he no word of cheer and counsel? None! Then call in the soothsayers, and may they prove *soothsayers* indeed,—let the astrologers read auguries of hope in the stars, and then decipher these mystic words. Alas! Their efforts prove futile, and the king is overwhelmed with despair.

But a ray of hope, at length, shines into his clouded heart. He has been referred to a despised Jewish slave, who can give the sought-for relief through his excellent spirit and wisdom.

Daniel is called. He enters, and stands calmly before the trembling monarch. How!—does he not take advantage of the unexpected circumstance, and plead release from slavery? No, for he stands before one more enslaved—a slave whom sensuality with her strong bands hath bound hand and foot. 'T is the king clad in scarlet robes that supplicates, and for him are interpreted the mystic symbols. Thus can God ever in a moment change the relative position of men, causing Belshazzar to plead with Daniel, or a Felix to tremble before some courageous Paul.

IN BEHALF OF EDUCATION.

S. S. RANDALL.

We appeal, in behalf of the cause of education, to every individual of our flourishing and happy land, who feels an interest in its continued prosperity, who would promote its substantial greatness, who would preserve its noble institutions, and transmit its blessings, unimpaired, to future generations. We invoke the active, energetic, and spirited exertions of the friends of the human race, wherever they are to be found; of those who rightly appreciate the influence of intellectual supremacy, who would enlarge the borders of reason, and extend its sway over the material universe. We would

enlist the strongest and best feelings of the parent, the comprehensive benevolence of the philanthropist, the proud ambition of the patriot, the devoted energy of the statesman, and the most sincere ardor of the Christian, in an undertaking which promises to multiply the blessings of the social and domestic circle, widen the sphere of charity, cement the strong foundations of government, strengthen the bonds of our beloved Union, and promote the present and future happiness of mankind. While we cheerfully and gratefully concede the value of what has already been effected in our own and in foreign climes, we would not stop here; we would transfer the burden, which has been so nobly assumed and borne by the few, to the shoulders of the many. Where the highest and deepest interests of all are concerned, it is essential that every one should fully and clearly appreciate the nature and extent of the duty required at his hands. To drag out a few painful and unprofitable years of existence in a world crowded with misery is but a poor boon. To enjoy the luxuries of life, and to revel in the wealth which is always at the command of him who devotes to its acquisition his energies and his powers, can afford but an empty satisfaction to one who duly reflects on the instability of fortune and the vicissitudes of time. But to live for the benefit of the human race, — to be instrumental in adding to the cup of human happiness, in diminishing the amount of human wretchedness, in diffusing the beneficial influences of a sound and pure morality, in contributing to the stock of valuable knowledge, in bringing it home to thousands who would otherwise never have participated in its blessings, and in elevating the affections, strengthening the virtue, and refining the character of our fellow-beings, — this is an ambition worthy of our high nature. The proudest monuments of enterprise, and the most finished specimens of the arts, cannot entitle their projectors and authors to the high meed of commendation which those deserve who are thus prepared to overlook the perishable enjoyments which surround them, for the nobler and imperishable fruits of a comprehensive and enlightened benevolence. The age in which we live, with all its vast and gigantic undertakings, if destined to survive in the remembrance of posterity to all coming time, must be distinguished, not for the influence which it has exerted on material substances alone, or chiefly, but for that which has been brought to bear on intellect, on morals, on refinement and civilization. The part we are to act in determining this character rests with ourselves — its consequences with posterity. The responsibility is a fearful one; may it be nobly, conscientiously, and efficiently met.

IGNORANCE IN OUR COUNTRY A CRIME.

H. MANN.

In all the dungeons of the old world, where the strong champions of freedom are now pining in captivity beneath the remorseless power of the tyrant, the morning sun does not send a glimmering ray into their cells, nor does night draw a thicker veil of darkness between them and the world, but the lone prisoner lifts his iron-laden arms to heaven in prayer, that we, the depositaries of freedom, and of human hopes, may be faithful to our sacred trust;—while, on the other hand, the pensioned advocates of despotism stand, with listening ear, to catch the first sound of lawless violence that is wafted from our shores, to note the first breach of faith or act of perfidy amongst us, and to convert them into arguments against liberty and the rights of man.

There is not a shout sent up by an insane mob, on this side of the Atlantic, but it is echoed by a thousand presses and by ten thousand tongues, along every mountain and valley, on the other. There is not a conflagration kindled here by the ruthless hand of violence, but its flame glares over all Europe, from horizon to zenith. On each occurrence of a flagitious scene, whether it be an act of turbulence and devastation, or a deed of perfidy or breach of faith, monarchs point them out as fruits of the growth and omens of the fate of republics, and claim for themselves and their heirs a further extension of the lease of despotism.

The experience of the ages that are past, the hopes of the ages that are yet to come, unite their voices in an appeal to us;—they implore us to think more of the character of our people than of its numbers; to look upon our vast natural resources, not as tempters to ostentation and pride, but as a means to be converted, by the refining alchemy of education, into mental and spiritual treasures; they supplicate us to seek for whatever complacency or self-satisfaction we are disposed to indulge, not in the extent of our territory, or in the products of our soil, but in the expansion and perpetuation of the means of human happiness; they beseech us to exchange the luxuries of sense for the joys of charity, and thus give to the world the example of a nation whose wisdom increases with its prosperity, and whose virtues are equal to its power. For these ends they enjoin upon us a more earnest, a more universal, a more religious devotion to our exertions and resources, to the culture of the youthful mind and heart of the nation. Their gathered voices assert the eternal truth, that,

IN A REPUBLIC, IGNORANCE IS A CRIME; AND THAT PRIVATE IMMORALITY IS NOT LESS AN OPPROBRIUM TO THE STATE THAN IT IS GUILT IN THE PERPETRATOR.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT TO THE PEOPLE.

A. DE LAMARTINE.

CITIZENS — In all the great acts of the life of a people, it becomes the duty of the government to make its voice be heard by the people.

You are about to accomplish the greatest act of the life of a people — to choose the representatives of the country; to produce from your consciences and your suffrages, not a mere government, but an entire constitution. You are going to organize the republic.

For our part, we have only proclaimed it. Carried by acclamation to power during the interregnum of the people, we did not wish, and do not now wish, for any other dictatorship but that of absolute necessity. If we had refused the post of peril, we should have been cowards. If we should remain in it one hour more than necessity commands, we should be usurpators. You alone are strong. We count the days. We hasten to give back the republic to the nation.

The provisional election law which we have made is the widest that in any nation of the earth has ever convoked a people to the exercise of the supreme right of man, his own sovereignty. The election belongs to all, without exception. From the date of this law there are no more subjects in France. Every Frenchman of age is a political citizen. Every citizen is an elector. Every elector is sovereign. The law is equal and absolute for all. There is no citizen who can say to another, "You are more sovereign than I." Contemplate your power. Prepare to exercise it, and be worthy of entering into possession of your reign. The reign of the people is called the republic.

Citizens, France is attempting, at this moment — in the midst of some financial difficulties, bequeathed to her by royalty, but under providential auspices — the greatest work of modern times, the foundation of the government of the entire people; the organization of the democracy — the republic of all rights, of all interests, of all the interests, of all the intelligences, and of all the virtues! Circumstances are propitious. Peace is possible. The new idea may be able to take its place in Europe, without any perturbation but that of the prejudices

which people have against it. There is no anger in the minds of the people. If the fugitive royalty has not carried away with it all the enemies of the republic, it has left them powerless; and although they are invested with all the rights which the republic guarantees to minorities, their interest and their prudence insure to us that they will not themselves trouble the peaceable foundation of the popular constitution.

In three days that work which it was thought was postponed to distant times had been accomplished, without a drop of blood being spilt in France, without any other cry but that of admiration being heard in our departments or on our frontiers. Let us not lose this unique occasion in history. Let us not abdicate the greatest force of the new idea — the security which it inspires in citizens, the astonishment which it inspires in the world.

Yet a few days of magnanimity, of devotion, of patience, and the National Assembly will receive from our hands the new-born republic. From that day all will be saved. When the nation, by the hands of its representatives, shall have seized the republic, the republic will be strong and great, like the nation; holy, like the idea of the people; imperishable, like the country.

THE DISHONEST POLITICIAN.

H. W. BEECHER.

If there be a man on earth whose character should be framed of the most sterling honesty, and whose conduct should conform to the most scrupulous morality, it is the man who administers public affairs. The most romantic notions of integrity are here not extravagant. As, under our institutions, public men will be, upon the whole, fair exponents of the character of their constituents, the plainest way to secure honest public men is to inspire those who make them with a right understanding of what political character ought to be.

The lowest of politicians is that man who seeks to gratify an invariable selfishness by pretending to seek the public good. For a profitable popularity, he accommodates himself to all opinions, to all dispositions, to every side, and to each prejudice. He is a mirror, with no face of its own, but a smooth surface from which each man of ten thousand may see himself reflected. He glides from man to man, coinciding with their views, pretending their feelings, simulating their tastes; with this one, he hates a man; with that one, he loves the same man; he favors a law, and he dislikes it; he approves,

and opposes; he is on both sides at once, and seemingly wishes that he could be on one side more than both sides.

He has associated his ambition, his interests, and his affections, with a party. He prefers, doubtless, that his side should be victorious by the best means, and under the championship of good men; but rather than lose the victory, he will consent to *any* means, and follow *any* man. Thus, with a general desire to be upright, the exigency of his party constantly pushes him to dishonorable deeds. He gradually adopts two characters, a personal and a political character. All the requisitions of his conscience he obeys in his private character; all the requsitions of his party he obeys in his political conduct. In one character he is a man of principle; in the other, a man of mere expedients. As a *man*, he means to be veracious, honest, moral; as a *politician*, he is deceitful, cunning, unscrupulous,—*anything* for party. As a man, he abhors the slimy demagogue; as a politician, he employs him as a scavenger. As a man, he shrinks from the flagitiousness of slander; as a politician, he permits it, smiles upon it in others, rejoices in the success gained by it. As a man, he respects no one who is rotten in heart; as a politician, no man through whom victory may be gained can be too bad.

For his religion he will give up all his secular interests; but for his politics he gives up even his religion. He adores virtue, and rewards vice. Whilst bolstering up unrighteous measures, and more unrighteous men, he prays for the advancement of religion, and justice, and honor! I would to God that his prayer might be answered upon his own political head; for never was there a place where such blessings were more needed! What a heart has that man, who can stand in the very middle of the Bible, with its transcendant truths raising their glowing fronts on every side of him, and feel no inspiration but that of immorality and meanness! Do not tell me of any excuses! It is a shame to attempt an excuse! If there were no religion; if that vast sphere, out of which glow all the supereminent truths of the Bible was a mere emptiness and void; yet, methinks, the very idea of Fatherland, the exceeding preciousness of the laws and liberties of a great people, would enkindle such a high and noble enthusiasm, that all baser feelings would be consumed! But if the love of country, a sense of character, a manly regard for integrity, the example of our most illustrious men, the warnings of religion and all its solicitations, and the prospect of the future, cannot inspire a man to anything higher than a sneaking, truckling, dodging scramble for fraudulent fame and

dishonest bread, it is because such a creature has never felt one sensation of manly virtue; — it is because his heart is a howling wilderness, inhospitable to innocence.

IN REPLY TO MR. WICKHAM.

W. WIRT.

In proceeding to examine the motion itself, and to answer the argument of the gentleman who opened it, I will treat him with candor. I will not follow the example which he has set me, on a very recent occasion, but I will endeavor to meet the gentleman's propositions in their full force, and to answer them fairly. I will not, as I am advancing towards them, with my mind's eye, measure the height, breadth and power of the proposition; — if I find it beyond my strength, halve it; if still beyond my strength, quarter it; if still necessary, subdivide it into eighths; and when by this process I have reduced it to the proper standard, take one of these sections and toss it with elephantine strength and superiority. If I find myself capable of conducting, by a fair course of reasoning, any one of his propositions to an absurd conclusion, I will not begin by stating that absurd conclusion as the proposition itself which I am going to encounter. I will not, in commenting on the gentleman's authorities, thank the gentleman with sarcastic politeness for introducing them, declare that they concluded directly against him, read just so much of the authority as serves the purpose of that declaration, omitting that which contains the true point of the case, which makes against me; nor if forced by a direct call to read that part also, will I content myself by running over it as rapidly and inarticulately as I can, throw down the book with a theatrical air, and exclaim, just as I said; when I know it is just as I have not said.

I know that by adopting these arts I might raise a laugh at the gentleman's expense; but I should be very little pleased with myself if I were capable of enjoying a laugh procured by such means. I know, too, that by adopting such arts there will always be those standing around us, who have not comprehended the whole merits of the legal discussion, with whom I might shake the character of the gentleman's science and judgment as a lawyer. I hope I shall never be capable of such a wish; and I had hoped that the gentleman himself felt so strongly that proud, that high, aspiring, and ennobling magnanimity, which I had been told conscious talents rarely fail to inspire, that he would have disdained a poor and fleeting triumph gained by means like these.

THE CHARACTER OF AVONMORE.

J. P. CURRAN.

I AM not ignorant, my lords, that this extraordinary construction has received the sanction of another court, nor of the surprise and dismay with which it smote upon the general heart of the bar. I am aware that I may have the mortification of being told, in another country, of that unhappy decision; and I foresee in what confusion I shall hang down my head when I am told it. But I cherish, too, the consolatory hope, that I shall be able to tell them that I had an old and learned friend, whom I would put above all the sweepings of their hall, who was of a different opinion; who had derived his ideas of civil liberty from the purest fountains of Athens and of Rome; who had fed the youthful vigor of his studious mind with the theoretic knowledge of their wisest philosophers and statesmen; and who had refined the theory into a quick and exquisite sensibility of moral instinct, by contemplating the practice of their most illustrious examples;—by dwelling on the sweet souled piety of Cimon; on the anticipated Christianity of Socrates; on the gallant and pathetic patriotism of Epaminondas; on that pure austerity of Fabricius, whom to move from his integrity, would have been more difficult than to have pushed the sun from his course.

I would add, that if he had seemed to hesitate, it was but for a moment; that his hesitation was like the passing cloud that floats across the morning sun and hides it from the view, and does so for a moment hide it, by involving the spectator, without ever approaching the face of the luminary; and this soothing hope I draw from the dearest and tenderest recollections of my life, from the remembrance of Attic nights, and those refections of the gods which we have spent with those admired and respected and beloved companions who have gone before us,—over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed.—Yes, my lords, I see you do not forget them; I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory; I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings, when the innocent enjoyment of social mirth expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of the man; when the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose; when my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and redundant fountain of yours. Yes,

my lords, we can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can never more return, for

> We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
> But search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poesy,
> Arts which I loved ; for they, my friend, were thine.

A COLUMBIAN ORATOR.

J. G. ADAMS.

One of the most remarkable characters I have ever known was Mr. Columbus Climax. The name indicated the man. He was wholly Columbian — a royal son of self-glorification and patriotism unbounded. He did all for his country. For his country he went forth in the morning to labor, and returned in the evening to rest. For his country he loudly talked, and sometimes swore a little, and now and then, too, readily and bravely applied

"Hot and rebellious liquors to his blood."

There were some family jars said to have been instigated by him, some outbreaks with his less patriotic and more quiet neighbors, and a few unhappy occasions, termed by certain legalized guardians of the public good, disturbances of the peace, — all for his country. No hour in the day or the night could you find him, when he was not ready to enter into the most extensive meditations for his country's good.

The early education of our hero had not been the most thorough. The grammar, rhetoric, and logic of books, he had never learned. Yet his originality, his patriotism, and his oratorical powers, made up in a good measure the deficiency. He never lacked words. He never needed dictionaries. He manufactured the one, and defied the other. Both his exterior and interior seemed decidedly oratorical. He had a most imperturbable countenance. No lion could outlook him, especially when his green glasses were on. He stood erect nearly six feet in his large shoes ; and while he essayed to speak on that grandest of all topics, — our country, — his very coat-skirts seemed out-moving with inspiration. On two "glorious Fourths," and on one Washington's birth, did his unique eloquence enrapture listening multitudes. His sublime exordium at the erection of a liberty-pole is unsurpassed : "Friends and fellow-citizens. I congratulate you this morning on the salubrity of the weather!" Equally rich and rare were all his comparisons and illustrations ; and

great was the entertainment his orations ever gave to the less speechy, but more mischievous of our citizens.

And now I cannot recall this individual without seeing most distinctly that Columbus Climax was a "representative man;" the bold outline and embodiment of a certain class, at this moment occupying more exalted stations than he, and getting far better pay, too, for their patriotism. In political caucuses, mass meetings, state legislatures, or national congresses, such patriots are seen and heard; all devotion to their country, talking, fuming, voting; seeking and accepting office, by speedy movements or after long delays; taking pay, glorifying party, full of the Revolution, Liberty, and Posterity, — all for the country! Veritable Columbuses, every man of them; chuckling over their good luck in acquiring a political consequence, and ready, in consideration of it, to congratulate their fellow-citizens "on the salubrity of the weather!"

LYCEUM SPEECH OF MR. ORATOR CLIMAX.

ANONYMOUS.

Mr. President, — happiness is like a crow perched upon the neighboring top of a far distant mountain, which some fisherman vainly strives, to no purpose, to ensnare. He looks at the crow, Mr. President, — and — Mr. President, the crow looks at him; and, sir, they both look at each other. But the moment he attempts to reproach him, he banishes away like the schismatic taints of the rainbow, the cause of which, it was the astonishing and perspiring genius of a Newton, who first deplored and enveloped the cause of it. Cannot the poor man, sir, precipitate into all the beauties of nature, from the loftiest mounting up to the most humblest valley, as well as the man prepossessed of indigence? Yes, sir; while trilling transports crown his view, and rosy hours allure his sanguinary youth, he can raise his mind up to the laws of nature, incompressible as they are, while viewing the lawless storm that kindleth up the tremenjious roaring thunder, and fireth up the dark and rapid lightenings, and causeth it to fly through the intensity of space, that belches forth those awful and sublime meteors, and roll-abolly-aliases, through the unfathomable regions of fiery hemispheres. Sometimes, sir, seated in some lovely retreat, beneath the shadowy shades of an umbrageous tree, at whose venal foot flows some limping stagnant stream, he gathers around him his wife and the rest of

his orphan children. He there takes a retrospective view upon the diagram of futurity, and casts his eye like a flashing meteor forward into the past. Seated in their midst, aggravated and exhaled by the dignity and independence coincident with honorable poverty, his countenance irrigated with an intense glow of self deficiency and excommunicated knowledge, he quietly turns to instruct his little assemblage. He there endeavors to distil into their young youthful minds, useless lessons to guard their juvenile youths against vice and immortality. There, on a clear sunny evening, when the silvery moon is shining forth in all her indulgence and ubiquity, he teaches the first sediments of gastronomy, by pointing out to them the bear, the lion, and many other fixed invisible consternations, which are continually involving upon their axletrees, through the blue cerulean fundamus above. From this vast etherial he dives with them to the very bottom of the unfathomable oceans, bringing up from thence liquid treasures of earth and air. He then courses with them on the imaginable wing of fancy through the boundless regions of unimaginable either, until, swelling into impalpable immensity, he is forever lost in the infinite radiation of his own overwhelming genius.

UNLAWFUL MILITARY COMBINATIONS.

J. McLEAN.

An obedience to the laws is the first duty of every citizen. It lies at the foundation of our noble political structure; and when this great principle shall be departed from, with the public sanction, the moral influence of our government must terminate.

If there be any one line of policy in which all political parties agree, it is, that we should keep aloof from the agitations of other governments. That we shall not intermingle our national concerns with theirs. And much more, that our citizens shall abstain from acts which lead the subjects of other governments to violence and bloodshed.

A government is justly held responsible for the acts of its citizens. And if this government be unable or unwilling to restrain our citizens from acts of hostility against a friendly power, such power may hold this nation answerable, declare war against it. Every citizen is, therefore, bound by the regard he has for his country, by his reverence for its laws, and by the calamitous consequences of war, to exert his influence in suppressing the unlawful enterprises of our citizens against any foreign and friendly power.

History affords no example of a nation or people, that uniformly took part in the internal commotions of other governments, which did not bring ruin upon themselves. These pregnant examples should guard us against a similar policy, which must lead to a similar result.

A war with a powerful nation, with whom we have the most extensive relations, commercial and social, would inflict upon our country the greatest calamity. It would dry up the sources of its prosperity, and deluge it in blood.

The great principles of our republican institutions cannot be propagated by the sword. This can be done by moral force, and not physical.

If we desire the political regeneration of oppressed nations, we must show them the simplicity, the grandeur, and the freedom, of our own government. We must recommend it to the intelligence and virtue of other nations by its elevated and enlightened action, its purity, its justice, and the protection it affords to all its citizens, and the liberty they enjoy. And if, in this respect, we shall be faithful to the high bequests of our fathers, to ourselves, and to posterity, we shall do more to liberalize other governments, and emancipate their subjects, than could be accomplished by millions of bayonets.

This moral power is what tyrants have most cause to dread. It addresses itself to the thoughts and the judgment of men. No physical force can arrest its progress. Its approaches are unseen, but its consequences are deeply felt. It enters garrisons most strongly fortified, and operates in the palaces of kings and emperors. We should cherish this power, as essential to the preservation of our government, and as the most efficient means of ameliorating the political condition of our race. And this can only be done by a reverence for the laws, and by the exercise of an elevated patriotism.

I invoke, therefore, in behalf of the tribunals of justice, the moral power of society. I ask it to aid them in suppressing a combination of deluded or abandoned citizens, which imminently threatens the peace and prosperity of the country. And I have no fears, that when public attention shall be roused on this deeply important subject; when the laws are understood, and the duties of the government; and when the danger is seen, and properly appreciated, there will be an expression so potent, from an enlightened and patriotic people, as to suppress all combinations in violation of the laws, and which threaten the peace of the country.

TO THE JURY IN CASE OF O'BRIEN.

WHITESIDE.

Loved by those who knew him, generous, disinterested, utterly unselfish through life, humane and tender hearted — my client now stands at the bar of his country, to answer for having meant to subvert the constitution which in heart he adores. His true offence is, that he courted for *you* what is England's glory, and blessing and pride. Deeply he may have erred in pursuit of this daring object — will you avenge his misdirected patriotism by a dreadful death ?

You may do so ; and no earthly inducement will tempt me to say, if you pronounce the awful sentence of guilty, that you have not given the verdict conscience commanded. If his countrymen condemn my client, he will be ready to meet his fate with the faith of a Christian, and with the firmness of a man. The last accents of his lips will breathe a prayer for Ireland's happiness, Ireland's constitutional freedom. The dread moment that shall precede his mortal agonies will be consoled, if through his sufferings and his sacrifice some system of government shall arise — which I aver has never existed — just, comprehensive, impartial, and, above all, consistent, which may conduct to wealth, prosperity and greatness, the country he has loved, not wisely, perhaps, but too well.

Would to God, Mr. Smith O'Brien were my only client. The future happiness of an honorable, ancient, loyal family is here at stake — the church, the bar, the senate, can furnish relatives near and dear to this unhappy gentleman, who, although they differ in political opinion, have hastened to give to him brotherly consolation this melancholy day. Ireland has been the scene of their benevolent exertions — the source of their joys, their pride; her misery has been their affliction, her gleams of prosperity their delight. With bolder hearts, should you consign the prisoner to the scaffold, they must henceforward struggle on through a cheerless existence, laboring in sorrow for the country they love.

A venerable lady, who has dwelt amid an affectionate tenantry, spending her income where it was raised, diffusing her charities and her blessings around, awaits now, with trembling heart, your verdict. If a verdict consigning her beloved son to death — that heart will quickly beat no more. Alas ! more dreadful still — six innocent children will hear from your lips whether they are to be stripped of an independence which has

descended in his family for ages — whether they are to be driven, fatherless and beggared, upon the world, by the rigor of a barbarous and cruel law — whether they are to be restored to peace and joy, or plunged into the uttermost depths of black despair. There is another who clings to hope — hope, may it be blessed, in you! Her life's blood would be gladly shed to save the object of her youthful affections — you will not consign her to an untimely grave!

In a case of doubt, at the very worst, let a father's pity be awakened — a husband's love be moved. Let justice be administered — but justice in mercy. In no pitiful strains do I seek compassion for my client, even in a case of blood. I ask it solemnly, in the spirit of our free constitution — in accordance with the rooted principles of our common law. This is a cause between the subject and the crown, wherein these great principles might shine out in glorious perfection. A verdict of acquittal, in accordance with this divine doctrine, will not be a triumph over the law. When the sovereign seals by her coronation oath the great compact between the people and the crown, she swears to execute, in all her judgments, justice in mercy. That same justice you administer; no rigorous, remorseless, sanguinary code — but justice in mercy.

Where, as here, the crime consists in the intent of the heart, and you can believe that intent not treasonable, or even doubtful, then, by the solemn obligations even of coldest duty, you should yield to mercy. In nothing, though at an immeasurable distance still, do men on earth so nearly approach the attribute of the Almighty as in the administration of justice tempered with mercy, or dismal would be our fate. As you hope for mercy from the Great Judge, grant it this day! The awful issues of life and death are in your hands — do justice in mercy! The last faint murmur on your quivering lips will be for mercy, ere the immortal spirit shall wing its flight to, I trust, a better and brighter world!

SPEECH OF VINDICATION.

R. EMMET.

My Lords: What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? — I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must

abide by. But I have that to say, which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere — whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, — that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, — I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue; this is my hope, — I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High, which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard, — a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows, which its cruelty has made.

I swear, by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, — by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, — that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long, and too patiently, travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope, (wild and chimerical as it may appear,) there is still union and strength in Ireland, to accomplish this noble enterprise.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the

pliant minion of power, in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and wrathful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, — am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No! — God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, — O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

My lords, you are all impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven! Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, — it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written!

NECESSITY OF RESISTANCE.

P. HENRY.

Mr. President, — It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a

painful truth; and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify these hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir; she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and

have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, sir, — we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, — let it come!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life

so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

ON CONCILIATION WITH THE COLONIES.

E. BURKE.

Mr. Speaker: My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; — they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood, that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation; — the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened, and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience.

Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia; but until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds you to the commerce of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your coquets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools,

as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies, every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the land-tax act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! Surely no! It is the love of the people, it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which, your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

Let us, then, get an American revenue, as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges will make it all it can be. In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now lay the first stone of the temple of peace.

AGAINST THE FORCE BILL.

J. C. CALHOUN.

For what purpose is the unlimited control of the purse and of the sword to be placed at the disposition of the executive? To make war against one of the free and sovereign members of this confederation, which the bill proposes to deal with, not as a state, but as a collection of banditti or outlaws. Thus exhibiting the impious spectacle of this government, the creature of the states, making war against the power to which it owes its existence.

The bill violates the constitution, plainly and palpably, in many of its provisions, by authorizing the president, at his pleasure, to place the different ports of this Union on an unequal footing, contrary to that provision of the constitution which declares that no preference shall be given to one port over another. It also violates the constitution, by authorizing him, at his discretion, to impose cash duties on one port while credit is allowed in others; by enabling the president to regulate commerce, a power vested in congress alone; and by drawing within the jurisdiction of the United States' courts

powers never intended to be conferred on them. As great as these objections are, they become insignificant in the provisions of a bill, which, by a single blow, by treating the states as a mere lawless mass of individuals, prostrates all the barriers of the constitution. It proceeds on the ground that the entire sovereignty of this country belongs to the American people, as forming one great community, and regards the states as mere fractions or counties, and not as an integral part of the Union; having no more right to resist the encroachments of the government than a county has to resist the authority of a state; and treating such resistance as the lawless acts of so many individuals, without possessing sovereignty or political rights.

It has been said that the bill declares war against South Carolina. No! It decrees a massacre of her citizens! War has something ennobling about it, and, with all its horrors, brings into action the highest qualities, intellectual and moral. It was, perhaps, in the order of Providence, that it should be permitted for that very purpose. But this bill declares no war, except, indeed, it be that which savages wage; a war, not against the community, but the citizens of whom that community is composed. But I regard it as worse than *savage* warfare — as an attempt to take away life, under the color of law, without the trial by jury, or any other safeguard which the constitution has thrown around the life of the citizen! It authorizes the president, or even his deputies, when they may suppose the law to be violated, without the intervention of a court or jury, to kill without mercy or discrimination.

It has been said by the senator from Tennessee to be a measure of peace! Yes, such peace as the wolf gives to the lamb — the kite to the dove! Such peace as Russia gives to Poland, or death to its victim! A peace by extinguishing the political existence of the state, by awing her into an abandonment of the exercise of every power which constitutes her a sovereign community! It is to South Carolina a question of self-preservation; and I proclaim it, that, should this bill pass, and an attempt be made to enforce it, it will be resisted, at every hazard — even that of death itself! Death is not the greatest calamity; there are others, still more terrible to the free and brave, and among them may be placed the loss of liberty and honor. There are thousands of her brave sons who, if need be, are prepared cheerfully to lay down their lives in defence of the state, and the great principles of constitutional liberty for which she is contending. God forbid that this should become necessary! It never can be, unless this

government is resolved to bring the question to extremity; when her gallant sons will stand prepared to perform the last duty — to die nobly!

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN NEW YORK.

C. M. CLAY.

I MAY be an enthusiast; but I cannot but give utterance to the conceptions of my own mind. When I look upon the special developments of European civilization; when I contemplate the growing freedom of the cities, and the middle class which had sprung up between the pretenders to Divine rule on the one hand, and the abject serf on the other; when I consider the Reformation, and the invention of the press, and see, on the southern shore of the continent, an humble individual, amidst untold difficulties and repeated defeats, pursuing the mysterious suggestions which the mighty deep poured unceasingly upon his troubled spirit, till at last, with great and irrepressible energy of soul, he discovered that there lay in the far western ocean a continent open for the infusion of those elementary principles of liberty which were dwarfed in European soil, — I have conceived that the hand of destiny was there!

When I saw the immigration of the pilgrims from the chalky shores of England — in the night fleeing from their native home — so dramatically and ably pictured by Mr. Webster in his celebrated oration — when father, mother, brother, wife, sister, lover, were all lost, by those melancholy wanderers "stifling," in the language of one who is immortal in the conception, "the mighty hunger of the heart," and landing amidst cold, and poverty, and death, upon the rude rocks of Plymouth — I have ventured to think the will of Deity was there!

When I have remembered the revolution of '76 — the seven years' war — three millions of men in arms against the most powerful nation in history, and vindicating their independence — I have thought that their sufferings and death were not in vain! When I have gone and seen the forsaken hearth-stone — looked in upon the battle-field, upon the dying and the dead — heard the agonizing cry, "water, for the sake of God! water," seeing the dissolution of this being — pale lips pressing in death the yet loved images of wife, sister, lover — I

will not deem all these in vain! I cannot regard this great continent, reaching from the Atlantic to the far Pacific, and from the St. Johns to the Rio del Norte, a barbarian people of third rate civilization.

Like the Roman who looked back upon the glory of his ancestors, in woe exclaiming,

> "Great Scipio's ghost complains that we are slow,
> And Pompey's shade walks unavenged among us,"

the great dead hover around me, — Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" — Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death!" — Adams, "Survive or perish, I am for the declaration!" — Allen, "In the name of the living God, I come!"

Come, then, thou Eternal! who dwellest not in temples made with hands, but who, in the city's crowd or by the far forest stream, revealest thyself to the earnest seeker after the true and right; inspire my heart — give me undying courage to pursue the promptings of my spirit; and whether I shall be called in the shades of life to look upon as sweet, and kind, and lovely faces as now, or, shut in by sorrow and night, horrid visages shall gloom upon me in my dying hour — OH! MY COUNTRY, MAYEST THOU YET BE FREE!

CRIME ITS OWN DETECTER.

D. WEBSTER.

AGAINST the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent anywhere — certainly none in our New England history. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butchery murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man to whom sleep was sweet — the first sound slumbers of the night hold him in their soft but strong embrace.

The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment; with noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer; and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poignard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished! the deed is done! He retreats — retraces his steps to the window, passes through as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him; the secret is his own, and he is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe; "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intently dwell on the scene; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself — or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself — it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant; it finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to

God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master; — it betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed; it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but in suicide, and suicide is confession.

IN BEHALF OF GREECE.

H. CLAY.

Mr. Chairman, — It has been admitted by all that there is impending over this country a threatening storm, which is likely to call into action all our vigor, courage, and resources. Is it a wise way of preparing for this awful event, to talk to this nation of its incompetency to resist European aggression, to lower its spirit, to weaken its moral force, and do what we can to prepare it for base submission and easy conquest? If, sir, there be any reality in this menacing danger, I would rather adjure the nation to remember, that it contains a million of freemen capable of bearing arms, and ready to exhaust their last drop of blood, and their last cent, in defending their country, its institutions, and its liberty. Sir, are these to be conquered, by all Europe united? No, sir, — no united nation can be, that has the spirit to resolve not to be conquered; such a nation is ever invincible. And, sir, has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so despicable, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece, lest, peradventure, we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we draw an humble petition addressed to their majesties, asking them that of their condescension they would allow us to express something on the subject.

How, sir, shall it begin? "We, the representatives of the free people of the United States of America, humbly ap-

proach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that of your imperial and royal clemency" — I will not go through the disgusting recital; my lips have not yet learnt the sycophantic language of a degraded slave!

Are we so low, so base, so despicable, that we may not express our horror, articulate our detestation, of the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth, or shocked high heaven, with the ferocious deeds of a brutal soldiery, set on by the clergy and followers of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in excess of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens?

If the great mass of Christendom can look coolly and calmly on, while all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in their own vicinity, in their very presence, let us, at least, show that, in this distant extremity, there is still some sensibility and sympathy for Christian wrongs and sufferings; that there are still feelings, which can kindle into indignation at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

But, sir, it is not first and chiefly for Greece, that I wish to see this measure adopted. It will give them but little aid, — that aid purely of a moral kind.

It is indeed soothing and solacing in distress, to hear the accents of a friendly voice. We know this as a people. But, sir, it is principally and mainly for America herself, for the credit and character of our common country, that I hope to see this resolution pass; it is for our own unsullied name that I feel. What appearance, sir, on the page of history, would a record like this make: — "In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour, 1824, while all European Christendom beheld with cold, unfeeling apathy the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the congress of the United States, — almost the sole, the last, the greatest repository of human hope and of human freedom, the representatives of a nation capable of bringing into the field a million of bayonets, — while the freemen of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, its fervent prayer, for Grecian success; while the whole continent was rising by one simultaneous motion, solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking the aid of heaven to spare Greece, and to invigorate her arms; while temples and senate-houses were all resounding with one burst of generous sympathy; — in the year of our Lord and Saviour, — that Saviour alike of Christian Greece and of us — a proposition was offered in the American congress, to send a messen-

ger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with an expression of our good wishes and our sympathies; — and it was rejected!" Go home, if you dare, — go home, if you can, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down! Meet, if you dare, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them, that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments — that, you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, affrighted you — that the spectres of cimeters, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity! I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of this house.

But, for myself, though every friend of the measure should desert it, and I left to stand alone with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I will give to the resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation.

THE EXACT SCIENCES.

E. EVERETT.

THERE are some departments of exact science which must be regarded as forming the grandest study of which the mind is capable, and as eminently calculated, for this reason, to give it strength and elevation. The vastness and multitude of the heavenly bodies, which form, for instance, the subject of astronomy, — bodies which the highest calculus is as little able to number and weigh as the humblest arithmetic; the grandeur of the laws which it discloses and applies; the boundless distances which it spans; the periods, all but eternal, which it estimates, — impart a sublimity to this branch of science, which lifts the soul to the heavens. It is, indeed, the glory of science, in every branch, that it gives life and beauty to everything which it touches. It has but to cast a ray of light on a drop of dew, to people it with races of alert and sportive organisms. It throws its glance upon the sap vessels of an humble weed, and traces in them, in full flow, the silver tides of vegetable circulation. It but touches a bar of steel, and makes it beat with the pulses of that mysterious influence which throbs simultaneously around the globe; and in language which we may well repeat, since the wit of man cannot mend it,

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

But while each and every part of knowledge, in thus giving voice to the pebble and the star, and awakening from all nature a concert of the divinest music, is directly calculated to strengthen and elevate the mental faculties, the palm seems justly due to that grand philosophy, of which faint glimpses were caught by the early sages of Greece; of which the foundations were nobly strengthened and enlarged by the successive discoveries and labors of Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo; and on which Newton, at last, with the rarest mixture of qualities which the world has ever witnessed,—now shrinking with childlike humility from his own discoveries, now scaling the heavens with the Titanic boldness of his generalizations, —was enabled at last to establish the system of the universe.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

E. H. CHAPIN.

Sufficient is it that men have felt and enunciated the sublime doctrine that "knowledge is power;" that, as mind is superior to matter, so are ideas more potent and enduring than prodigies of physical might. Archimedes' thought is stronger than his lever. The mind that planned the pyramids was more powerful than the hands that piled them. The inventors of the mariner's compass and the telescope have outdone the Macedonian, and won new worlds. And the influence of the Cæsars seems mean and narrow beside the imperial dominion of the printing press. Physical force is sectional, and acts in defined methods. But knowledge defies gravitation, and is not thwarted by space. It is miraculous in the wonder of its achievements, and in its independence of precedent and routine. "Knowledge is power!" Man gains wider dominion by his intellect than by his right arm. The mustard-seed of thought is a pregnant treasury of vast results. Like the germ in Egyptian tombs, its vitality never perishes, and its fruit will spring up after it has been buried for long ages. To the superficial eye, the plain of modern history is merely an arena of battle and treaty, colonization and revolution. To the student, this modern history, so diversified and mutable, indicates more than this. Luther and Cromwell, Pilgrim-rock and the Declaration of Independence, are the results of an invisible but mighty power — a

leveling and exalting power — a power which, with no mere Cyclopean effort, no fitful Etna convulsion, but with silent throbbings, like some great tidal force in nature, is slowly undermining all falsehood, and heaving the mass of humanity upwards. But to dwell upon the power of knowledge, intellect, thought, is to run into trite declamation. The scholar who has wrung this power in toil and sacrifice knows it full well. He sees it, in secret places, distilling as the dew, and dropping as the gentle rain from heaven, and everywhere diffusing its potent spell. He experiences its superiority over nature and brute force. He knows its conquests in the past and in the future.

IN REPLY TO CORRY.

H. GRATTAN.

The right honorable gentleman says I fled from the country after exciting rebellion; and that I have returned to raise another. No such thing. The charge is false! The civil war had not commenced when I left the kingdom, and I could not have returned without taking part. On the one side, there was the camp of the rebel; on the other side, the camp of the minister — a greater traitor than the rebel.

The stronghold of the constitution was nowhere to be found. I agree that the rebel who rises against the government should have suffered; but I missed, on the scaffold, the right honorable gentleman. Two desperate parties were in arms against the constitution. The right honorable gentleman belonged to one of these parties, and deserved death. I could not join the rebel — I could not join the government — I could not join torture — I could not join half-hanging — I could not join free quarter. I could take part with neither. I was therefore absent from a scene where I could not be active without self-reproach, nor indifferent with safety.

Many honorable gentlemen thought differently from me; I respect their opinions, but I keep my own; and I think now, as I thought then, *that the treason of the minister against the liberties of the people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the minister.*

I have returned, not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm, — I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services; which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect

that constitution of which I was the parent and the founder from the assassination of such men as the right honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt — they are seditious — and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country! I have returned to refute a libel as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of a committee of the lords. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial! I dare accusation! I defy the honorable gentleman! I defy the government! I defy their whole phalanx! — let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it! I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this house, in defence of the liberties of my country!

ADDRESS TO CITIZENS AND SOLDIERS.

A. JACKSON.

Fellow Citizens and Soldiers: — The general commanding in chief would not do justice to the noble ardor that has animated you in the hour of danger, he would not do justice to his own feelings, if he suffered the example you have shown to pass without public notice. Inhabitants of an opulent commercial town,* you have, by a spontaneous effort, shaken off the habits which are created by wealth, and shown that you are resolved to deserve the blessings of fortune, by bravely defending them. Long strangers to the perils of war, you have emboldened yourselves to face them with the cool countenance of veterans; — with motives of disunion that might have operated on some minds, you have forgotten the differences of language and prejudice of national pride, and united with a cordiality that does honor to your understanding as well as to your patriotism.

Natives of the United States! They are the oppressors of your infant political existence, with whom you are to contend — they are the men your fathers fought and conquered, whom you are now to oppose.

Descendants of Frenchmen! Natives of France! They are English, — the hereditary, the eternal enemies of your ancient country — the invaders of that you have adopted, — who are your foes.

Spaniards! Remember the conduct of your allies at St.

* New Orleans.

Sebastian, and recently at Pensacola, and rejoice that you have an opportunity of avenging the brutal injuries inflicted by men who dishonor the human race.

Louisianians! Your general rejoices to witness the spirit that animates you, not only for your honor, but your safety. Commanding men who know their rights, and are determined to defend them, he salutes you as brethren in arms, and has now a new motive to exert all his faculties to the utmost in your defence. Continue with the energy you have begun, and he promises you not only safety, but victory over an insolent foe, who has insulted you by an affected doubt of your attachment to the constitution of your country. Your enemy is near; his sails already cover the lakes. But the brave are united; and if he find us contending among ourselves, it will be for the prize of valor, and fame, its noblest reward.

SPEECH OF AN INDIAN PRISONER.

BLACK HAWK.

You have taken me prisoner, with all my warriors. I am much grieved; for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understood Indian fighting. I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter.

My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, against white men who came, year after year, to cheat them, and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their

homes. They smile in the face of the poor Indian, to cheat him; they shake him by the hand, to gain his confidence, to make him drunk, and to deceive him. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on, and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us, like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch.

We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom, when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him.

Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and his friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for the nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate.

Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more! He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!

ALPIN'S LAMENT.

J. MACPHERSON.

My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung!

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the plain; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy word in battle as lightning in the field; thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind has sunk to repose.

Narrow is thy dwelling now! dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so

great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call.

When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lighted with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

IN BEHALF OF STARVING IRELAND.

S. S. PRENTISS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: — It is no ordinary cause which has brought together this vast assemblage on the present occasion. We have met, not to prepare ourselves for political contests, nor to celebrate the achievements of those gallant men who have planted our victorious standards in the heart of an enemy's country. We have assembled, not to respond to shouts of triumph from the west, but to answer the cry of want and suffering which comes from the east. The Old World stretches out her arms to the New. The starving parent supplicates the young and vigorous child for bread. There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the state of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos. Into this fair region God

has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfil his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets for a moment the gloomy history of the past.

We have assembled, fellow-citizens, to express our sincere sympathy for the sufferings of our brethren, and to unite in efforts for their alleviation. This is one of those cases in which we may, without impiety, assume, as it were, the function of Providence. Who knows but what one of the very objects of this great calamity is to test the benevolence and worthiness of us upon whom unlimited abundance has been showered. In the name, then, of common humanity, I invoke your aid in behalf of starving Ireland. Give generously and freely. Recollect that in so doing you are exercising one of the most God-like qualities of your nature, and at the same time enjoying one of the greatest luxuries of life. We ought to thank our Maker that he has permitted us to exercise equally with himself that noblest of even the Divine attributes, benevolence. Go home and look at your family, smiling in rosy health, and then think of the pale, famine-pinched cheeks of the poor children of Ireland; and I know you will give, according to your store, even as a bountiful Providence has given to you — not grudgingly, but with an open hand, for the quality of benevolence, like that of mercy,

> "Is not strained;
> It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed, —
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

THE FALL OF SWITZERLAND.

S. SMITH.

Amidst all the enormities of the French revolution, no one circumstance, perhaps, has excited such general sympathy and indignation as the fall of Switzerland. With the name of Switzerland have been connected, from our earliest years, all the worthy feelings of the heart, and all the exquisite beauties of nature; all that the eye of taste or the soul of benevolence could require. A race of brave, and happy, and good men

animated her solemn rocks and glens; the climbing step of freedom had scanned the summit of the mountains; the unwearied hand of labor had drawn from the barren rock sustenance for man; the peasant, with his plough, and his sword, and his book, was at once a tiller of the earth, a soldier, and a Christian. Happiness never was more complete; imagination could not paint a more enviable lot upon earth, or could the earth afford it. For six hundred years they had remained firm as their native mountains, amidst all the convulsions of Europe; for two hundred years they had hardly drawn the sword, or never drawn it but to conquer.

Into these hallowed retreats, in the midst of a solemn truce, in spite of the strict neutrality observed by the Swiss, and the solemn and repeated promises of their own government, burst the common enemies of mankind, hot from the carnage, and reeking with the blood of other nations. They came to no new work of horror; they had murdered other innocents, and pillaged other temples, and wasted other lands. They could dye the silvered hair of the aged man with his own blood; they could curse the tears of women, and dash down the tender child as it lifted its meek eyes for mercy.

In the midst of such horrid scenes as these, many actions of heroic valor characterized the last days of Switzerland; and she died with her face ever turned to the enemy, slowly yielding, and fiercely struggling to the last. At Oberland, an old peasant was observed in arms, fighting amidst his three children, and his seven grandchildren; they sustained the combat with inconceivable bravery, calling upon each other by name, tenderly; the children thronging about the old man, and guarding with their manly limbs the hoary head of their parent. They were all murdered; and in a moment of time, this valiant race was blotted from the book of living men!

The vengeance which the French took of the Swiss, for their determined opposition to the invasion of their country, was decisive and terrible. The history of Europe can afford no parallel of such cruelty. To dark ages, and the most barbarous nations of the East, we must turn in vain. The soldiers dispersed over the country, carried fire, and sword, and robbery, into the most tranquil and hidden valleys of Switzerland. From the depth of sweet retreats, echoed the shrieks of murdered men, stabbed in their humble dwellings, under the shadow of the high mountains, in the midst of those scenes of nature which make solemn and pure the secret thought of man, and appal him with the majesty of God. The flying peasant saw, in the midst of the night,

their cottages, their implements of husbandry, and the hopes of the future year, expiring in one cruel conflagration.

The Swiss was a simple peasant; the French are a mighty people, combined for the regeneration of Europe. Oh, Europe! what dost thou owe to this mighty people? — dead bodies, ruinous heaps, broken hearts, endless confusion, and unutterable woe! By this mighty people, the Swiss have lost their country; that country which they loved so well, that if they heard but the simple song of their childhood, tears fell down every manly face, and the hearts of intrepid soldiers sobbed with grief.

THE JUDICIARY DEPARTMENT.

W. E. CHANNING.

THERE is one branch of government, which we hold in high veneration, which we account an unspeakable blessing, and which, for the world, we would not say a word to disparage; and we are the more disposed to speak of it, because its relative importance seems to us little understood. We refer to the judiciary, a department worth all others in the state. Whilst politicians expend their zeal on transient interests, which, perhaps, derive their chief importance from their connection with a party, it is the province of the judge to apply those solemn and universal laws of rectitude on which the security, industry, and prosperity of the individual and the state essentially depend. From his tribunal, as from a sacred oracle, go forth the responses of justice.

To us there is nothing in the whole fabric of civil institutions so interesting and imposing as this impartial and authoritative exposition of the principles of moral legislation. The administration of justice in this country, where the judge, without a guard, without a soldier, without pomp, decides upon the dearest interests of the citizen, trusting chiefly to the moral sentiment of the community for the execution of his decrees, is the most beautiful and encouraging aspect, under which our government can be viewed. We repeat it, — there is nothing in public affairs so venerable as the voice of justice speaking through her delegated ministers, reaching and subduing the high as well as the low, setting a defence around the splendid mansion of wealth and the lowly hut of poverty, repressing wrong, vindicating innocence, humbling the oppressor, and publishing the rights of human nature to every human being.

We confess, that we often turn with pain and humiliation from the hall of congress, where we see the legislator forgetting the majesty of his function, forgetting his relation to a vast and growing community, and sacrificing to his party or to himself the public weal; and it comforts us to turn to the court of justice, where the dispenser of the laws, shutting his ear against all solicitations of friendship or interest, dissolving for a time every private tie, forgetting public opinion, and withstanding public feeling, asks only what is RIGHT. To our courts, the resorts and refuge of weakness and innocence, we look with hope and joy. We boast, with a virtuous pride, that no breath of corruption has as yet tainted their pure air. To this department of government, we cannot ascribe too much importance. Over this, we cannot watch too jealously. Every encroachment on its independence we should resent, and repel, as the chief wrong our country can sustain. Woe, woe, to the impious hand, which would shake this most sacred and precious column of the social edifice!

IN DEFENCE OF FREEMAN.

W. H. SEWARD.

THE circumstances under which this trial closes are peculiar. I have seen capital cases where the parents, brothers, sisters, friends of the accused, surrounded him, eagerly hanging upon the lips of his advocate, and watching, in the countenances of the court and jury, every smile and frown which might seem to indicate his fate. But there is no such scene here. The prisoner, though in the greenness of youth, is withered, decayed, senseless, almost lifeless. He has no father here. The descendant of slaves, that father died a victim to the vices of a superior race. There is no mother here, for her child is stained and polluted with the blood of mothers and of a sleeping infant; and he "looks and laughs so, that she cannot bear to look upon him." There is no brother, or sister, or friend here. Popular rage against the accused has driven them hence, and scattered his kindred and people.

On the other side, I notice the aged and venerable parents of Van Nest, and his surviving children; and all around are mourning and sympathizing friends. I know not at whose instance they have come. I dare not say they ought not to be here. But I must say to you that we live in a Christian

and not in a savage state, and that the affliction which has fallen upon these mourners and us was sent to teach them and us mercy, and not retaliation; that although we send this maniac to the scaffold, it will not recall to life the manly form of Van Nest, nor reanimate the exhausted frame of that aged matron, nor restore to life and grace and beauty the murdered mother, nor call back the infant boy from the arms of his Saviour. Such a verdict can do no good to the living, and carry no joy to the dead. If your judgment shall be swayed at all by sympathies so wrong, although so natural, you will find the saddest hour of your life to be that in which you will look down upon the grave of your victim, and "mourn with compunctious sorrow," that you should have done so great injustice to the "poor handful of earth that will lie mouldering before me."

I have been long and tedious. I remember that it is the harvest moon, and that every hour is precious, while you are detained from your yellow fields. But if you shall have bestowed patient attention throughout this deeply interesting investigation, and shall in the end have discharged your duties in the fear of God and in the love of truth, justly and independently, you will have laid up a store of blessed recollections for all your future days, imperishable and inexhaustible.

IN DEFENCE OF WIDOW WILKINS.

C. PHILLIPS.

I THINK the learned counsel for the plaintiff is mistaken. Indeed, I think no twelve men, upon their oaths, will say, even admitting the truth of all he asserts, that it was honorable for a British officer to abandon the navy on a hopeless speculation; to desert so noble a profession, — to forfeit the ambition it ought to have associated, the rank to which it leads, the glory it may confer, — for the purpose of extorting from an old woman he never saw the purchase-money of his degradation! But I rescue the plaintiff from this disgraceful imputation. I cannot believe that a member of a profession, no less remarkable for the valor than the generosity of its spirit, a profession as proverbial for its profusion in the harbor as for the prodigality of its life-blood on the wave, a profession ever willing to fling money to the winds, and only anxious that they should waft through the world its immortal banner crimsoned with the record of a thousand victories! — no, no,

gentlemen! notwithstanding the great authority of Mr. Anthony Martin, I cannot readily believe that any man could be found to make the high honor of this noble service a base, mercenary, sullied pander to the blemish of his spotless youth! The fact is, that increasing ill health, and the improbability of promotion, combined to induce his retirement on half-pay. You will find this confirmed by the date of his resignation, which was immediately after the battle of Waterloo — which settled, no matter how, the destinies of Europe. His constitution was declining, his advancement was annihilated, and, as a forlorn hope, he bombarded the Widow Wilkins!

"War thoughts had left their places vacant;
In their room came thronging soft and amorous desires;
All telling him how fair YOUNG HERO was."

He first, gentlemen, attacked her fortune, with herself, through the artillery of the church; and having failed in that, he now attacks her fortune, without herself, through the assistance of the law. However, if I am rightly instructed, he has nobody but himself to blame for his disappointment. Observe, I do not vouch for the authenticity of this fact; but I do certainly assure you, that Mrs. Wilkins was persuaded of it. You know the proverbial frailty of our nature. The gallant lieutenant was not free from it! Perhaps you imagine that some younger, or, according to his taste, some older fair one, weaned him from the widow. Indeed, they did not; — he had no heart to lose, and yet — can you solve the paradox? — his infirmity was *love!* As the poet says,

"Love — still love."

No, gentlemen, it was not to *Venus*, it was to *Bacchus* he sacrificed. With an eastern idolatry, he commenced at daylight, and so persevering was his piety till the shades of night, that, when he was not on his knees, he could scarcely be said to be on his legs! When I came to this passage, I could not avoid involuntarily exclaiming, "O Peter, Peter! whether it be *in liquor* or *in love*,

'None but thyself can be thy parallel!'"

I see, by your smiling, gentlemen, that you correct my error. I perceive your *classic* memories recurring to perhaps the only prototype to be found in history. I beg his pardon; I should not have overlooked

—— "the immortal Captain Wattle,
Who was *all* for love, *a little* — for the bottle."

Ardent as our fair ones have been announced to be, they do not prefer a flame that is so exclusively spiritual. Widow Wilkins, no doubt, did not choose to be singular. In the words of the bard — and, my lord, I perceive you excuse my dwelling so much on the authority of the muses, because, really, on this occasion the minstrel seems to have combined the powers of poetry with the spirit of prophecy — in the very words of the bard,

"He asked her, 'Would she marry him?' — Widow Wilkins answered, 'No.'
Then, said he, 'I 'll to the ocean rock — I 'm ready for the slaughter!
O! I 'll shoot at my sad image, as it 's sighing in the water!'
Only think of Widow Wilkins' saying, 'Go, Peter, go!'

THE MODEL REPEAL ORATOR.

H. MAYHEW.

How have we been treated for the last ten thousand years by the cold-blooded Saxon? My hair stands on end to tell you. Has n't England so managed matters in her own favor that she receives the light of the sun two-and-twenty minutes before she permits a single ray to come to us? England may boast of her enlightenment; but is this justice to Ireland? I have next to accuse England of keeping aloof from us fully sixty miles at the nearest point. Talk of our union after that! No, my countrymen, it is only a parchment union, a lying thing, made of the skin of the innocent sheep; but, before we go to bed this night, we 'll see that bit of parchment torn into countless strips, so that every tailor in Ireland shall have, to-morrow morning, a remnant of it in his hands, to measure twelve millions of happy Irishmen with. Well, sir, I denounce from this place the atrocious cupidity of England, by which she monopolizes the tin mines entirely, almost all the iron and coal, and thus cramps, sir, our native industry and commerce. Why has not Ireland her own iron and coal? I ask, again, why have we no tin? and no brass? no zinc? no salmon? no elephants? no periwinkles? no king?

Oh! my beloved countrymen, I have had a most beautiful vision! I thought I saw every field of Ireland covered with dancing corn, and embroidered with the most beautiful sheep, whose wool was more exquisite than all the Berlin wool that was ever made in England; and I thought, my countrymen, its rivers were filled with more salmon and more periwinkles

than ever carolled on the muddy Saxon shore; and I thought, my countrymen, that on the brow of every other hill the mighty elephant was reposing under the peaceful shade of the shamrock; and again, I thought the corner of each field was filled with more iron, and tin, and brass, than would suffice to build a railway from here to the bottom of England's perdition; and I thought—may the beautiful vision be never effaced from the iris of my weeping eyes!—that there were no dark clouds such as now lower o'er our bright country; but that the whole scene, so intensely Irish, was illumined, as if with a resplendent sun, with our own gas. Oh! oh! when will this vision be realized? When shall we see the poor Irishman the finest peasant of the world—boiling his potato? Ah! the plundering Saxon cannot wring that from us; though no thanks to the monster for the blight;—boiling his potato, I say, with his own coal, in a pot made of his own iron, and eat it on a plate made of his own pewter, with a knife bought with his own tin. Never! never! until the Repeal is carried.

Do you believe you 'll ever have it? Believe me, in all sincerity, you never will, until you pull up the lamp-posts and make bayonets of them, and have wrenched off every knocker and bell-pull and melted them into bullets and cannon-balls. I know I am talking sedition; but I dare them to come and tear the shoe-strings out of my boots, before I unsay a single word of what I have said. They dare not prosecute me! It would be the proudest moment for Ireland if they would; for then College-green would be crowded with Irish kings. The Queen of England would be an Irishman. I should die happy in the thought that the majestic tree of Repeal had been watered with my blood, and blossomed, and borne such golden fruit, that unborn nations, far from beyond the poles, were coming on their knees to taste them.

CÆSAR PASSING THE RUBICON.

J. S. KNOWLES.

A GENTLEMAN, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon?" How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall a private man respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river?—Oh! but he paused upon the brink. He should have

perished on the brink, ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause?—Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'T was that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon!—Compassion! What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder, as his weapon begins to cut!—Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No; it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the brink of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused,—no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But, no! he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged! he crossed! and Rome was free no more!

FOR THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE.

COMPTE DE MIRABEAU.

My friends, listen to me a word, a single word! Two centuries of depredation and robbery have excavated the abyss wherein the kingdom is on the verge of being engulfed. This frightful gulf it is indispensable to fill up. Well, here is a list of the proprietors. Choose from among the richest, so as to sacrifice the smallest number of the citizens. But choose! for is it not expedient that a small number perish to save the mass of the people? Come! there are two thousand possessing wherewith to supply the deficit. Restore order to our finances, peace and prosperity to the kingdom. Strike, and immolate pitilessly these melancholy victims; precipitate them into the abyss; it is about to close. What! you recoil with horror! Inconsistent, pusillanimous men! And do you not see that in decreeing bankruptcy—or, what is more odious

still, in rendering it inevitable without decreeing — you disgrace yourselves with an act a thousand times more criminal; for, in fact, that horrible sacrifice would remove the deficiency.

But do you imagine that because you refuse to pay you shall cease to owe? Do you think the thousands, the millions of men, who will lose in an instant, by the dreadful explosion or its revulsions, all that constituted the comfort of their lives, and perhaps their sole means of subsistence, will leave you in the peaceable enjoyment of your crime? Stoical contemplators of the incalculable woes which this catastrophe will scatter over France! unfeeling egotists, who think these convulsions of despair and wretchedness will pass away like so many others, and pass the more rapidly as they will be the more violent! are you quite sure that so many men without bread will leave you tranquilly to luxuriate amid the viands which you will have been unwilling to curtail in either variety or delicacy? No! you will perish! and in the universal conflagration, which you do not tremble to kindle, the loss of your honor will not save you a single one of your detestable luxuries!

Vote, then, this extraordinary subsidy, — and may it prove sufficient! Vote it, because the class most interested in the sacrifice which the government demands is you, yourselves! Vote it, because the public exigencies allow of no evasion, and that you will be responsible for every delay! Beware of asking time! — misfortune never grants it. What! gentlemen, in reference to a ridiculous movement of the Palais-Royal, a ludicrous insurrection, which had never any consequence except in the weak imaginations or the wicked purposes of a few designing men, you have heard not long since these insane cries: *Catiline is at the gates of Rome, and you deliberate!* And assuredly there was around you neither Catiline, nor danger, nor factions, nor Rome. But to-day bankruptcy, hideous bankruptcy, is there before you; it threatens to consume you, your country, your property, your honor; — and you deliberate!

A VINDICATION OF THE LABORER.

C. NAYLOR.

I AM a northern laborer. Ay, sir, it has been my lot to have inherited, as my only patrimony, at an early age, nothing but naked orphanage and utter destitution; houseless and homeless, fatherless and penniless, I was obliged, from that

day forward, to earn my daily bread by my daily labor. And now, sir, when I take my seat in this hall, as the free representative of a free people, am I to be *sneered* at as a northern laborer, and degraded into a comparison with the poor, oppressed and suffering negro slave? Is such the genius and spirit of our institutions? If it be, then did our fathers fight, and struggle, and die, in vain!

But, sir, the gentleman has misconceived the spirit and tendency of northern institutions. He is ignorant of northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the northern laborers! Preach insurrection to *me!* Who are the northern laborers? The history of your country is *their* history. The renown of your country is *their* renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page. Blot from your annals the deeds and the doings of *northern laborers*, and the history of your country presents but a universal blank.

Sir, who was he that disarmed the Thunderer; wrested from his grasp the bolts of Jove; calmed the troubled ocean; became the central sun of the philosophical system of his age, shedding his brightness and effulgence on the whole civilized world; whom the great and mighty of the earth delighted to honor; who participated in the achievement of your independence; prominently assisted in moulding your free institutions, and the beneficial effects of whose wisdom will be felt to the last moment of "recorded time?" Who, sir, I ask, was he? A northern laborer — a Yankee tallow-chandler's son — a printer's runaway boy!

And who, let me ask the honorable gentleman, who was he that, in the days of our revolution, led forth a northern army — yes, an army of northern laborers — and aided the chivalry of South Carolina in their defence against British aggression, drove the spoilers from their firesides, and redeemed her fair fields from foreign invaders? Who was he? A northern laborer, a Rhode Island blacksmith — the gallant General Greene — who left his hammer and his forge, and went forth conquering and to conquer in the battle for our independence! And will you preach insurrection to men like these?

Sir, our country is full of the achievements of northern laborers! Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the north? And what, sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the never-dying names of those hallowed spots, but the blood and the struggles, the high daring and patriotism, and sublime courage, of northern laborers? The whole north is

an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence, of northern laborers! Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!

The fortitude of the men of the north, under intense suffering for liberty's sake, has been almost god-like! History has so recorded it. Who comprised that gallant army, that, without food, without pay, shelterless, shoeless, penniless, and almost naked, in that dreadful winter — the midnight of our revolution — whose wanderings could be traced by their blood-tracks in the snow; whom no arts could seduce, no appeal lead astray, no sufferings disaffect; but who, true to their country and its holy cause, continued to fight the good fight of liberty, until it finally triumphed? Who, sir, were these men? Why, northern laborers! — yes, sir, northern laborers!

Who, sir, were Roger Sherman and —— But it is idle to enumerate. To name the northern laborers who have distinguished themselves, and illustrated the history of their country, would require days of the time of this house. Nor is it necessary. Posterity will do them justice. Their deeds have been recorded in characters of fire!

BRITISH PREDILECTION.

J. RANDOLPH.

Against whom are these charges of British predilection brought? Against men, who, in the war of the revolution, were in the councils of the nation, or fighting the battles of your country. It is insufferable. It cannot be borne. It must and ought, with severity, to be put down in this house, and out of it to meet the lie direct. We have no fellow-feeling for the suffering and oppressed Spaniards! Yet even them we do not reprobate.

Strange! that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilized or savage, in the whole world! The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates are very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity. "Turks, Jews, and Infidels," or the barbarians and savages of every clime and color, are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose

blood runs in our veins; in common with whom, we claim Shakspeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen; whose government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed — representation, trial by jury, voting the supplies, writ of *habeas corpus* — our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence; — against our fellow-Protestants, identified in blood, in language, in religion, with ourselves! In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges, of America, learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valor? American resistance to British usurpation has not been more warmly cherished by these great men and their compatriots — not more by Washington, Hancock and Henry — than by Chatham and his illustrious associates in the British parliament.

It ought to be remembered, too, that the heart of the English people was with us. It was a selfish and corrupt ministry, and their servile tools, to whom we were not more opposed than they were. I trust that none such may ever exist among us; for tools will never be wanting to subserve the purposes, however ruinous or wicked, of kings and ministers of state. I acknowledge the influence of a Shakspeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Sidney upon my political principles, of a Chatham upon qualities which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious man! of a Tillotson, a Sherlock, and a Porteus, upon my religious principles and convictions! This is a British influence which I can never shake off.

MORE MAY BE MEANT THAN SAID.

R. CHOATE.

Sir, I have been exceedingly struck, while listening to gentlemen, with the fact, that while the ends and objects at which they aim are all so pacific, their speeches are strewn and sown thick, broad-cast, with so much of the food and nourishment of war. Their ends and objects are peace — a treaty of peace; but their means and their topics wear a certain incongruous grimness of aspect. The "bloom is on the rye;" but as you go near, you see bayonet-points sparkling beneath; and are fired upon by a thousand men in ambush! The end they aim at is peace; but the means of attaining it are an offensive and

absurd threat. Their ends and their objects are peace; yet how full have they stuffed the speeches we have been hearing with every single topic the best calculated to blow up the passions of kindred races to the fever heat of battle!

I declare, sir, that while listening to senators whose sincerity and patriotism I cannot doubt, and to this conflict of topics and objects with which they half bewilder me, I was forcibly reminded of that consummate oration in the streets of Rome. by one who "came to bury Cæsar, not to praise him." He did not wish to stir up anybody to mutiny and rage! O, no! He would not have a finger lifted against the murderers of his and the people's friend — not he! He feared he wronged them; yet who has not admired the exquisite address and the irresistible effect with which he returns again and again to "sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths," and put a tongue in each — to the familiar mantle, first worn on the evening of the day his great friend overcame the Nervii, now pierced by the cursed steel of Cassius, of the envious Casca, of the well-beloved Brutus — to his legacy of drachmas, arbors, and orchards, to the people of Rome, whose friend, whose benefactor, he shows to them, all marred by traitors, till the mob break away from his words of more than fire, with —

"We will be revenged! — Revenge! About!
Seek — burn — fire — kill — slay! — let not a traitor live!"

Antony was insincere. Senators are wholly sincere. Yet the contrast between their pacific professions and that revelry of belligerent topics and sentiments which rings and flashes in their speeches here, half suggests a doubt to me, sometimes, whether they or I perfectly know what they mean or what they desire. They promise to show you a garden, and you look up to see nothing but a wall "with dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms!" They propose to teach you how peace is to be preserved; and they do it so exquisitely, that you go away half inclined to issue letters of marque and reprisal to-morrow morning.

The proposition is peace; but the audience rises and goes off with a sort of bewildered and unpleasing sensation, that if there were a thousand men in all America as well disposed as the orator, peace might be preserved; but that, as the case stands, it is just about hopeless! I ascribe it altogether to their anxious and tender concern for peace, that senators have not a word to say about the good she does, but only about the dangers she is in. They have the love of compassion; not the love of desire. Not a word about the countless blessings she scatters from her golden urn; but only "the pity of it,

Iago! the pity of it!" to think how soon the dissonant clangor of a thousand brazen throats may chase that bloom from her cheek,

"And death's pale flag be quick advancéd there."

Sir, no one here can say one thing, and mean another; yet much may be meant, and nothing directly said. "The dial spoke not, but pointed full upon the stroke of murder."

THE FEDERAL UNION.

D. WEBSTER.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and the honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. I have not allowed myself to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced. its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as *What is all this worth?* — nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and*

union afterwards; but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart: — LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

THE STABILITY OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

C. SPRAGUE.

IF there be on the earth one nation more than another, whose institutions must draw their life-blood from the individual purity of its citizens, that nation is our own. Rulers by divine right, and nobles by hereditary succession, may, perhaps, tolerate with impunity those depraving indulgences which keep the great mass abject. Where the many enjoy little or no power, it were a trick of policy to wink at those enervating vices, which would rob them of both the ability and the inclination to enjoy it. But in our country, where almost every man, however humble, bears to the omnipotent ballot-box his full portion of the sovereignty — where at regular periods the ministers of authority, who went forth to rule, return to be ruled, and lay down their dignities at the feet of the monarch multitude — where, in short, public sentiment is the absolute lever that moves the political world, the purity of the people is the rock of political safety.

We may boast, if we please, of our exalted privileges, and fondly imagine that they will be eternal; but whenever those vices shall abound, which undeniably tend to debasement, steeping the poor and ignorant still lower in poverty and ignorance, and thereby destroying that wholesome mental equality which can alone sustain a self-ruled people, it will be found, by woful experience, that our happy system of government, the best ever devised for the intelligent and good, is the very worst to be intrusted to the degraded and vicious. The great majority will then truly become a many-headed monster, to be tamed and led at will. The tremendous power of suffrage, like the strength of the eyeless Nazarite, so far from being their protection, will but serve to pull down upon their heads the temple their ancestors reared for them. Caballers and demagogues will find it an easy task to delude those who have deluded themselves; and the freedom of the people will finally be buried in the grave of their virtues. National greatness may survive; splendid talents and bril-

liant victories may fling their delusive lustre abroad; — these can illumine the darkness that hangs round the throne of a despot; but their light will be like the baleful flame that hovers over decaying mortality, and tells of the corruption that festers beneath. The immortal spirit will have gone; and along our shores, and among our hills, — those shores made sacred by the sepulchre of the pilgrim, those hills hallowed by the uncoffined bones of the patriot, — even there, in the ears of their degenerate descendants, shall ring the last knell of departed Liberty!

VIRGINIA AND MASSACHUSETTS.*

J. MC DOWELL.

Mr. Chairman, — When I pass by the collective parties in this case, and recall the particular ones: when I see that my own state is as deeply implicated in the trouble and the danger of it as any other, and shares, to the full, with all of her southern colleagues, in the most painful apprehensions of its issue; when I see this, I turn involuntarily, and with unaffected deference of spirit, and ask, What, in this exigent moment to Virginia, will Massachusetts do? Will you, too, (I speak to her as present in her representatives) — will you, too, forgetting all the past, put forth a hand to smite her ignominiously upon the cheek? In your own early day of deepest extremity and distress — the day of the Boston Port Bill — when your beautiful capital was threatened with extinction, and England was collecting her gigantic power to sweep your liberties away, Virginia, caring for no odds and counting no cost, bravely, generously, instantly, stepped forth for your deliverance. Addressing her through the justice of your cause and the agonies of your condition, you asked for her heart. She gave it; with scarce the reservation of a throb, she gave it freely and gave it all. You called upon her for her blood; — she took her children from her bosom, and offered them to supply it with her spirit, with appreciation of the great principles of representation and of popular government which your cause involved; and with her holy enthusiasm in their support, Virginia would have been utterly recreant to herself if she had done anything else, or anything less, than she did.

But in all this she felt and knew that she was more than your political ally — more than your political friend. She felt and knew that she was your near, natural born relation —

* Extracted from a speech delivered Feb. 23, 1849, on a bill to establish a territorial government for Upper California.

such in virtue of your common descent, but such far more still in virtue as the higher attributes of a congenial and kindred nature. Do not be startled at the idea of common qualities between the American Cavalier and the American Roundhead. A heroic and unconquerable will, differently directed, is the pervasive and master cement in the character of both. Nourished by the same spirit, sharing as twin-sisters in the struggle of the heritage of the same revolution, what is there in any demand of national faith, or of constitutional duty, or of public morals, which should separate them now? What is there in these grounds — the sound and the true grounds of national conduct — that should induce Massachusetts to disavow the rights, to disown the equality, disdain the remonstrance, or scorn the feelings and the honor, of her best, her strongest, and her earliest friend?

Gentlemen, representatives of Massachusetts! What say you? Are you agreed? Your equals before the revolution began — your equals when it did begin — confederated as your equals in 1777 — united as such in 1787 — coöperating with you as equals in the administration of our common country from the declaration of independence to the present hour, and, so confederated, united and coöperating with you with all the local rights and institutions which are objected to us now — are you agreed that what we were, and are, and ought to be, and must be, we shall always continue to be, — your equals — inviolably your equals still? Are you agreed to this? If so, then, in the sight of heaven and man, we shall renew this day a compact, not of peace only — no, no! not only of peace, grateful as that alone would be — but a compact of immortality for our country!

Give us but a part of that devotion which glowed in the heart of the younger Pitt, and of our own elder Adams, who, in the midst of their agonies, forgot not the countries they had lived for, but mingled with the spasms of their dying hour a last and imploring appeal to the parent of all mercies, that he would remember, in eternal blessings, the land of their birth; give us their devotion — give us that of the young enthusiast of Paris, who, listening to Mirabeau in one of his surpassing vindications of human rights, and seeing him fall from his stand, dying, as a physician proclaimed, for the want of blood, rushed to the spot, and as he bent over the expiring man, bared his arm for the lancet, and cried again and again, with impassioned voice — "Here, take it — oh! take it from me! let me die, so that Mirabeau and the liberties of my country may not perish!" Give us something only of such

a love of country, and we are safe, forever safe: the troubles which shadow over and oppress us now will pass away like a summer cloud. The fatal element of all our discord will be removed from among us. Let gentlemen be adjured by the weal of this and coming ages, by our own and our children's good, by all that we love or that we look for in the progress and the glories of our land, to leave the entire subject of slavery, with every accountability it may impose, every remedy it may require, every accumulation of difficulty or degree of pressure it may reach — to leave it all to the interest, to the wisdom, and to the conscience, of those upon whom the providence of God and the constitution of their country have cast it. Leave it to them, *now and forever*, and stop, whilst it is yet possible to stop, the furious and blind headway of that wild and mad philanthropy, which is lighting up for the nation itself the fires of the stake, and which is rushing, stride after stride, to an intestine struggle that may bury us all under a harder, and wickeder, and more incurable slavery, than any it would extinguish!

It is said, sir, that at some dark hour of our revolutionary contest, when army after army had been lost; when, dispirited, beaten, wretched, the heart of the boldest and faithfulest died within them, and all, for an instant, seemed conquered, except the unconquerable soul of our father-chief, — it is said that at that moment, rising above all the auguries around him, and buoyed up by the inspiration of his immortal work for all the trials it could bring, he aroused anew the sunken spirit of his associates by this confident and daring declaration: — "Strip me (said he) of the dejected and suffering remnant of my army — take from me all that I have left — leave me but a banner, give me but the means to plant it upon the mountains of West Augusta, and I will yet draw around me the men who shall lift up their bleeding country from the dust, and set her free!" Give to me, who am a son and representative here of the same West Augusta, give to me as a banner the propitious measure I have endeavored to support, help me to plant it upon this mountain top of our national power, and the land of Washington, undivided and unbroken, will be our land, and the land of our children's children forever! So help me to do this at this hour, and, generations hence, some future son of the south, standing where I stand, in the midst of our legitimate successors, will bless, and praise, and thank God that he, too, can say of them, as I of you, and of all around me — these, these are *my* brethren, and OH! THIS, THIS TOO, IS MY COUNTRY!

REPLY TO MR. McDOWELL.

J. G. PALFREY.

Mr. Chairman, — Three days ago, I listened to another strain from the Ancient Dominion, with the delight which such graceful eloquence has the power to give, and certainly not without my share of the emotion which was stirred in every hearer. I trust that it was not a mere transient pleasure, but that I was warmed with something of the patriotic spirit which he so powerfully exhorted us to cultivate So far as that effect was produced, I shall be only the better qualified to sustain those views of the public well-being and honor of which I have occasionally come forward here as the very humble advocate. Admiring the elevated and generous tone of many of that gentleman's remarks, there were yet some things I could have wished otherwise — independent of his argument on the particular question now in hand, which, of course, did not satisfy me.

The gentlemen thinks that Virginia laid Massachusetts under an obligation of gratitude and affection by her sympathy and aid in the disastrous time of the Boston Port Bill. I think she did, and that the debt is mutual, at least. Does the gentleman suppose that the distresses incurred by Massachusetts, at the period of which he speaks, were solely for objects of her own or that the exertions made by Virginia and others of her sister colonies, — whether regarded as made in her behalf, or for the common cause, for which she was standing the foremost champion, — were anything more than mitigations of her woe? When James Otis argued in the old State House against the Writs of Assistance, and "then and there," according to John Adams, "the child Independence was born," for whom was that birth, — for Massachusetts or for America? When, from her Faneuil Hall, and the meetings of her village democracies, the gauntlet was thrown down to the tremendous power of England, was Massachusetts alone in the prospect of advantage from that strife, or only most forward in its perils? When the vindictive "Port Bill," to which the gentleman referred, took effect, was it some Virginian city, or was it Boston, the chief mart of the continent, that saw its prosperity made desolation, and the grass springing in its streets? And if Massachusetts did incur a debt for the sympathy and succors which, as the gentleman correctly states, she then received, I think she paid some instalments of it when she bore the first furious brunt of the battle on her

own soil — when she sent nearly one soldier in every three to the armies of the revolution, and when the excess of her payments into the common treasury, for the prosecution of the war, over and above what she drew from it, was greater than that of the aggregate of her twelve sister states.

But, sir, when the gentleman, calling up affecting reminiscences of the past, appealed to us of Massachusetts to be faithful to the obligations of patriotism, I repeat that I trust his language fell profitably as well as pleasantly on my ear. He has reminded us of our stern but constant ancestry. I hope we shall be true to their great mission for Freedom and Right, and all the more true for having listened to his own impressive exhortation. The gentleman remembers the declaration of Hume, that "it was to the Puritans that the people of England owed its liberties." May their race never desert that work, as long as any of it is left to do! Sir, as I come of a morning to my duties here, I am apt to stop before the picture in your rotunda, of the departure from Delft Haven of that vessel, "freighted with the best hopes of the world," and refresh myself by looking in the faces of four ancestors of my own, depicted by the limner in the group on that dismal deck — the brave and prudent leader of the company, his head and knee bowed in prayer, — his faithful partner, blending in her mild but care-worn countenance the expression of the wife, the parent, the exile and the saint, — the young maiden and the youth, going out to the wide sea and the wide world, but already trained to masculine endurance and "perfect peace," by the precious faith of Christ. Not more steadfast than those forlorn wanderers were the men, who, in the tapestried chambers of England's great sway, with stout sword on thigh, and a stouter faith in the heart, and the ragged flags of Cressy, and Agincourt, and the Armada, above their heads,

"Sat, with Bibles open, around the council board,
And answered a king's missive with a stern, 'Thus saith the Lord.'"

Not hardier were they, who, in the iron squadrons of Fairfax and Cromwell, had many a hard trot, on many a hot and dusty day, to get so much as a sight of the backs of those silk and velvet cavaliers, of whom the eloquent gentleman discoursed with so much unction.

Sir, the spirit of that stubborn race, if somewhat softened by the change in manners and the lapse of time, is not yet extinct in their children. The gentleman is welcome, for me, to have very little respect for any who, in his language, have

"made capital" of one kind or another out of human slavery. But I ask him, did the Roundhead ever flinch when battle was to be done for freedom? Sir, I live in the midst of the scenes of his last bloody struggle for that cause. Humble as I am, I am honored to represent the men who till the earliest battle-fields of American Independence. As I sit in my door, of a still summer evening, I hear the bells from Lexington Common. The shaft over the sacred ashes of Bunker Hill rises within three miles of my windows. I leave my home, and in an hour I stand by the ruined abutments of old Concord bridge, and the green graves of the first two British victims in the hecatombs of the revolution. Representing, however feebly, such a people, in lineage and in office — warned by the lessons and the present monuments of such a history — is it for me to think of helping to extend the foul curse of slavery over another foot of God's fair earth? No; "here I stand; I can do no otherwise; may God help me." I boast no courage; I fear I might turn out to be no better than a fearful man; but I do trust that every drop of thin blood in these old veins of mine would be freely given to stain the scaffold, or boil and bubble at the stake, before, by any act of my doing, the slavery of my brother man should take another forward step on free American soil!

VALUE OF PUBLIC FAITH.

F. AMES.

To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass with some men for declamation; to such men, I have nothing to say. To others, I will urge — can any circumstances mark upon a people, more turpitude and debasement? Can anything tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue and their standard of action? It would not merely demoralize mankind; it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire in its stead a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, sir; this is not the character of the virtue; — it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and entwining itself with the

minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it, not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if this life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be, in a country odious in the eyes of strangers and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

THE FUTURE AGE OF LITERATURE.

H. BUSHNELL.

I BELIEVE in a future age, yet to be revealed, which is to be distinguished from all others as the godlike age, — an age not of universal education simply, or universal philanthropy, or external freedom, or political well-being, but a day of reciprocity and free intimacy between all souls and God. Learning and religion, the scholar and the Christian, will not be divided as they have been. The universities will be filled with a profound spirit of religion, and the *bene orâsse* will be a fountain of inspiration to all the investigations of study and the creations of genius. And it will be found that Christianity has, at last, developed a new literary era, — the era of religious love.

Hitherto, the love of passion has been the central fire of the world's literature. The dramas, epics, odes, novels, and even histories, have spoken to the world's heart chiefly through this passion, and through this have been able to get their answer. Hence there gathers round the lover a tragic interest, and we hang upon his destiny as if some natural charm or spell were in it. But this passion of love, which has hitherto been the staple of literature, is only a crude symbol in the life of nature, by which God designs to interpret, and also to foreshadow, the higher love of religion, — Nature's gentle Beatrice, who leaves her image in the youth-

ful Dante, and is therefore to attend him afterwards in the spirit flight of song, and be his guide upward through the wards of Paradise to the shining mount of God. What, then, are we to think but that he will some time bring us up out of the literature of the lower love, into that of the higher; that as the age of passion yields, at last, to the age of reason, so the crude love of instinct shall give place to the pure intellectual love of God? And, then, around that nobler love, or out of it, shall arise a new body of literature, as much more gifted as the inspiration is purer and more intellectual. Beauty, truth and worship, song, science and duty, will all be unfolded together in the common love of God.

Society must, of course, receive beauty into its character and feeling, such as can be satisfied no longer with the old barbaric themes of war and passion. To be a scholar and not to be a Christian, to produce the fruits of genius without a Christian inspiration, will no longer be thought of; and religion, heretofore looked upon as a ghostly constraint upon life, it will now be acknowledged, is the only sufficient fertilizer of genius, as it is the only real emancipator of man.

THE AGE OF HUMANITY.

C. SUMNER.

THE grand fundamental law of humanity is the good of the whole human family, — its happiness, its development, its progress. In this cause, knowledge, jurisprudence, art, philanthropy, all concur. They are the influences, more puissant than the sword, which shall lead mankind from the bondage of error into that service which is perfect freedom.

"Hæ tibi erunt artes, *pacisque imponere morem.*"*

Our departed brothers join in summoning you to this gladsome obedience. Their examples speak for them. Go forth into the many mansions of the house of life; scholars! store them with learning; jurists! build them with justice; artists! adorn them with beauty; philanthropists! let them resound with love. Be servants of truth and duty, each in his vocation. Be sincere, pure in heart, earnest, enthusiastic. A virtuous enthusiasm is always self-forgetful and noble. It is the only inspiration now vouchsafed to man. Blend humil-

* Literally, "These shall be arts for you, and to impose the manner of peace."

ity with learning. Ascend above the present in place and time. Regard fame only as the eternal shadow of excellence. Bend in adoration before the right. Cultivate alike the wisdom of experience and the wisdom of hope. Mindful of the future, do not neglect the past; awed by the majesty of antiquity, turn not with indifference from the future. True wisdom looks to the ages before us, as well as behind us. Like the Janus of the Capitol, one front thoughtfully regards the past, rich with experience, with memories, with the priceless traditions of truth and virtue; the other is earnestly directed to the all hail hereafter, richer still with its transcendent hopes and unfulfilled prophecies.

We stand on the threshold of a new age, which is preparing to recognize new influences. The ancient divinities of violence and wrong are retreating to their kindred darkness. The sun of our moral universe is entering a new ecliptic, no longer deformed by images of animal rage, but beaming with the mild radiance of those heavenly signs, Faith, Hope, and Charity. The age of chivalry has gone. An age of humanity has come. The horse, which gave the name to the first, now yields to man the foremost place. In serving him, in doing him good, in contributing to his welfare and elevation, there are fields of bloodless triumph, nobler far than any in which warriors ever conquered. Here are spaces of labor wide as the world, lofty as heaven. Let me say, then, in the benison which was bestowed upon the youthful knight, — Scholars! jurists! artists! philanthropists! heroes of a Christian age, companions of a celestial knighthood, "Go forth, be brave, loyal, and successful!"

And may it be our office to-day to light a fresh beacon-fire on these venerable walls, sacred to truth, to Christ, and the church,* — to truth immortal, to Christ the comforter, to the holy church universal. Let the flame spread from steeple to steeple, from hill to hill, from island to island, from continent to continent, till the long lineage of fires shall illumine all the nations of the earth, animating them to the holy contests of KNOWLEDGE, JUSTICE, BEAUTY, LOVE.

* The legend on the early seal of Harvard University was *Veritas*. The present legend is *Christo et Ecclesiæ*.

POETICAL

DECLAMATIONS AND RECITATIONS.

MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

ANONYMOUS.

The curling waves, with awful roar,
A little bark assailed,
And pallid Fear's distracting power
O'er all on board prevailed, —

Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm;
And, cheerful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

"And sport'st thou thus," a seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm?"—
"Why should I fear?" the boy replied;
"My father's at the helm!"

So when our worldly all is reft,
Our earthly helpers gone,
We still have one sure anchor left, —
God helps, and he alone.

He to our prayers will lend his ear,
He give our pangs relief;
He turn to smiles each trembling tear,
To joy each torturing grief.

Then turn to him, mid sorrows wild,
When wants and woes o'erwhelm,
Remembering, like the fearless child,
Our Father's at the helm!

"PRESS ON."

P. BENJAMIN.

Press on! there 's no such word as fail!
Press nobly on! the goal is near;
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward — never fear!
Why should'st thou faint? Heaven smiles above,
Though storm and vapor intervene;
That sun shines on, whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps;
He wins, who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of Night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if Fortune play thee false,
To-day, to-morrow she 'll be true;
Whom now she sinks she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs — press on! press on!

Therefore press on! and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown;
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil!

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

J. G. ADAMS.

A soldier! a soldier!
I 'm longing to be;
The name and the life
Of a soldier for me!

I would not be living
At ease and at play;
True honor and glory
I'd win in my day!

A soldier! a soldier!
In armor arrayed;
My weapons in hand,
Of no contest afraid;
I'd ever be ready
To strike the first blow,
And to fight my good way
Through the ranks of the foe.

But then, let me tell you,
No blood would I shed,
No victory seek o'er
The dying and dead;
A far braver soldier
Than this would I be;
A warrior of Truth,
In the ranks of the free!

A soldier! a soldier!
O, then, let me be!
Young friends, I invite you —
Enlist now with me.
Truth's bands will be mustered —
Love's foes shall give way!
Let 's up, and be clad
In our battle array!

THE POWER OF ART.

C. SPRAGUE.

When, from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
'T was Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
And thus with seraph voice she spoke, —
"The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeams never blazed;
The thistle shrank, the harvest smiled,
And nature gladdened, as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command, to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak, and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock, upheaved in pride, —
See towers of strength and domes of taste!
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave, —
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that fill his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illume the page;
And, proudly scorning Time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the Throne on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

WASHINGTON'S REMAINS.

G. LUNT.

Ah! leave him alone to sleep forever,
Till the strong archangel calls for the dead,
By the verdant bank of that rushing river,
Where first they pillowed his mighty head!

Lonely may be the turf that covers
The sacred grave of his last repose;
But, ah! there 's a glory that round it hovers,
Broad as the day-break, and bright as its close.

Though marble pillars were reared above him,
Temples and obelisks, rich and rare —
Better he dwells in the hearts that love him,
Cold and lone as he slumbers there.

Why should ye gather with choral numbers?
Why should your thronging thousand come?
Who will dare to invade his slumbers,
Or bear him away from his narrow home?

Well he sleeps, in solemn majesty,
Silent and stern, of awful death!
And he who visits him there should be
Alone with God, and his own hushed breath.

Revel and pomp would profane his ashes;
And may never a sound be murmured there,
Save the glorious river that by him dashes,
And the pilgrim's voice in his heartfelt prayer!

Yea, — leave him alone! — To sleep forever!
'Till the trump that wakes the countless dead,
By the verdant bank of that rushing river,
Where first they pillowed his mighty head.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

N. P. WILLIS.

The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*my father!*' from those dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee! I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come,
To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'T is hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!—
And thy dark sin!—oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home.
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer.
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently — and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

B. W. PROCTOR.

O thou vast Ocean! ever-sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing, that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled

From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing, and writhing, till its strength be gone,
Thy voice is like the thunder; and thy sleep
Is like a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once; and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes, that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this; nor chance nor change
Ruffles its surface; and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound his bosom as they go.
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
But in their stated round the seasons come
And pass like visions to their viewless home,
And come again, and vanish: the young spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
And winter always winds his sullen horn,
And the wild autumn, with a look forlorn,
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken when the summer flies.
Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
A will, a voice; and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with heaven!
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent,
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful; and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach.
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach, —
"Eternity, Eternity, and power."

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

R. H. WILDE.

FAREWELL! my more than fatherland!
Home of my heart and friends, adieu!
Lingering beside some foreign strand,
How oft shall I remember you!
How often, o'er the waters blue,
Send back a sigh to those I leave,
The loving and beloved few,
Who grieve for me, — for whom I grieve!

We part! — no matter how we part;
There are some thoughts we utter not,
Deep treasured in our inmost heart,
Never revealed and ne'er forgot!
Why murmur at the common lot?
We part! I speak not of the pain, —
But when shall I each lovely spot
And each loved face behold again?

It must be months, — it may be years, —
It may — but no! — I will not fill
Fond hearts with gloom, fond eyes with tears,
"Curious to shape uncertain ill."
Though humble, few and far, yet still
Those hearts and eyes are ever dear;
Theirs is the love no time can chill,
The truth no chance or change can sear!

All I have seen, and all I see,
Only endears them more and more;
Friends cool, hopes fade, and hours flee, —
Affection lives when all is o'er!
Farewell, my more than native shore!
I do not seek or hope to find,
Roam where I will, what I deplore
To leave with them and thee behind!

THE FEATURES.

N. M. MAGAZINE.

THAT mortals are made up of quarrelsome clay,
My tale, I imagine, will prove as it goes;
For *the Features* composing the visage, one day,
Most cruelly fell to abusing the *Nose*.

First, the *Lips* took it up, and their reason was this:
That the *Nose* was a bane both to beauty and love;
And they never, moreover, in comfort could kiss,
For that horrid protuberance jutting above!

Then *Eyes*, not behind in the matter to be,
With a sparkle began, as I 've often times seen 'em,
And vowed, "it was perfectly shocking to see
Such a lump of deformity sticking between 'em."
The *Cheeks*, with a blush, said, "the frightfulest shade,
By the *Nose*, o'er their bloom and their beauty was thrown;"
And *Ears* could n't bear the loud trumpeting noise,
Whenever that troublesome member was blown!

So 't was moved, and agreed, without dallying more,
To thrust the intruder, at once, from the face.
But *Nose*, hearing this, most indignantly swore,
"By the breath of his nostrils, he 'd stick to his place!"
Then, addressing the *Eyes*, he went learnedly through
His defence, and inquired, "when their vigor was gone,
Pray what would their Worship for spectacles do,
If the face had no nose, to hang spectacles on?"

"Mankind," he observed, "loved their scent, as their sight;
Or who 'd care a farthing for myrtles and roses?
And the charge of the *Lips* was as frivolous quite;
For, if *Lips* fancied kissing, pray, why might n't Noses?
As for *Ears*,"—and, speaking, *Nose* scornfully curled—
"Their murmurs were equally trifling and teazing,
And not all *the Ears*, *Eyes*, or *Lips* in the world,
Should keep him unblown, or prevent him from sneezing."

"To *the Cheeks*," he contended, "he acted as screen,
And guarded them oft from the wind and the weather;
And but that he stood like a landmark between,
The Face had been nothing but cheek altogether!"
With eloquence thus he repelled their abuse,
With logical clearness defining the case;
And from thence came the saying, so frequent in use,
That an argument 's *plain* "*as the nose on your face!*"

AWAY TO THE WEST.

W. K. COLE.

Away to the West, where the primeval wood
Yet throws its dark fringe on the Michigan flood;

Where, pale in their beauty, the forest flowers bloom,
And the earth is yet mantled in forest-land gloom;
With the bounds of an empire, the dark virgin soil,
Full of treasures, awaiteth the husbandman's toil.

Away to the West, by the Huron's green shore,
Where nature still reigneth supreme as of yore;
Where, murmuring soft in the flickering gleam
Of its leaf-curtained hall, goes the canopied stream;
There stands a broad realm, where the toil of the poor
May keep the grim demon of want from the door.

Away in the West, 'neath the brightest of skies,
And horizon bounded, the prairie land lies —
The prairie-land, over whose surface is rolled
A garment much fairer than diamonds and gold;
There the hard hand of labor but waveth its wand,
And a harvest all golden springs up from the land.

Away to the West! ye who grovel and pine
In the haunts of the many, in tunnel and mine;
Banish pick-axe and shovel! then, ho! for the plough;
For a tithe of the labor that dampens your brow
Will place you in plenty—a tithe of your toil
Make you chief of the manor, and lord of the soil.

Ye famishing legions from Europe just fled,
Ye exiles of hunger, ye seekers of bread,
Away with the moment, and linger no more
By the waves that have borne you across to our shore!
For millions and millions as yet there is room,
Where the prairie lands smile and the forest trees bloom.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

R. BURNS.

Scots, who have with Wallace bled!
Scots, whom Bruce has often led!
Welcome to your gory bed!
Or to glorious victory!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour —
See the front of battle lower!
See approach proud Edward's power!
Edward! chains and slavery!

Who would be a traitor knave ?
Who would fill a coward's grave ?
Who so base as be a slave ?
Traitor ! coward ! turn, and flee !

Who for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword would strongly draw ?
Freeman stand ! — or freeman fa' !
Caledonia ! on with me !

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall — they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty 's in every blow !
Forward ! let us do or die !

LA MARSEILLAISE, OR NATIONAL HYMN OF FRANCE.*

C. W. BAIRD.

Come, sons of France, and on to glory !
The day of vengeance is at hand.
Behold the tyrant's flag, all gory,
And opposing our patriot band !
Hear in the fields their shouts and slaughters !
Destroying each grave and each home,
E'en to your arms they come,
And they butcher your wives and your daughters !

What wills this conjured horde advancing,
Of kings, of traitors, and of slaves ?
For whom their chains and daggers glancing ?
To prepare our shame or our graves ?
Ah ! is it thus they scorn our power ?
What wrath should their insults excite !
'T is France they thus would blight,
And restore us to slavery's vile hour !

---

* From the French of Joseph Rougeu De L'Isle.

What! shall the legions of the stranger
Dictate our laws upon our land?
And shall their hireling troops endanger
The lives of our fiery band?
Great God! shall hands all chained and gory
Bow our heads in submission and awe?
Shall despots make our law,
And disgrace our country's glory?

Tremble, ye tyrants, and each traitor,
The shame and scourge of every side!
For your projects, soon or later,
Their fearful rewards will abide.
All, all will rise, your troops resisting;
If our youth and our children fall,
The earth will, at our call,
Yield us more, our efforts assisting!

But, sons of France! in noble daring,
Learn to retain or strike the blow,
Those unwilling victims sparing,
Discern from the prompting foe.
But each cruel despot smother,
Each complice of bloody Bouillé,
Those tigers that still slay,
And that tear the soft breast of their mother!

Blest tie to France our hearts uniting,
Oh lead and strengthen still our arms!
Loved Liberty, with us now fighting,
Help thy guardians with thy charms!
And let our banner, all victorious,
Advance with thy welcoming words;
Each foe, beneath our swords,
See us triumph, and thee glorious.
To arms, my countrymen! form, form each daring band!
March on! march on!
Let their blood drench the furrows of our land!

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRL'S SCHOOL.

B. BARTON.

Hush! 't is a holy hour! — the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,
With all their clustering locks untouched by care,
And bowed — as flowers are bowed with night — in prayer.

Gaze on! 't is lovely! — childhood's lip and cheek
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought!
Gaze! yet what seest thou in those fair and meek
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity!

O joyous creatures! that will sink to rest
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppressed,
Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun, —
Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth be spread,
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness — how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you! — silent tears to weep;
A patient smile to wear through suffering's hour;
And sumless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds a wasted shower;
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship; — therefore pray!

Her lot is on you! — to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And oh! to love through all things! — therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper-time,
With its low murmuring sounds, and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake — oh! happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto heaven!

THE EVENING BEFORE ETERNITY.

J. A. HILLHOUSE.

The sun his westering car drove low;
Round his broad wheel full many a lucid cloud
Floated, like happy isles, in seas of gold;
Along the horizon castled shapes were piled,
Turrets and towers, whose fronts embattled gleamed
With yellow light: smit by the slanting ray,
A ruddy beam the canopy reflected;
With deeper light the ruby blushed, and thick
Upon the seraphs' wings the glowing spots
Seemed drops of fire. Uncoiling from his staff
With fainter wave, the gorgeous ensign hung;
Or, swelling with swelling breeze, by fits,
Cast off upon the dewy air huge flakes
Of golden lustre. Over all the hill,
The heavenly legions, the assembled world,
Evening her crimson tint forever drew.
Mild twinkling through a crimson-skirted cloud,
The solitary star of evening shone,
While gazing wistful on that peerless light
Thereafter to be seen no more, as oft
In dreams strange images will mix, sad thoughts
Passed o'er my soul. Sorrowing, I cried, "Farewell,
Pale, beauteous planet, that displayest so soft
Amid yon glowing streak thy transient beam, —
A long, a last farewell! Seasons have changed —
Ages and empires rolled, like smoke, away —
But thou, unaltered, beamest as silver fair
As on thy birth-night! Bright and watchful eyes,
From palaces and bowers, have hailed thy gem
With secret transport! Natal star of love,
And souls that love the shadowy hour of fancy,
How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray!
How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green —
Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,

Beneath some patriarchal tree — has cheered
The peasant's heart, and drawn his benison!
Pride of the west! beneath thy placid light
The tender tale shall never more be told;
Man's soul shall never wake to joy again;
Thou set'st forever, — lovely orb, farewell!"

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

M. J. JEWSBURY.

I saw him on the battle eve,
When like a king he bore him, —
Proud hosts, in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs, before him;
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds, —
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds, —
No daunting thoughts came o'er him;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed — to earth, and sky.

He looked on ocean; its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet; —
On earth; and saw, from east to west,
His bannered millions meet; —
While rocks, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring, —
He heard, and felt himself a king.

I saw him next, alone; — nor camp,
Nor chief, his steps attended;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp,
With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood, alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify;
He, who with Heaven contended,
Fled like a fugitive and slave!
Behind, — the foe; before, — the wave.

He stood: fleet, army, treasure, — gone, —
Alone and in despair!
But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For they were monarchs there;

And Xerxes, in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare :
What a revenge — a trophy, this —
For thee, immortal Salamis !

MY CHOICE.

ANONYMOUS.

I ask not wealth ; — the glittering toy
I never may command ;
Let others own it is their joy,
And wield the gilded wand.

I ask not fame ; — the laureled wreath
My brow would never wear ;
It cannot shield the heart from grief,
Or banish even care.

I ask not beauty ; — 't is a gem
As fleeting as 't is bright ;
Even one rough gale may bear it hence,
And saddening is its flight.

Such fading flowers of earthly ground
Why should I e'er possess ? —
In them no lasting bliss is found,
No solid happiness.

The soul's calm sunshine I would know ;
Be mine religion's trust ;
Be mine its precious truth to know ; —
All else is sordid dust.

And hope and faith, as angels bright,
Be mine attendants too,
Bear me above earth's sinful might, —
Present me heaven's bright view.

For death, ere long, with subtle art,
Will claim his kindred dust ; —
How peaceful, then, will be my heart !
How sacred be its trust !

Then I can feel life's troubled road
Has not been passed in vain;
And, calmly trusting in my God,
Yield back my breath again.

THE KAISER.

W. HOWITT.

The Kaiser's* hand from all his foes
Had won him glory and repose;
Richly through his rejoicing land
Were felt the blessings of his hand;
And when at eve he sought his rest,
A myriad hearts his slumbers blessed.

In midnight's hush a tempest broke;—
Throughout his realm its myriads woke;
And by the lightning's rapid flash,
And 'mid the thunder's bellowing crash,
In faith to heaven their prayers they spake,
For Christ's and for the Kaiser's sake.

But with a start, and with a pang,
Up from his couch the Kaiser sprang;
What! Feareth he who never feared
When bloody deaths through hosts careered?
What! Can the tempest's passing sound
That heart of battles thus confound?

No! no! But in its deepest deep
It wakes a cry no more to sleep;
And there! and there! in wrath begin
The pangs — the power of secret sin.
A blow is dealt, — a strife is stirred, —
Without, the storm may pass unheard!

And, therefore, from his palace door
He passed into the loud uproar;
In wildest wind, and blackest night,
He passed away in sudden flight:
'Mid lightning, rain, and thunder's roll,
He went, — a fire within his soul.

---

* Henry V., of Germany.

The Kaiser went in storm and night,
But ne'er returned in peace and light;
Astonished thousands asked his lot,
Love sought, and sought, but found him not;
But conscience did what conscience would,
And sealed its errand — blood for blood!

THE SUMMONS OF THE DESTROYER.

H. H. MILMAN.

The hour is come! the hour is come! With voice
Heard in thy inmost soul, I summon thee,
Cyrus, the Lord's anointed! And thou river,
That flowest exulting in thy proud approach
To Babylon, beneath whose shadowy walls,
And brazen gates, and gilded palaces,
And graves, that gleam with marble obelisks,
Thy azure bosom shall repose, with lights
Fretted and chequered like the starry heavens;
I do arrest thee in thy stately course,
By Him that poured thee from thine ancient fountain,
And sent thee forth, even at the birth of time,
One of his holy streams, to lave the mounts
Of Paradise. Thou hear'st me; thou dost check
Abrupt thy waters, as the Arab chief
His headlong squadrons. Where the unobserved
Yet toiling Persian breaks the ruining mound,
I see thee gather thy tumultuous strength,
And, through the deep and roaring Naharmalcha,
Roll on, as proudly conscious of fulfilling
The omnipotent command! While, far away,
The lake, that slept but now so calm, nor moved,
Save the rippling moonshine, heaves on high
Its foaming surface like a whirlpool-gulf,
And boils and whitens with the unwonted tide.
But silent as thy billows used to flow,
And terrible, the hosts of Elam move,
Winding their darksome way profound, where man
Ne'er trod, nor light e'er shone, nor air from heaven
Breathed. Oh! ye secret and unfathomed depths,
How are ye now a smooth and royal way
For the army of God's vengeance! Fellow-slaves,
And ministers of the eternal purpose,

Not guided by the treacherous, injured sons
Of Babylon, but by my mightier arm!
Ye come, and spread your banners, and display
Your glittering arms as ye advance, all white
Beneath the admiring moon! Come on! the gates
Are open — not for banqueters in blood
Like you! I see on either side o'erflow
The living deluge of armed men, and cry,
Begin, begin! with fire and sword begin
The work of wrath! Upon my shadowy wings
I pause, and float a little while, to see
Mine human instruments fulfil my task
Of final ruin. Then I mount, I fly,
And sing my proud song, as I ride the clouds,
That stars may hear, and all the hosts of worlds,
That live along the interminable space,
Take up Jehovah's everlasting triumph!

SATAN CALLING THE FALLEN ANGELS.

J. MILTON.

He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore, his ponderous shield
(Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,)
Behind him cast! The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders, like the moon, whose orb,
Through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views,
At evening from the top of Fiesole,
Or in Voldarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walked with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl: not like those steps
On heaven's azure! and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured till on the beach
Of that enflamed sea he stood, and called
His legions, angel forms, who lay, entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High overarched, embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when the fierce winds Orion, armed,

Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld,
From the safe shore, their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded. "Princes! Potentates!
Warriors! the flower of heaven—once yours, now lost—
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits: or have ye chosen this place,
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have you sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood,
With scattered arms and ensigns. Till anon,
His swift pursuers, from heaven's gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping; or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake! arise! or be forever fallen!"

WATER, BRIGHT WATER FOR ME!

E. JOHNSON.

Oh! water for me! bright water for me,
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one strong again;
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like infant purity;
Oh! water, bright water, for me, for me!
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb;
To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'T is quaffing a goblet of morning light.
So, water, I will drink nought but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And, leading a band of laughing hours,
Brushes the dew from the morning flowers;
Oh! cheerily then my voice is heard,
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,
As he freshens his wing in the cold gray cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying, and weaving anew
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea,
How gently, O sleep, fall the poppies on me!
For I drink water, pure, cold, and bright,
And my dreams are of heaven the livelong night;
So, hurrah for thee, water! hurrah! hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star!
Hurrah for bright water! Hurrah, hurrah!

A MODEST WIT.

ANONYMOUS.

A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the east —
Haughty, being great — purse-proud, being rich,
A governor, or general, at the least,
I have forgotten which —
Had in his family a humble youth,
Who went from England in his patron's suite,
An unassuming boy, and in truth
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
But yet, with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft or trade,
Did your good father gain a livelihood?" —
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his time was reckoned good." —

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said, (craving pardon, if too free he made,)
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade!"

"My father's trade! by heaven, that 's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low —
He was a gentleman, I 'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS.

S. F. STREETER.

THE Pilgrim Mothers! Where are they?
Their frames are dust, their souls in heaven;
Yet shall their memory pass away,
Nor praise to their good deeds be given?
"Teach infant lips to sing their name,"
(Ten thousand ready tongues reply;)
And give their noble acts to fame,
Though now in silent dust they lie!

They severed fond affection's chain,
And looked and listened o'er and o'er,
On forms they might not see again,
To voices they might hear no more;
Then tore their bleeding hearts away
From peaceful homes beyond the sea,
Where they had passed their childhood's day,
Yet where the SPIRIT was not free.

No HOME for them — that magic word
Which, fraught with love, and joy, and rest,
Whenever and wherever heard,
Unseals pure fountains in the breast, —
No home for them; for, far away,
The dwellings of their kindred stood,
Beyond the swelling ocean's play,
Far from their forest solitude.

They sought a strange and wintry shore,
Yet love burned brightly in their breast;
They shrank not when the mourners bore
The weary spirits to their rest;
And oft, when from a savage tongue
Pealed wildly forth the battle cry,
They to their trusting children clung,
And calmly gave themselves to die.

Oh, man, boast not thy "lion heart!
Tell not of proud heroic deed!
Have we not seen thy vaunted art
Fail in the deepest hour of need?"
But, woman's courage! 't is more deep,
More strong, than heart of man can feel, —
To save her little ones that sleep,
She bares her bosom to the steel!

Daughters of those, who, long ago,
Dared the dark storm and angry sea,
And walked the desert way of woe,
And pain and trouble, to be free!
Oh, be like them! like them endure,
And bow beneath affliction's rod;
Like them be humble, mild, and pure, —
In joy and sorrow, look to God.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

C. B. SOUTHEY.

TREAD softly — bow the head;
In reverent silence bow;
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There 's one in that poor shed,
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter — no crowds attend;
Enter — no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound —
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed — again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change! — Oh! wondrous change! —
Burst are the prison bars —
This moment there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change — stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The Sun eternal breaks —
The new immortal wakes —
Wakes with his God!

ALBUQUERQUE.

R. DAWES.

A STORM was on the deep;
And lightning, in its wrath,
Called the darkness from its sleep,
In the fierce tornado's path:

The ocean waves went up among
The thunder-spirit's choir,
Recoiling as the death-note rung
From their canopy of fire.

"Awake! awake! — behold
Death throned among the clouds!
The sands of life are told —
The waves must be our shrouds."
Thus spake the chief, while, clinging round,
The shrieking concourse stood,
Waiting the sulphurous bolt to sound
Their requiem for the flood.

Stern *Albuquerque* that hour
Showed horror on his brow,
While conscience, in her power,
Made his haughty heart to bow;
Hot lightning blackened many a corse,
And cleft his bending mast,
While, bounding like a reinless horse,
On went the proud ship fast.

Pressed down with guilty fear,
He knew his turn might be —
Another bolt fell near,
And burst upon the sea; —
When, from a mother's bosom blest,
He snatched her infant care,
And, clasping it before his breast,
Defied the lightning's glare.

"Now strike! — I stand prepared;
Hurl down, proud Heaven, thy worst!
For innocence is bared
Before a bosom cursed!"
He stood — the tempest fell asleep —
The hurricane passed o'er, —
His arms that keep the mighty deep
Showed *mercy*, and forbore!

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

G. W. PATTEN.

Blaze, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee!
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low;
And where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain;
Go, count your chosen, where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty!
The pale-face I defy!
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And blood my battle cry!

Some strike for hope of booty,
Some to defend their all, —
I battle for the joy I have
To see the white man fall:
I love, among the wounded,
To hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side,
The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
And struggling through the everglade,
Your bristling bayonets gleam;
But I stand as should the warrior,
With his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns ye — Come not here!

I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with mine eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
Till I sink beneath its wave!

HISTORY OF JOHN DAY.

T. HOOD.

John Day, he was the biggest man,
Of all the coachman kind;
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight,
When he was in the rear,
And wished his box a Christmas-box,
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love
What armor can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of "The Crown" he loved,
From whom he never ranged;
For, though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
No outside deemed like hers.

One day, as she was sitting down
Beside the porter pump,
He came and knelt, with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, "My taste will never learn
To like so huge a man;
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can."

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the "Dart" for years.

In vain he wooed — in vain he sued —
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on the way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town;
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last, her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

"O, Mary! view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf!
Though I have never had a wife,
I 've lost my better half!"

Alas! in vain he still assailed,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint!

Worn out, at last he made a vow,
To break his being's link,
For he was so reduced in size,
At nothing he could shrink.

Now, some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath;
But John, though he drank nothing else,
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid, that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close,
For, looking in the butt, she saw
The butt end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown;
But that is only talk;
For, after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.

THE POLISH EXILES.

MISS PARDOE.

FORTH went they from their fatherland,
A fallen and fettered race,
To find upon a distant strand
Their dark abiding place.
Forth went they;—not as freemen go,
With firm and fearless eye;
But with the bowéd mien of woe,
As men go forth to die.

The aged in their silver hair,
The young in manhood's might,
The mother with her infant care,
The child in wild affright;—
Forth went they all—a pallid band!
With many an anguished start;
The chains lay heavy on their hand,
But heavier on their heart!

No sounds disturbed the desert air,
But those of bitter woe,
Save when, at times, reëchoed there
The curses of the foe—
When hark! another cry pealed out—
A cry of idiot glee,
Answered and heightened by the shout
Of the fierce soldiery!

'T was childhood's voice! but, ah! how wild,
How demon-like, its swell!—
The mother shrieked to hear her child
Give forth that soul-fraught yell!
And fathers wrung their fettered hands
Beneath their maddening woe,
While shouted out their infant bands,
Shrill chorus to the foe!

And curses deep and low were said,
Whose murmurs reached to heaven;
Thick sighs were heaved, hot tears were shed,
And women's hearts were riven,
As, heedless of their present woes,
The children onward trod,
And sang; and their young voices rose
A vengeance cry to God!

CASABIANCA.

F. HEMANS.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead;

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task be done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair,

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;
The boy — Oh! where was *he?*
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea, —

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part, —
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

PATIENCE AND HOPE.

E. L. BULWER.

Upon a barren steep,
Above a stormy deep,
I saw an angel watching the wild sea;
Earth was that barren steep,
Time was that stormy deep,
And the opposing shore, Eternity!

"Why dost thou watch the wave?
Thy feet the waters lave;
The tide engulfs thee if thou dost delay."—
"Unscathed I watch the wave;—
Time, not the angel's grave,
I wait until the waters ebb again!"

Hushed on the angel's breast,
I saw an infant rest,
Smiling on the gloomy hell below.
"What is the infant prest,
O angel, to thy breast?"—
"The child God gave me in the long-ago!

"Mine all upon the earth—
The angel's angel-birth,
Smiling all terror from the howling wild!
Never may I forget
The dream that haunts me yet
Of Patience nursing Hope—the angel and the child!"

EXCELSIOR.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye, beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;

And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"—
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh! stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"—
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;—
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller,—by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow, was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
The banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,—
Excelsior!

THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

ANONYMOUS.

A FARMER once to London went,
To pay the worthy squire his rent.
He comes, he knocks; soon entrance gains, —
Who at the door such guests detains?
Forth struts the squire, exceeding smart —
"Farmer, you 're welcome to my heart;
You 've brought my rent, then, to a hair!
The best of tenants, I declare!"
The steward 's called, the accounts made even; —
The money paid, the receipt was given.
"Well," said the squire, "now, you shall stay,
And dine with me, old friend, to-day;
I 've here some ladies, wondrous pretty,
And pleasant sparks, too, who will fit ye."
Hob scratched his ears, and held his hat,
And said — "No, zur; two words to that;
For look, d' ye zee, when I 'ze to dine
With gentlefolks, zo cruel fine,
I 'ze use to make, — and 't is no wonder, —
In word or deed, some plag'y blunder;
Zo, if your honor will permit,
I 'll with your zarvants pick a bit."
"Poh!" says the squire, "it sha'nt be done;"
And to the parlor pushed him on.
To all around he nods and scrapes;
Not waiting-maid or butler 'scapes;
With often bidding, takes his seat,
But at a distance mighty great.
Though often asked to draw his chair,
He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
By madam served, with body bended,
With knife and fork and arms extended,
He reached as far as he was able
To plate, that overhangs the table;
With little morsels cheats his chops,
And in the passage some he drops.
To show where most his heart inclined,
He talked and drank to John behind.
When drank to, in a modish way,
"Your love 's sufficient, zur," he 'd say:
And, to be thought a man of manners,
Still rose to make his awkward honors.

"Tush!" says the squire; "pray keep your sitting!"
"No, no," he cries, "zur, 't is not fitting:
Though I 'm no scholar, versed in letters,
I knows my duty to my betters."
Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
And hearty laughs went round the board.
Thus, the first course was ended well;
But at the next — ah! what befell?
The dishes were now timely placed,
And table with fresh lux'ry graced.
When drank to by a neighboring charmer,
Up, as usual, starts the farmer.
A wag, to carry on the joke,
Thus to his servant softly spoke: —
"Come hither, Dick; step gently there,
And pull away the farmer's chair."
'T is done; his congée made, the clown
Draws back, and stoops to sit him down;
But, by posteriors overweighed,
And of his trusty seat betrayed,
As men, at twigs, in rivers sprawling,
He caught the cloth to save his falling;
In vain! — sad fortune! down he wallowed,
And, rattling, all the dishes followed:
The fops soon lost their little wits;
The ladies squalled — some fell in fits;
Here tumbled turkeys, tarts, and widgeons,
And there, minced pies, and geese, and pigeons;
Lord! what a do 'twixt belles and beaux! —
Some curse, some cry, and rub their clothes!
This lady raves, and that looks down,
And weeps, and wails her spattered gown.
One spark bemoans his greaséd waistcoat,
One — "Rot him! he has spoiled my laced-coat!"
Amidst the rout, the farmer long
Some pudding sucked, and held his tongue;
At length, rubs his eyes, nostrils twang,
Then snaps his fingers, and thus began:
"Plague tak 't! I 'ze tell you how 'd 't would be;
Look! here 's a pickle, zurs, d' ye see."
"Peace, brute, begone!" the ladies cry;
The beaux exclaim, "Fly, rascal, fly!"
"I 'll tear his eyes out!" squeaks Miss Dolly;
"I 'll pink his soul out!" roars a bully.

At this, the farmer shrinks with fear,
And thinking 't was ill tarrying here,
Runs off, and cries, "Ay, kill me, then,
Whene'er you catch me here again!"

LOOK ALOFT.

J. LAWRENCE.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail, —
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart, —
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft," to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly, —
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart, —
Thy relations and friends — in sorrow depart, —
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And O, when Death comes in terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past, —
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart.

SONG OF LABOR.

I. F. SHEPARD.

All honor to the hard-worn hands
That earth-born toil are bearing!
And honor to the sturdy bands
That earth's cold crusts are sharing!

By forge and field their arms they wield,
By bench and anvil toiling;
In serried strength, our country's shield,
They keep her flag from soiling.

The good cordwainer sits him down
Upon his throne of leather,
And covets not the tyrant's crown,
Where clustered jewels gather;
High prizes he the soul that's free,
The mind by power unbroken;
To him loud mirth and jocund glee
Are freedom's language spoken.

"Ye ho! Ye ho!" the seamen shout
From every crested billow;
"Ye ho! heigh ho!" each watch about,
Like music, lulls his pillow:
And midst the storm his heart is warm,
The light of home is burning,
And kindly thoughts like blossoms swarm,
With genial spring returning.

Up from the forge the sparkling blaze
Lights on the smith to glory;
The yeoman stout, with morning's rays,
Shakes down night's tear-drops rosy;
And solid health, with solid wealth,
Keep step with footfall steady;
Nor comes old age with creeping stealth,
But finds them ripe and ready.

Oh! all things labor that have birth,
From mote to towering mountain; —
The oak that springs from out the earth,
The water in its fountain:
Each blazing star, that beams afar,
Its motion ceases never;
And myriad worlds of spirits are
To good works bound forever.

Then honor to the lusty hands
That earth-born toil are bearing!
And honor to the sturdy bands
That earth's cold crusts are sharing!

By forge and field their arms they wield,
  By bench and anvil toiling;
In serried strength, our country's shield,
  They keep her flag from soiling.

THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

The sky is ruddy in the east,
  The earth is gray below,
And spectral in the river mist
  Our bare white timbers show.
Up! — let the sounds of measured stroke
  And grating saw begin:
The broad-axe to the knarléd oak,
  The mallet to the pin!

Hark! — roars the bellows, blast on blast!
  The sooty smithy jars,
And sparks are rising far and fast,
  And fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
  Beside that smashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
  The groaning anvil scourge.

Gee up! — Gee ho! — The panting steam
  For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
  Their island-barges steer.
Rings out for us the axeman's stroke
  In forests old and still;
For us the century circled oak
  Falls crashing down his hill.

Up! — up! — In nobler toil than ours
  No craftsmen bear a part;
We make of Nature's giant powers
  The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
  And drive the trunnels free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
  Shall tempt the searching sea!

Ho! — strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusky rocks
The young bride of the sea?
Look! — how she moves adown the grooves
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin brow!

God bless her, whereso'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan! —
Aside the frozen Hebrides
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of Commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship! — but let her bear
No merchandise of sin;
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within.
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

M. R. MITFORD.

Friends: I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom; — we are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave! — not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves — slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages —
Strong in some hundred spearsmen — only great
In that strange spell, a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,

An honest man, my neighbor — there he stands —
Was struck — struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to you —
I had a brother once, — a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
To see them die! Have ye daughters fair? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored! and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! — And once again —
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! — once again I swear,
The eternal city shall be free! her sons
Shall walk with princes!

MARCO BOZZARIS.

F. G. HALLECK.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;

In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring, —
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king!
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on; — the Turk awoke; —
That bright dream was his last; —
He woke — to hear his sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die, midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band; —
"Strike, till the last armed foe expires!
Strike, for your altars and your fires!
Strike, for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered; — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath; —
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke; —
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm; —
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine, —
And thou art terrible; — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine!

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee; — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's, —
One of the few immortal names,
That were not born to die.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

G. W. BETHUNE.

Spare, spare the gentle bird,
Nor do the warbler wrong!
In the green wood is heard
Its sweet and gentle song;
Its song so clear and glad
Each listener's heart has stirred;
And none, however sad,
But blessed that happy bird.

And when, at early day,
The farmer trod the dew,
It met him on the way
With welcome blithe and true;
So, when, at early eve,
He homeward wends his way;
For sorely would he grieve
To miss the well-loved lay.

The sick man on his bed
Forgets his weariness,
And turns his feeble head
To list its songs, that bless
His spirit, like a stream
Of mercy from on high.
Of music in the dream
That seals the prophet's eye.

Oh! laugh not at my words,
To warn your childhood's hours;
Cherish the gentle birds,
Cherish the fragile flowers:
For since man was bereft
Of paradise, in tears,
God the sweet things hath left,
To cheer our eyes and ears.

THE COLD WATER MAN.

J. G. SAXE.

There lived an honest fisherman —
I knew him passing well —
Who dwelt hard by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod;
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said,
He never had a wish;
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a "school" of fish.

This single-minded fisherman
A double calling had, —
To tend his flocks, in winter-time;
In summer, fish for shad.

In short, this honest fisherman
All other toils forsook;
And though no vagrant man was he,
He lived by "hook and crook."

All day that fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he;
His angles all were right;
And, when he scratched his aged poll,
You 'd know he 'd got a bite.

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine;
He found the most convenient way
Was just to "drop a line."

And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,
If made to speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty "taking way."

One day, while fishing on the log,
He mourned his want of luck;
When, suddenly, he felt a bite,
And, jerking, caught a duck!

Alas! that day the fisherman
Had taken too much grog;
And being but a landsman, too,
He could n't "keep the log."

In vain he strove with all his might,
And tried to gain the shore; —
Down, down he went, to feed the fish
He 'd baited oft before!

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear: —
A single "drop too much" of rum
May make a watery bier.

And he who will not "sign the pledge,"
And keep his promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a stiff
Cold-water man at last.

THE MOTHER PRAYING.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

See, in yon chamber's dim recesses,
A lady kneels with loosened tresses;
A lovely creature, lowly kneeling,
With mournful eyes, and brow of feeling;
One hand before her meekly spreading,
The other, back her ringlets shedding,

That aye come gushing down betwixt
Her eyes and that on which they 're fixed.
She shudders! See! Hear how she 's sighing!
Can one so young, so fair, be dying?
Is she some favorite saint imploring?
Confessing shame, or God adoring?
Her lustrous, dark eyes, wild are straying;
She bows her head; — lo! she is praying.
See, see! before her, slumbering mild,
A fair-haired and a faded child.
He is her son; — could any other
Look with those rapt looks, save a mother?
That bosom, which seems nigh the bursting,
Yon child was suckled, nestled, nurst in;
That heart, — to God outpoured, and offered, —
Death, for her son, hath three times suffered.
O! of all mortal pangs, there 's nought
So dreadful as the death of thought!
He wakes — he smiles — looks up — and there
He rises — God hath heard her prayer!
Whilst she, 'twixt sobbing, tears, and shrieking,
Clasps him with heart too big for speaking.
She holds him up to God. And now,
Proud priest of Rome! what canst thou do?
In all thy miracles, there 's nought
Like that *a mother's prayers* have wrought.

THANATOPSIS.

W. C. BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; — for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart, —

Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers, that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone! —
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall

Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes, to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

CHILD RESCUED FROM THE EAGLE.

S. S. ADVOCATE.

An eagle in the zenith hung,
And watched a babe's bright eyes,
Then sudden stooped, and fiercely sprung
Upon the beauteous prize.

He seized him by a girdle, tied
Around him loose and free;
See how they mount, and how they ride
O'er land and stormy sea!

A while he hangs, then speeds his flight
Swift as the lightning's wing;
And now upon the sea-rock's height
Stands the proud feathered king.

And here he drops the astonished child
Amidst his own fierce brood;
The rock is rough, the nest is wild,
And the cliff with bones is strewed.

She comes! she comes! the pathless steep
Cannot her flight deter;
She flies! she flies! for the angels keep,
And the road is smooth for her.

A shepherd had watched the eagle's way,
And he told the mother the spot;
"O kneel," he cried, "and in agony pray,
For mortal can save him not!"

But rapid as light, o'er precipice, height,
And cavern and cliff and hollow,
Like an angel she flew, with a footstep true,
Where the bravest could not follow.

On, on, she flies, and her fire-bright eyes
Are fixed on the babe: meanwhile
He knoweth her well, and his heart doth swell,
And his lips begin to smile.

She is quivering now on the precipice brow!
She hath reached the eagle's nest!
The wild bird screams, and the lightning gleams,
But the babe is on her breast.

She stayed not to look, but her course she took
Adown that perilous road:
For the seraphim fleet directed her feet,
And the lightning her pathway showed.

O! a mother's love is the mightiest thing
That our sinful earth may boast;
It is swifter by far than the lightning's wing,
And strong as an angel host.

She is safe! she is safe! and her rescued dove
Will be dreaming sweet dreams ere long,
Of a ride above, and an angel of love,—
O! an angel swift and strong!

MY UNMARRIED AUNT.

O. W. HOLMES.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her, — though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father — grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles —
Vowed she would make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school;
'T was in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins; —
O, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins!

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back;
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track;)
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man?"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the father's trembling arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

THE SEA.

J. C. M'CABE.

Oh, had I my wish, in my pride I would be
A wild careless rover upon the wide sea!
Oh, the glorious sea, with the proud dashing foam,
Should be to the wanderer his fearless bark's home!

What though storm and tempest should sweep in their wrath
On the waves of the deep; and along my wild path,
The fierce hissing lightning like serpents should twine,
And the phosphoric billows should gloomily shine —

Yet away, yet away, over breaker and wave,
I would heedless dash, and their rude dangers brave;
Each feeling of fear in my bosom should sleep,
As proudly my bark cut her way through the deep.

Huzza for the sea! the all glorious sea!
Its might is so wondrous, its spirit so free!
And its billows beat time to each pulse of my soul,
Which, impatient, like them, cannot yield to control.

Oh! who would not live on the ocean so wide,
When its billows look bright as the smile of a bride?
And who would not glory his vigils to keep,
With the stars o'er his head, and around him — THE DEEP!

'T was my cradle in childhood, that ocean so proud,
And in death let me have its bright waves for my shroud!
Let no sad tears be shed, when I die, over me,
But bury me deep in the sea, — in the sea!

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN.

ANONYMOUS.

Up, brothers, up! the light begins,
Along the eastern sky,
To promise that the night is past,
And better days are nigh;
A clarion voice rings o'er the hills,
The valleys catch the sound,
And freedom is the stirring cry
That fills the world around!

It pierces through the fading gloom,
Its strength the peasant feels,
And old oppression from its throne
With shame and terror reels;
All men lift up their hearts and hands
More fearless and more free,
And loud ring out the common shout,
No more we 'll bend the knee!

From smithy-forge, from fisher's cot,
From ploughs that break the lea,
From iron looms, from smoking mines,
From ships that cleave the sea,
One voice unites, and mightier
Sweeps on, and ever on, —
The tyrant's day, the vassal's work,
Are gone, forever gone!

Up, brothers, up! and share the light;
Rejoice, the day has come
When freedom decks the lowest shrine,
And guards the poorest home;
Rejoice, and pledge with strengthening ties
The new-born heart and mind,
To keep the boon, and pass it on
To all of human kind.

Rejoice, that ye have broke at length
The thong and heavy chain,
Which neither age nor human strength
Can bind ye with again!
Rejoice, and swear ye will not bend,
Nor give the guerdon back,
Though glistening steel disputes the way,
And flame is on your track!

BERNARDINE DU BORN.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

King Henry sat upon his throne,
And, full of wrath and scorn,
His eye a recreant knight surveyed,
Sir Bernardine Du Born.
And he that haughty glance returned,
Like lion in his lair,
And loftily his unchanged brow
Gleamed through his crispéd hair.

"Thou art a traitor to the realm!
Lord of a lawless band!
The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,
The troubler of our land!
Thy castles and thy rebel towers
Are forfeit to the crown;
And thou beneath the Norman axe
Shall end thy base renown!

"Deign'st thou no word to bar thy doom,
Thou with strange madness fired?
Hath reason quite forsook thy breast?"
Plantagenet inquired.
Sir Bernard turned him towards the king,
And blenched not in his pride;
"My reason failed, most gracious liege,
The year Prince Henry died."

Quick, at that name, a cloud of woe
Passed o'er the monarch's brow;
Touched was that bleeding chord of love,
To which the mightiest bow.
And backward swept the tide of years;
Again his first-born moved;
The fair, the graceful, the sublime,
The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherished by his side,
One chosen friend was near,
To share in boyhood's ardent sport,
Or youth's untamed career;
With him the merry chase he sought,
Beneath the dewy morn,
With him in knightly tourney rode
This Bernardine du Born.

Then in the mourning father's soul
Each trace of ire grew dim,
And what his buried idol loved
Seemed cleansed of guilt to him; —
And faintly through his tears he spoke,
"God send his grace to thee!
And, for the dear sake of the dead,
Go forth, unscathed and free."

VICTORY AT BRUNNENBURG.

J. H. FRERE.

The gates were then thrown open,
And forth at once they rushed;
The outposts of the Moorish hosts
Back to the camp were pushed;
The camp was all in tumult,
And there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums,
As if the earth would cleave in sunder.

There you might see the Moors
Arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles,
How they were forming fast;
Horsemen and footmen mixed,
A countless troop and vast.
The Moors are moving forward,
The battle soon must join,
"My men, stand here in order,
Ranged upon a line!
Let not a man move from his rank,
Before I give the sign."

Pero Bermuez heard the word,
But he could not refrain;
He held the banner in his hand,
He gave his horse the rein;
"You see yon foremost squadron there,
The thickest of the foes,
Noble Cid, God be your aid,
For there your banner goes!
Let him that serves and honors it
Show the duty that he owes!"

Earnestly the Cid called out,
"For Heaven's sake, be still!"
Bermuez cried, "I cannot hold!"
So eager was his will.
He spurred his horse, and drove him on,
Amid the Moorish rout;
They strove to win the banner,
And compassed him about;
Had not his armor been so true,
He had lost either life or limb;
The Cid called out again,
"For Heaven's sake, succor him!"

Their shields before their breasts,
Forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest,
Levelled fair and low;
Their banners and their crests
Waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down,
Towards the saddle bow.
The Cid was in the midst,
His shout was heard afar,
"I am Rui Diaz,
The champion of Bivar!
Strike amongst them, gentlemen,
For sweet mercies' sake!"
Then where Bermuez fought
Amidst the foe they brake;

Three hundred bannered knights,
It was a gallant show;
Three hundred Moors they killed,
A man at every blow;
When they wheeled and turned,
As many more lay slain,
You might see them raise their lances,
And level them again.
There you might see the breast-plates,
How they were cleft in twain;
And many a Moorish shield
Lay scattered on the plain.
The pennons that were white,
Marked with a crimson stain;
The horses running wild
Whose riders had been slain.

DARKNESS.

G. G. BYRON.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkly in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went — and came, and brought no day;
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crownéd kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contained;
Forests were set on fire — but hour by hour
They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash, and all was black.
The brows of men, by the despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them: some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenchéd hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth and howled; the wild birds shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless — they were slain for food;
And war, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again; — a meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom; no love was left;
All earth was but one thought — and that was death,

Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine, fed upon all entrails — men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devoured;
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress, he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped, with their cold skeleton hands,
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects — saw, and shrieked, and died —
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void;
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless —
A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped,
They slept on the abyss without a surge —
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them. She was the universe.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

A. G. GREENE.

O'ER a low couch a setting sun
Had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony,
A dying warrior lay, —
The stern old Baron Rudiger,
Whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil
Its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say
My days of life are o'er, —
That I shall mount my noble steed
And lead my band no more ;
They come, and to my beard they dare
To tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, —
That I — ha ! ha ! — must die !

"And what is death ? I've dared him oft
Before the Paynim's spear, —
Think ye he 's entered at my gate,
Has come to seek me here ?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him,
When the fight was raging hot ; —
I'll try his might, — I'll brave his power, —
Defy, and fear him not !

"Ho ! sound the tocsin from the tower, —
And fire the culverin ! —
Bid each retainer arm with speed, —
Call every vassal in !
Up with my banner on the wall ! —
The banquet board prepare ! —
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
And bring my armor there !"

A hundred hands were busy then ;
The banquet forth was spread
And rang the heavy oaken floor
With many a martial tread ;
While from the rich, dark tracery,
Along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear,
O'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
The mailed retainers poured
On through the portal's frowning arch,
And thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark,
Carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger,
With girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men!
Pour forth the cheering wine!
There 's life and strength in every drop, —
Thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true? —
Mine eyes are waxing dim; —
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
Each goblet to the brim!

"Ye 're there, but yet I see you not!
Draw forth each trusty sword, —
And let me hear your faithful steel
Clash once around my board!
I hear it faintly; — louder yet! —
What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all! — and shout for Rudiger,
'Defiance unto death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel,
And rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around,
And shook the flags on high:
"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him?
Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me
To meet him here alone?

"But I defy him! — let him come!"
Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade
Come flashing half-way up;
And with the black and heavy plumes
Scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair,
Old Rudiger sat — dead!

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

J. Q. A. WOOD.

Hail, land of the mountain dominion!
Uplifting thy crest to the day
Where the eagle is bathing his pinion
In clouds that are rolling away.
Oh, say, from the pilgrim descended,
Who trampled on Albion's crown,
Shall we by the cataracts splendid
Refuse thee a wreath of renown?
A wreath of renown from thy evergreen bough,
Entwined with the oak that adorneth thy brow!

What though on the mountains that bore us
The fern in her loneliness waves?—
Our forefathers tilled them before us,
And here will we dwell by their graves.
And beloved of thy pure hearted daughters,
Ever true to the brave and the free,
We 'll drink of the gush of thy waters,
That leap in the sun to the sea.
Huzza! to the rocks and the glens of the North;
Huzza! to the torrents that herald them forth!

Peace to us is evermore singing
Her songs on thy mountains of dew,
While still at our altars are swinging
The swords that our forefathers drew;
But ah! may we never unsheath them
Again where the carnage awaits,
But to our descendants bequeath them,
To hang upon Liberty's gates,
Encircled with garlands, as blades that were drawn
By the hosts of the Lord, that have conquered and gone.

All hail to thee, Mountain Dominion!
Whose flag in the cloud is unrolled,
Where the eagle is straining his pinion,
And dipping his plumage in gold;
We ask for no hearts that are truer,
No spirits more gifted, than thine;
No skies that are warmer or bluer
Than dawn on thy hemlock and pine.
Ever pure are thy breezes, that herald thee forth,
Green land of my father! thou Rock of the North!

PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

G. D. PRENTICE.

WEEP not that Time
Is passing on, — it will ere long reveal
A brighter era to the nations. Hark!
Along the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce tempest, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hurries onward, with his night of clouds,
Against the eternal mountains. 'T is the voice
Of infant FREEDOM, — and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
From every hill-top of her western home;
And lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood, —
And "FREEDOM! FREEDOM!" is the answering shout
Of nations, starting from the spell of years.
The day-spring! — see! 't is brightning in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign, —
From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free, —
And the deep watchword, like the rush of seas
That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing! — Yon glorious bow
Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch,
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the heavens.

A PARODY.

S. S. GREENE.

YOU 'D scarce expect one of my age
To plead for temperance on the stage;
And should I chance to fall below
Portraying all the drunkard's woe,

Don't view me with a critic's eye,
Nor pass my simple story by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Great sots from moderate drinkers grow;
So, though I now am small and young,
No rum shall ever touch my tongue.
Let all the boys and girls, like me,
From liquor pledge they will be free;
Then will not our Columbia's soil
Surpass by far the Emerald Isle?
Yes! Ireland then will be outdone,
And every land beneath the sun.
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To banish grog-shops from mankind,—
Those shops that stain our land with blood,
By pouring forth a poisonous flood,
Yet claim to be a "PUBLIC GOOD."

Come! soldiers, then, come one and all!
And listen to the temperance call:
We 'll make our army large and strong;
We 'll sign the pledge, and sing the song;
Our banners wave, spread wide the truth;—
Rum can't repel the attacks of youth.

The way to do we know quite well,—
We 'll neither make, nor buy, nor sell;
We will not put it to our lips;
We won't import in our ships;
Our steamboats, railroads, cars, and stages,
Shall never thrive by Alcohol's wages;
No store of ours shall be employed
To make a place for rum to hide.
We 'll search him out where'er he lurks;
Nor will we be rumsellers' clerks.

Though it should make the grog men frantic,
We 'll drive him back across the Atlantic,
And keep him going back and forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
Till, worn and wearied, without rest,
And, listening to our last request,
This raging, foaming, murderous elf
Jumps overboard and drowns himself.

THE PRAIRIE COTTAGE.

J. H. SCOTT.

A COTTAGE on the prairie!
'T is a wild and lonely thing;
The south wind wanders through its rooms
With softly fluttering wing;
The brightest sunbeams kiss the vines
That clothe its lowly eaves,
And many a plaintive warbler
'Mid its woodbine arbors grieves.

It stands beside a running stream,
With green and sloping banks,
And in its rear tall forest trees
Present their waving ranks;
While far beyond as sight may reach,
With undulating sway,
The prairie like some broad lake sweeps
In waves of light away.

Our home upon the prairie!
Though rude and dull it seem,
Time passes 'neath its humble roof
Like an Eden-tinted dream;
For love doth bind with rosy chain
The hearts that dwell within,
And love hath e'er a pleasant voice
Wherewith from care to win.

The cottage of the prairie!
There is no spot on earth
So dear as this, our cabin home,
With its broad and cheerful hearth!
We pray that God may never let
Our footsteps from it stray,
But make our graves, our pleasant graves,
Where nature's fountains play.

THE SKATER'S SONG.

E. PEABODY.

AWAY! away!—our fires stream bright
Along the frozen river,
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
On the forest branches quiver.

Away! away! for the stars are forth,
And on the pure snows of the valley,
In a giddy trance, the moonbeams dance;
Come, let us our comrades rally.

Away! away! o'er the sheeted ice,
Away, away, we go;
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet
As deer o'er the Lapland snow.
What though the sharp north winds are out,
The skater heeds them not;
Midst the laugh and shout of the joyous rout,
Gray winter is forgot.

'T is a pleasant sight, the joyous throng,
In the light of the reddening flame,
While with many a wheel on the ringing steel
They wage their riotous game;
And though the night-air cutteth keen,
And the white moon shineth coldly,
Their homes, I ween, on the hills have been, —
They should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
By the side of the winter's hearth,
Or at the hall, or the festival,
Seek for their share of mirth;
But as for me, away, away,
Where the merry skaters be,
Where the fresh wind blows and the smooth ice glows,
There is the place for me!

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.

Beside her mother, sat a darling child,
Wasted by sickness, from whose cheek the bloom
Had passed away: her large blue eyes, as mild
And soft — as lovely as the sky in June,
Were fixed upon the morning star, so soon,
Like her own life, to melt in glorious day;
And as its pale beams trembled in the room,
Her heart throbbed wildly, for they seemed to say
In whispers, to her spirit, "Come with us away!"

"Mother, dear mother, lift my weary head,
And lay it gently on your own dear breast;
Now kiss me, mother — let your smiles be shed
Upon my heart; for soon your child will rest,
Far from thy care, with saints and angels blest;
For I have had a dream of that bright land
Where spirits dwell; and like the golden west
At sunset was the glory of the band I saw,
And soon shall with them near the Saviour stand.

"See, mother, that bright star is almost gone!
It wears to me a blissful smile, and fain
My aching heart would have it live — it shone
So sweetly on it that it hushed its pain.
Come, lift me up, and let me see again
Its mellow light before it dies, and sing —
I feel so well — the little hymn, the same
You taught me, months ago, that e'er would bring
Our souls so near to heaven as on an unseen wing."

The mother's heart was lifted up in prayer,
As rose the infant voice upon her ear;
The note hung quivering on the balmy air,
Like that of some sweet birdling, soft and clear;
While round the child, dispelling every fear,
Came floating visions from the land her dream
Had pictured to her happy soul so near;
Then, as the song poured forth, the warbled theme
But seemed an anthem echoed from a brighter scene.

She stopped, her head drooped low; the trembling strain
Was broken where the gushing melody
Was softly lingering on the hallowed name
Whose praises angels sound eternally.
Quickly the mother sunk upon her knee,
And from her snowy forehead threw the long
Dark tresses, and gazed upon her wildly;
The note seemed fluttering yet upon her tongue;
But she was dead — her heart had broken with her song!

THE PRESENT AGE.

M. A. LIVERMORE.

Back has rolled the murky darkness
Which the buried Past enshrouds,
And light from heaven is piercing
Through its densely folded clouds;

Brighter than the brightest sunrise,
Fairer than the fairest dawn,
Is the advent of the era
Which to present man is born.

Loud its trumpet voice is pealing,
Startling all the earth and sky,
Floating through the azure arches
That o'erhang us from on high,
Echoing in increasing fulness
To the heaven's furthest span—
God, the Father, hath created
Brethren all the race of man!

Glance across the outstretched present,
Quickened with intensest life,
Which, a field of bloodless battle,
Echoes with tumultuous strife,
Where the sons of Truth enlisted,
Bold and fearless warfare wage,
With the tall, gigantic evils,
Which oppress the struggling age.

Flashing as the summer lightnings
Are their bold and earnest words,
Which enfold, like burnished scabbards,
Truths as keen as two-edged swords;
And they move in dauntless phalanx,
Knowing not to turn or yield,
Trusting in the certain victory
Of the weapons which they wield.

Where the arguments of error
Are upcast against the right,
Ossa mounted upon Pelion,
Toppling in their dizzy height,
There do arms and hearts Herculean
Wrestle with the pile uncouth,
And the fabric overthrowing,
Found a monument to Truth.

Not alone are heard the tumult,
And the warring conflict's din,
For when fainter swells the clamor,
Sweeter sounds are chiming in;—

Kindness, exorcising evil,
By her spell of potent power;
Love and Truth, mankind encircling
With the bliss which is their dower.

Up! it is a glorious era!
Never yet has dawned its peer!
Up! and work! and then a nobler
In the future shall appear;
"Onward!" is the present's motto,
To a larger, higher life;
"Onward!" though the march be weary,
Though unceasing be the strife.

Pitch not here thy tent, for higher
Doth the bright ideal shine,
And the journey is not ended
Till thou reach that height divine;
Upward! and above earth's vapors,
Glimpses shall to thee be given,
And the fresh and odorous breezes,
Of the very hills of heaven.

FOREST HYMN.

W. C. BRYANT.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground —
The fresh moist ground — are all instinct with thee.

Here is continual worship; nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoy thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that midst its herbs
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak —
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated — not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling life,
A visible token of the upholding love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me — the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy eternity.

Oh! from the sterner aspects of thy face,
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them! Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

G. D. PRENTICE.

'T is midnight's holy hour — and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling; — 't is the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past, — yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh — and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand, —
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks, — and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad,
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
Gone from the Earth forever.

'T is a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love;
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms, that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart.

In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, — and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, — and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er

The battle plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
Flashed in the light of mid-day,—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came,
And faded, like a wreath of mist at eve!
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—What power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow,—cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water,—fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns,—mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain,—new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations,—and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void,—yet, Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not,
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

DIALOGUES

FAMILIAR AND DRAMATIC.

THE BEAUTY OF PIETY.

S. C. EDGARTON.

PRIESTESS OF NATURE.

FLORA,	TERRESTRIA,	OCEANA,
AERIA,	CHRYSOLINE,	METEORA,
PSYCHE,	CHRISTINA,	CELESTIA.

[The Priestess stands alone, with one arm leaning on her altar.]

Priestess. Here is my altar, *naked* — and I a Priestess! Why come they not, those gentle messengers whom I sent abroad to bring me the pure and beautiful things of earth? Has the glory of this world departed, that they linger thus in its pursuit? Nay, not *all* departed, for here cometh Flora, the queen of a radiant realm.

Flora.

All hail, sweet Priestess! I have wandered long,
But the dear flowers were sleeping in their graves;
Only a few, from all the beauteous throng,
Have wakened at the song of spring's wild waves.
Those few I bring thee, from their far retreat,
An offering for thine altar, pure and sweet.

Priestess. Bless thee, Flora! They shall lie there, as beautiful tokens of thy faithful ministries to man. Thou makest the earth radiant for his footsteps; and the rugged scenes along his pilgrimage are decked with beauty by thy gentle hand. Bless thee, Flora, for thy fragrant offering. Hast thou aught to ask in return?

Flora.

Sweet Priestess, I would have thee deal
With man's unthinking, senseless heart,
And waken there a sense to feel
The humble beauty I impart;
And so my own poor works control
That they may purify his soul.

Priestess. Stand here, by my altar. Thou shalt not lose thy reward; but Terrestria approacheth now, bearing also a gift. What hast thou found of the beautiful, in thy dim domains, thou queen of the under-world?

Terrestria.

Priestess, I have brought thee gems!
Weave them into diadems
For those brows where human thought
Its divinest charm has wrought.
They are beautiful and bright,
Robed in rays of glorious light;
Take them, Priestess, they are thine —
Let them rest upon thy shrine.

Priestess. Pure, beautiful are they, Terrestria, and man loves to hoard them up in caskets, and woman to entwine them upon her brow. For thy gift what reward wilt thou have?

Terrestria.

Priestess, temper woman's heart,
By thine own redeeming art;
Make these gems to her soft eye
Teachers of meek purity;
Keep her heart from foolish pride,
Innocent, and sanctified;
Make her see, in all things bright,
Rays of spiritual light.
Ere I seek my mountain-cave,
Priestess, this dear boon I crave.

Priestess. Stand at the altar, by Flora's side, and I will remember thy request. Another messenger has entered — Oceana, the daughter of the sea. She is a merry queen.

Oceana.

The sea! — from the bright blue sea I come!
There is my own wild murmuring home;

I have chased the dolphin along the main,
And followed the nautilus all in vain.
I sought to bring to thine altar here
A nereid's smile and a mermaid's tear;
But they fled away to their sparry cells,
So I filled my basket with simple shells.

Priestess. Thy shells are very beautiful, and they have a moan of music from the sea. Men have gazed upon their varied and exquisite forms, and children have held them to their ears, and listened to their low and dreamy songs. Name a recompense, and it shall be thine.

Oceana.

Oh grant, sweet Priestess, that children may learn,
From the moan of the shell, how their spirits will yearn,
Should they wander astray from the dwelling of truth,
For those far-away homes of their innocent youth.
Let them look on the Harps with wondering eyes,
And ask whence the Conch-shell hath borrowed her dyes.
Let them marvel, and study, and take to their hearts,
The beautiful lesson the ocean imparts;
Then pearl-shell and coral sweet wisdom shall teach,
As their merry young feet ramble over the beach.
This boon, gentle Priestess, is all that I ask —
So I 'll hie me away to my every-day task.

Priestess. Tarry a while, gentle Oceana. Stand around the altar, with thy sisters, and wait till after the other messengers have returned. Then will I grant the boon. Behold, one cometh now. Welcome, fair Chrysoline!

Chrysoline.

Thou didst send me forth for beauty,
And I wandered long and far;
But in vain I toiled for duty, —
'Twas like reaching for a star!
For the beautiful things
Of my realm have wings,
And they flitted before my steps;
Not one could I see,
Save the sweet little bee,
Flying off with the dew on his lips.

Priestess. It is well, Chrysoline. Let the beautiful things of thy realm go free. Suffer them to enjoy life, happiness,

employment. Nevertheless thou shalt not lose thy reward. What wilt thou ask?

Chrysoline.

I will ask that the butterfly's beauty,
And the skill of the brown buzzing bee,
Teach lessons of wisdom and duty,
No less than the shells of the sea; —
No less than the gems that are shining
So bright on thine altar to-night;
Or the flowers that around it are twining
In fragrance, in beauty and light.

Priestess. What hast thou brought, Aeria?

Aeria.

O beautiful songs have I heard to-day
From the larks that stood on the budding spray;
And radiant plumage and golden crests
Glanced to and fro by the new-made nests;
And glad should I be could I bring thee here
The beautiful birds of the early year.
But it may not be, for the birds are shy,
And they love the fields of the bright blue sky.
The game of the hunter I would not bring,
Nor lay on thine altar a *bloody* thing;
So, beautiful Priestess, I left them free
To flit about on the greenwood tree;
And the only favor I dare bespeak
Is a watchful eye and a spirit meek,
For those who roam through the fields of spring,
And mark the birds on the buoyant wing.
O, may they learn from their daily songs
What joy to an innocent heart belongs,
And see how happy the simplest thing
Is made by the love of the guardian King!

Priestess. It is a holy request, Aeria. Go, join thy sisters at the altar. And here come two other ministers of the beautiful — Meteora and Celestia. Have ye brought offerings for my shrine?

Meteora.

I saw a rainbow in the sky —

Celestia.

And I a star —

Meteora.

I saw a radiant cloud float by,
Like some bright, air-borne car —

Celestia.

I saw sweet Venus far away
O'er a wild mountain —

Meteora.

And I a rainbow in the spray
Of a clear sunny fountain.

Celestia.

I could not bring the stars to earth —

Meteora.

Nor I the lightnings of the north —

Both.

But we have brought report to thee
Of glories in that upper sea,
And pray thee to direct the love
Of human hearts to things above ;
To the bright stars, and to the clouds,
And to the faint and viewless crowds,
Whose shadows form the galaxy
That spreads along the bending sky,
That men may love the pure and bright,
And trace out beauty in the night.

Priestess. All this shall be done. Wait with patience, for another messenger is here — sweet, thoughtful Psyche. Hast thou found anything beautiful ?

Psyche.

Oh Priestess ! ne'er hath human eye,
In earth, or sea, or star-gemmed sky,
Discerned so marvellous a thing
As that which now to thee I bring.
Priestess, it is a *human soul* —
A silver chord — a golden bowl —
The light that glorifies the earth —
A spirit of undying birth —

A star — a gem — a sweet-toned lyre —
Man's ever-lighted incense fire —
The only link 'twixt earth and heaven —
A thing that sins and is forgiven.
This have I brought, but it is *mine ;* —
I lay it on no earthly shrine ;
No human power can e'er control
The movements of the human soul.

Priestess. Psyche, thou art right. Here upon my altar lie three gifts, beautiful, pure, but without life. All that is spiritual disdains to be brought down to an earthly shrine. But a messenger cometh, who will tell what alone of thee is truly beautiful. Listen to Christina.

Christina.

Priestess, I wandered at thy will,
To seek, in earth and air,
What to my spirit's eye might seem
Most lovely and most fair.

I saw the flowers, the gems, the shells,
I saw the stars and clouds,
The insects and the singing birds,
That came and went in crowds.

I saw the wondrous human soul —
A soul with gems impearled,
And 'mid them there the loveliest thing
In all this glorious world.

The soul were faint and very dark
Without this radiant guest ;
It is the light, the joy, the peace,
Of every human breast.

Sweet Priestess, know ye where or what
This beauteous thing may be ?
'T is found in every pure young heart —
Named *early Piety.*

But, Priestess, not unto *thy* shrine
May I this offering bring ;
It goeth up from human souls
To heaven's eternal King.

Priestess. Thou hast spoken truth, Christina. To God belongeth the purest thing of his great universe. And since some boon is merited by thee, for the wisdom of thy choice, I will give thee a ministry over human souls, to work upon them, by the spell of this beautiful thing which thou hast chosen, the gifts which have been desired of me by the sisters who surround the altar. Through the influence of piety they shall see beauty and purity in the flowers and gems, in the insects and birds, in the sea and in the sky, and all around and abroad in the glorious universe; and the purest offerings of every heart shall be brought to the holy altar of the living God.

THE SEASONS.

ANONYMOUS.

Winter.

From Hyperborean realms of snow,
Where tempests growl and icebergs grow,
Old Winter comes to meet you.

Spring.

When stern old Winter has closed his reign,
And earth and sky look glad again,
Sweet Spring comes to meet you.

Winter.

The earth grows pale as I draw near,
The waters blend, and the leaves grow sear,
And hearts of men are quailing.

Spring.

I come where the balmiest breezes blow,
With radiant beauty all things glow,
With ravishing scenes regaling.

Summer.

From the land of the orange, the myrtle, the palm,
Where the earth in its verdure forever is drest,
Where the groves waft rich spices, and flowers distil balm,
I come, to rekindle new joy in each breast.

Spring.

Lovely, lovely, is the scene,
When Spring decks her fields in green

Summer.

Swiftly, swiftly, speed the hours,
In cooling shade and summer bowers.

Autumn.

Happy, happy, is the tone,
When the reapers shout the harvest home.

Winter.

Merrily, merrily, ring the bells
O'er Winter's snow-clad hills and dales.

Spring.

Cruel Winter! but for thee,
O! how happy I should be!

Summer.

Longer I should make my stay,
But for Autumn's ruder sway.

Autumn.

Blame not Autumn; 't is his task,
To save you from the winter.

Winter.

Cease, ye Seasons, to complain,
Or longer yet shall be my reign!

Spring, Summer, and Autumn.

Relentless Winter! but for thee
O! how happy I should be!

Spring.

I love the birds' first notes to hear.

Summer.

I love to see their young appear.

Autumn.

I love to give them merry cheer.

Winter.

I love with frost to greet them.

Spring.

Sweet smell the flowers at dawn of day.

Summer.

Sweet is the breath of the new-mown hay.

Autumn.

Sweet are the fruits I store away.

Winter.

'T is sweeter yet to eat them.

Spring.

Spring leaves this bouquet, with her thanks to you all.

Summer.

And Summer her plums and berries, though small.

Autumn.

And Autumn a basket of fruit from his hoard.

Winter.

And Winter, old Winter sweeps all from the board.

Spring, Summer, and Autumn.

Winter, O Winter! but for thee,
O! how happy I should be!

UNGROUNDED SUSPICIONS.

CHILD'S GOSPEL GUIDE.

THREE BOYS — CHARLES, WILLIAM, AND FRANK.

Charles. John White is the meanest boy that I ever saw!

William. Why, what now? What has John done to you, that you should accuse him so harshly?

Charles. Done! he 's done *everything*. He is so ugly, I don't see how he lives!

William. But *what* has he done? It is not right to talk so about one of your school-mates, without telling the cause; you might cause others to think him much worse than he is. Say, what dreadful thing has he done?

Charles. He has stolen my new skates, and my nice silver pencil, that uncle James gave me last summer. He has stolen them both.

William. It seems to me, Charles, that you must be mistaken. John White is a scholar in our school, and I am slow to believe that he will steal. I have never known any of our scholars to do a thing so bad.

Charles. I don't believe that story. I'll bet I can tell you of more than a dozen of your school that will steal. *Any how*, John White has stolen, and I can *prove* it.

William. Well, if you can prove it, I shall have to give in that he is guilty. But how can you prove it?

Charles. Bill Frost saw him have the skates on.

William. But they might have been some other skates; perhaps he has got some new ones.

Charles. No; Bill said he knew they were mine; and I have no doubt but he has got my pencil too, for I missed it this very morning, and last night he was with me at the lecture, and I thought I felt him put his hand into my pocket.

William. Well, Charles, it may be so, but I cannot believe that John is so bad a boy. He is in my class every day, and I never saw anything bad in him in my life.

Charles. I don't think he is any better for being in your class; I know of a great many bad boys that go to your school.

William. Will you tell me who they are? I am sure I never knew that we had one bad boy in school. Will you tell their names?

Charles. There is John White, for one; and there is — there is — there 's a great many ——

William. Well, who are they? If you know there is a great many, you can tell who some of them are.

Charles. No matter who they are! I know them, and that 's enough. But here comes Frank Rice. I wonder whose skates he 's got there in his hand.

[Enter Frank.]

Frank. Good-evening, boys. I 've brought your skates home, Charles.

Charles. My skates! Where did you get them? How came you by them?

Frank. Why, don't you know? Your father lent them to me yesterday. He said you would have no time to skate till this evening, and I might take them, if I would be sure to bring them back this evening in season for you.

Charles. But what did you let John White have them for? I heard he had them to-day.

Frank. That was a mistake, Charles. John has not seen them, and he would not have wanted them, if he had, for he has got a new pair of his own.

William. There! what think you now, Charles, about John White? Do you think him the ugliest boy in the world, as you said just now?

Charles. Well, it seems he did not steal my skates; but I know he has got my pencil, *any how.*

William. Don't be so sure, Charles; you may be mistaken in that also; I think you are.

Frank. What is it about his pencil? I found one, just down below here. Have you lost your pencil, Charles?

Charles. Yes, John White stole it out of my pocket last night.

Frank. What kind of pencil was it?

Charles. It was a small silver pencil, with a red stone in the end of it.

Frank. [Takes out the pencil.] Is that it, Charles?

Charles. Yes, that is the very pencil. Where did you find it?

Frank. Just this side of *Lyceum Hall.*

Charles. There, I know when I lost it. I'll bet I pulled it out of my pocket when I took out my mittens.

William. Charles, do you not feel *ashamed* of yourself, for accusing John White so unjustly and wickedly.

Charles. Yes, I do. But then I certainly thought he had stolen them.

Frank. John White steal! I am astonished that you should ever think of such a thing. He is one of the best and most conscientious boys in the world. We have no thieves in our school.

William. So I have told him, but he would not believe me. He says he knows of a great many bad boys in our school.

Frank. Can he tell us who they are?

William. I asked him that, and he began to tell, and got so far as John White — he could not name another one.

Charles. I own I was wrong to accuse John White so; but I certainly thought he had got both my skates and my pencil.

William. Do you not see how much injury you might have done him, by going round and repeating that story? Some people might have believed it, and called that good boy a thief. Have you told any one else about it?

Charles. Yes, I told two or three boys, but I guess they did not believe it.

Frank. Well, Charles, if you are an honest fellow, you will go right to those boys, and tell them you was wrong and John White innocent.

Charles. Yes, I will go. I hope John will not hear of this, he would be so mad with me.

Frank. No, he would not be mad. He is too good a boy. He would feel grieved, but his innocence would make him happy.

William. I hope, Charles, this will be a good lesson to you. Never accuse another of any wrong, until you know he is guilty. I wish you now to say, if you really know a single bad boy in my school.

Charles. No, I do not. I was mad when I said there was a great many bad boys there. I did n't know much what I was saying.

William. If, then, you feel that all in our school are good children, I hope you will soon become one of our happy number. [All go out.]

ON CHATTING.

E. A. BACON.

TWO GIRLS — IRENE AND OLIVIA.

Irene. O dear, dear! this constant chit, chat, chatting, from morning till night! it wearies me to death! At home and abroad, it is constantly ringing in my ears. The very birds seem to catch the contagion, for all up and down the street they swing in their wire prisons, and keep up a constant chatting with each other. O dear! [Sighing.]

Olivia. What! is that you, Irene, crying out against your own peculiar grace?

Irene. My own peculiar besetting *sin*, I would rather you would call it, if I too must be classed with the chatterer; but rather than that should come to pass, I 'd hold salt in my mouth for a week.

Olivia. Why, Irene! What a mood you are in! Do clear up before I have my party, for I am depending upon your delightful chat to enliven the occasion.

Irene. Well, you will be obliged to forego that entertainment, for my mind is fully made up to indulge in it no more. How foolish it is! Here I can seem to see a whole room full

now, buzz, buzz, buzzing, and not one of them saying anything worth remembering half a minute.

Olivia. Well, you are queer! For my part, I think chatting the very spice of life. The *spice?* Yes, a great deal more, — the extract double distilled.

Irene. Call it the "Otto of Rose," — that will hit it, for you can hardly raise the cork before it is evaporated.

Olivia. Yes, the Otto of Rose! I like that, for after it has evaporated, the phial is worth its weight in gold for months after, for its delightful fragrance.

Irene. O, you need not turn it so, for no fragrance could be gathered from a whole day full of chattering.

Olivia. Do you think so? Well, suppose I exclude from my party all chattering; no, I would not go so far as to say from my party, but from home.

Irene. Mercy me! I wish such an order of events might be brought about; then there would be such a thing as common sense in the world.

Olivia. Well, let 's see. You 'd rise in the morning, and go about the house mum, taking for granted that every one was well, without passing the compliment; breakfast would pass silently, unless some one had wisdom enough to discourse on the steam and the philosophy of cooking; you 'd go to school looking grim to everybody; con your lessons because you had to get them; go home, mope about, and then in the evening — O, I can't think of that! deliver me from the evening circle where small talk is excluded! O, the delightful fireside chat! it makes my heart warm to think of it.

Irene. Well, sometimes, perhaps, it is well; but to your party now; why can't you get along without this continual small talk?

Olivia. Small talk! Why, it 's like the small rain, which the good-natured poet says

> Loves to come at night,
> To make you wonder, in the morn,
> What made the earth so bright.

Irene. O dear, how sentimental! I 'm sure you will not find me very bright after your party, if you 're going to have the small rain of chit-chat there.

Olivia. Suppose I exclude it? You will all walk stiffly in, sit stately round the room, looking as though fresh from a hydropathic establishment, encased in a sheet of ice. A row of mum mice! Occasionally, a safe remark would be made, or a few speeches, cut and dried for the occasion, — and then the awful pauses!

Irene. O, then refreshments would fill them up, and even if we had to endure a little silence, and if we should sit and look so very *mum*my like, we could have something to think of.

Olivia. Not even the refreshments would fill up the space. No jokes would be cracked with the nuts, no sentiments sugar the sweetmeats, and the ice-cream would hardly melt on the lips.

Irene. You grow quite eloquent! Keep on!

Olivia. Eloquent or not, give me the delightful small talk for my party, and I 'll let all other refreshments go, for without that there 's no poetry, wit, or romance.

Irene. Poetry, wit, and romance, when small talk preside! I can't understand you.

Olivia. That 's because you 've got on such high heels to-night. Be careful, or you will overlook all your friends.

Irene. Now, Olivia, you 're too bad! I don't feel so very tall, but I do think I can reach high thoughts sometimes.

Olivia. Ah! Irene, you 're trying to reach the clouds, and so you tread over all the sweet flowers, delicious fruits, and rich grains, around you.

Irene. What! you don't style nonsense, gossip, and tattle, delicious and rich, do you?

Olivia. There it is, Irene; you think people can't *chat* without they *gossip.* Now, I think people can't *gossip* when they *chat.*

Irene. What do you mean?

Olivia. Why, I call chatting the sweet interchange of thought, by which we catch quickly each other's emotions or feelings.

Irene. Well, you 're getting wiser than I, now; I thought chatting was the silliest kind of gossip.

Olivia. How can it be? There 's something so cosy in the very word *chat,* that it seems to draw out all the warmest and tenderest feelings of the heart.

Irene. Well, I believe I am a little crusty to-night, but I think your pleasant chit-chat will break it all away. Don't I begin to look rather *melting?*

Olivia. Why, yes, I think you do; and I think the right kind of chat will melt a harder heart than yours.

Irene. So do I; and as it is a grace the "lord of creation" has granted peculiarly to our sex, let us make the most of it, for there is not much they are willing to grant us.

Olivia. Oh yes, for we are all a chatting, chit, chat, chatting, as on through life we go!

THE HARD NAME.

COMM. SCRIPT.

MRS. SMITH, MRS. BROWN, MRS. JONES,
MISS WILLOWBOUGH, MISS VINEGAR, BETTY,
MR. WHITE.

Mrs. Smith. Well, it is certainly very mysterious!

Mrs. Brown. Very mysterious, indeed!

Miss Willowbough. Altogether beyond my comprehension!

Mrs. Jones. [On entering.] Mysterious! do tell me all about it!

Mrs. B. Why! have you heard nothing of the mysterious stranger ——

Mrs. J. Nothing.

Mrs. S. Who has been here ever since the day before yesterday morning ——

Mrs. J. Not a word! how remarkable!

Miss W. And whose name no one can discover?

Mrs. J. Wonderful! wonderful! But what is the *peculiar* mystery about him?

Mrs. S. A great deal, I assure you. In the first place, he — he wears a black coat and drab pantaloons — and then, again, he — he — indeed his whole appearance has an air of very peculiar mystery.

Mrs. J. Bless me! what are we all coming to! But is there no way to find out who he is?

Mrs. S. I expect Miss Vinegar here every moment, and if any one knows anything about him, she does.

Mrs. J. What, that old maid? Oh, I detest her! she is so terrible inquisitive! I never could bear any one who is eternally prying into the affairs of their neighbors. Then you can't find out even his name? I would give anything to know. But, here comes Miss Vinegar; perhaps she can tell us that, and a great deal more.

[Enter Miss Vinegar.]

Mrs. S. Well, Miss Vinegar, what success — what did you learn at the tavern?

Miss Vinegar. Would you believe it? — the landlady knows nothing about him! I have only ascertained that he rises at eight, and drinks two cups of coffee without cream.

Mrs. J. Without cream?

Miss V. Yes, without cream. I was very particular in my inquiries, and the information may be relied upon.

Mrs. J. Singular! very singular indeed! Now, I think cream is all the beauty of coffee.

Miss V. I should not be at all surprised if he should prove to be a bank robber, whom we saw advertised.

Miss W. But he is a dark man, with black hair, and the stranger has a very light complexion.

Miss V. Nothing easier than to alter the complexion, as *you* must know, Miss Willowbough!

Miss W. But then the robber is a large man, and the stranger is tall and slim.

Miss V. [Rather sharply, and casting a significant glance to Miss Willowbough's form.] Nothing easier than reducing the size of the waist!

Miss W. But there is one thing he could not alter. He is evidently not more than twenty-five years old, while the advertisement describes the robber as over forty; and, your own experience, Miss Vinegar, must have convinced you of the impossibility of any one's appearing twenty years younger than he really is ——

Mrs. S. [Directing attention to the window.] There he goes, as I live! [All go to look.]

Mrs. J. See, see, how mysteriously he lifts his foot, to avoid that muddy spot!

Miss W. I wonder if he is married?

Miss V. If he is not, he will not probably fancy a piece of paint and whalebone!

Miss W. Nor a woman old enough to be his grandmother!

Mrs. S. There, did you see Mr. White? He bowed to the stranger. So he must know him. I will knock on the window, and beckon for him to come in; I will inquire concerning his daughter — she is in delicate health, you know. Indeed, I have some preserves for her. A capital excuse, is it not? [All take seats.]

Miss V. Oh, why did you beckon to that man?

Mrs. S. We have no other way of ascertaining anything about the stranger; but what objection have you to Mr. White?

Miss V. He is so very impertinent. Would you believe it — no longer than last Monday, I saw him go home with a covered market-basket — strange, that people will use such things; — sent Betty over to ascertain what he had for dinner — the most natural thing in the world, you know — and what do you think he said? He told her he would dine on scandal, and was it not so very common a dish, he would invite her mistress to dinner. So impertinent! and to a lady too! I declare, I can't bear him. Betty found out, though. He had a salmon. It could n't have cost him less than three or four dollars, — say three dollars and fifty cents.

[Enter Mr. White.]

Mrs. B. What gentleman were you speaking to just now?

Mr. White. O, he, he — was a stranger.

Mrs. B. Well, what is his name?

Mr. W. I really do not know — as I ought to — in fact, I do not exactly think it will do ——

Mrs. B. Oh! but you must tell us; only us; it shall go no further, I assure you.

Mr. W. I should like to tell you; but, really, there are some peculiar circumstances, which ——

Mrs. S. But you certainly would not hesitate to inform us. I have not the least *curiosity* in the world, but I merely — wish to know, that's all.

Mr. W. He has a very hard name.

Mrs. S. Hard name — what, is it stone?

Mr. W. Oh! no; Harder.

Mrs. S. Harder than stone? then it is iron, I suppose.

Mr. W. No, Harder yet.

Mrs. S. Harder than iron? impossible! — adamant?

Mr. W. Harder still.

Mrs. S. Harder than adamant! I cannot imagine what it is.

Mr. W. I do not feel at liberty to tell; but, if you can guess, I shall not be responsible. So good-morning, ladies.

[Exit White.]

Mrs. S. What can it be, — harder than adamant?

Mrs. B. I have it — Heart.

Miss W. [With a sigh.] You do not mean, pray, that the heart is harder than adamant?

Mrs. B. I speak in a spiritual sense. The heart is, by nature, totally depraved, and until ——

Miss V. Wonder if it is not Pharaoh?

Miss W. I have got it; I bet his name is Diamond.

[Enter Betty.]

Miss V. What's the matter now, Betty? — what has sent you over here all out of breath? — speak — tell!

Betty. Nothing, only that strange man, you are so anxious about — at — our house ——

Miss V. You don't say he honored us with a call! — did you not invite him in, and tell him to be sure to stop until you could run over for your mistress?

Betty. O no! that was not what I wanted to say. I was going to say, as he was passing our house, I saw this letter drop, when he went to get his handkerchief, and I ran and

got it, and have brought it right straight to you. [The letter is passed to Miss Vinegar.]

Miss V. [Glancing at the superscription, while all rise and press with eager expectation around her.] Well, we have it at last — the mystery is solved. I knew I should find it out.

Mrs. S. and Mrs. B. [Together.] What is it? — read, do read it!

Miss V. [Holding the letter up, reads the superscription.] To WILLIAM HARDER, ESQ., Dealer in Second-hand Clothing, Brattle-st., Boston!

FORTUNE-TELLING.

J. A. FLETCHER.

SUSAN, EVELINE, SARAH, AND MARY ANN.

Susan. Come, girls, let us go and have our fortunes told.

Eveline. Oh! I should like it, of all things. Where shall we go?

Sarah. Let us go to old Kate Merrill's. They say she can read the future as we do the past, by hand, tea-cups, or cards. Come, Mary Ann.

Mary Ann. Excuse me, girls, if I do not go with you. I do not think it is right to have our fortunes told.

Susan. Not right? Why not?

Mary Ann. Because, if it had been best for us to know the future, I think it would have been directly revealed to us.

Susan. Oh, but you know this is only for amusement.

Eveline. Of course, we shall not believe a word she says.

Mary Ann. If it is only for amusement, I think we can find others far more rational and innocent. But depend upon it, girls, you would not wish to go, if there were not in your minds a little of credulous feeling.

Susan. Well, I am sure I am not credulous.

Mary Ann. Do not be offended, Susan; I only meant that we are all of us more inclined to believe these things than we at first imagine.

Sarah. I think that you are right in this respect. I am sure I would not go if I did not think her predictions would come to pass.

Mary Ann. Certainly; I could not suppose you would spend your time and money to hear an old woman tell you things you did not believe.

Eveline. Well, I am sure I do not see any harm in having a little fun once in a while.

Susan. No; and I think it is very unkind in Mary Ann to spoil all our pleasures with her whims.

Mary Ann. I hope I should be willing to give up a mere whim, for the pleasure of those I love so well. But this is not a whim; it is a serious conviction of duty.

Susan. Well, I thought you always pretended to be very obliging.

Mary Ann. I have no right to oblige at the expense of what I deem duty. Our own inclinations we should often sacrifice, our prejudices always, but our sense of duty never.

Sarah. I agree with you in this respect perfectly; but then I wish you would tell us what harm you think it would do to go.

Mary Ann. Well, girls, I think, by trying to look into the future, we are apt to grow discontented and restless, and to forget that we have duties to perform in the present. Then, if we do not believe in it, it is a waste of time and money, which might be better employed in relieving the suffering of the poor around us. But the greatest evil of all is, that we should believe even a part. She would, of course, tell us many little circumstances which would be true of any one; thus we might be led to believe all she said; the prediction would probably work out its own fulfilment, and perhaps render us miserable for life.

Susan. Oh, fudge! Mary Ann. This is altogether too bad and ungenerous in you. In the first place, the few cents we give, bestowed as they are on a poor old widow woman, are not wasted, in my opinion, but well spent; and if I spend an evening, granted to me by my parents for recreation, in listening to old Kate, it is no more wasted than if I spend it with the girls in any other social way. And when you connect fortune-telling and our duties in the present, you make it too serious an affair. *Remember, this is all for sport.*

Mary Ann. It may be so with you, Susan; but there are those who seriously believe every word of a fortune-teller. The contentment and peace of many young minds have been utterly lost, *sold* for the absurd jabbering of old, ignorant, low-bred women, who pretend to read the future. [In a livelier tone.] But just say, girls, do you believe there is any connection between tea-leaves and your future lives?

Eveline, Sarah, Susan. Why, no!

Mary Ann. Do you believe that our fortunes are marked on the face of cards?

Eveline. Sarah, Susan. Certainly not.

Mary Ann. Well, do you believe, if the secret events of the future should be intrusted with any of our race, it would be with those who have neither intellectual, moral, nor religious education — who can be bribed by dollars and cents to say anything?

Sarah, Eveline. No, indeed!

Mary Ann. [Turns to Susan.] You do not answer, *Susan.* Do you suppose Kate Merrill believes that she has a revelation from God?

Susan. No, Mary Ann.

Mary Ann. Do you suppose she thinks you believe so?

Susan. Why, yes, I do.

Mary Ann. Then, is it benevolent to bestow money to encourage an old woman in telling for truth what she knows to be false?

Susan. I doubt whether it is really benevolent.

Mary Ann. And if old Kate speaks falsely, and knows she does so, and you know it, yet spend your time in listening to what she has to say, what good can come of it, to head or heart?

Susan. None at all. It is time wasted, and I am convinced that I have been doubly wrong, in wishing to go, and in being angry with you. I hope you will forgive me.

Mary Ann. Certainly, Susan. And now, if you wish for amusement, I will be a witch myself, and tell your fortunes for you.

Susan. Oh, do tell mine! and be sure you tell it truly. What lines of fate do you see in my hand?

Mary Ann. [Takes her hand, and looks at it intently.]

(To Susan.)

Passions strong my art doth see, —
Thou must rule them, or they rule thee.
If the first, you peace will know;
If the last, woe followeth woe.

Sarah. Now tell mine next.

(To Sarah.)

Too believing, too believing,
Thou hast learned not of deceiving;
Closely scan what seemeth fair,
And of flattering words beware.

Eveline. Now tell me a pleasant fortune.

(To Eveline.)

Lively and loving, I would not chide thee;
Do thou thy duty, and joy shall betide thee.

Susan. Thank you, Mary Ann, for the lessons you have given us. We can now, in turn, tell your fortune, and that is,—Always be amiable and sensible as now, and you will always be loved.

QUEEN CATHARINE.

COMM. SCRIPT.

CATHARINE, a Princess.	RACHEL, his wife.
ELIZABETH, her attendant.	JUDY, } daughters of
SIMON, a cottager.	DIDAH, } Simon and Rachel.

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE KING.

SCENE I. *An uneven country — at early eve.*

[Enter Catharine and Elizabeth.]

Catharine. This sure is not a dream to mock our wretched-
No! Elizabeth, we are as free as the rills that leap [ness!
About our path. Which of our brasen
Bosomed keepers thought their doves, so safely mewed
In that old turret's top, would thus take wing
For these wild dells, these devious solitudes?
Long, long will be their search, yet vain as long.
What think you, now,—can e'en their falcon glance
Pierce to where we shall find our nestling place?

Elizabeth. Alas! I fear we are not quite escaped.
Do not, my lady, hope that royalty,
Or one among his minions, can be at ease
When once it be known that Catharine is free.

Cath. Why speak you thus? the king himself declared
That I again might go forth.

Eliz. Said he so? You might go forth? His meaning,
Then, was not what words import. Sooner than you
Should leave lone Cremlitz, except upon your bier,
He would himself pace nightly on your guard.
You might soon go forth? In death, he surely meant. [ness

Cath. These are strange words. Why is there such keen-
In thy hatred to the king? His conduct tells
Another tale than that he seeks the life
His royal brother entrusted to his care.

Eliz. His conduct!—art thou then deceived?

Hast thou not seen the wiles he has practised
To draw thee to thy ruin?
Cath. What mean you? My uncle has been always kind.
Eliz. O the dissembler! He has long excluded
From your presence all but his own purchased slaves.
He would make the world believe your father
Had disowned you.
Cath. And is this true? Why spake you not before?
Eliz. I wished to serve you, and wisdom bade me
Speak not thus in Cremlitz' hall.
Cath. What wiles are those you mentioned?
Eliz. I knew but little — I could know but little.
This much was often mentioned, that you were
But the lamb just in a lion's paw; a lion, too,
More fierce than those which sweep the plains
Of Araby, because without their noble soul.
Cath. How said they he would catch his prey?
Eliz. That he strove to make the nobles think
Thee mad; at least a poor demented thing,
Who could not guide the state, or play the monarch.
Cath. And who believed his tale?
Eliz. All who choose an hour's peace beneath smiles
Of a false usurper to the holy cause of right.
Cath. And did he not fear, that some remnant
Of the father's vengeance might at last burst forth
From his injured daughter's rage? [geance
Eliz. As thou mightest have guessed, he feared no ven-
Speaking from the coffin-lid.
Cath. O horror! Speak not thus! thou sure art mad
To think he 'd murder his own brother's daughter!
Eliz. I know he would.
Cath. What proof hast thou?
Eliz. I have myself been tampered with,
And that by the king in person.
Cath. Merciful Heaven! O, whither shall I fly,
If such indeed be his dark purpose!
No shelter can these beetling rocks,
These peaceful glens, afford. Like the wild tornado,
He will sweep these forests to the western sea,
But he will find his victim ere to-morrow eve.
Elizabeth, it darkens now apace;
Seek, on yonder eminence, if from either side
There gleams the light of human habitation.
Eliz. You will not long wait my return. [Exit Elizabeth.]
Cath. Who would credit, that beneath those polished smiles

There lurked such wolfish, hellish thoughts?
That when he patted my smooth cheek,
And called me pretty coz, he owned no charms
But in the loveliness of death? admired this brow
But as the banquet-place of worms?
And why seek I now to flee his murderous hand?
Who is there would survive the sunset of their hopes;
Who grope in disappointment's darkness,
Amid the scathed and blasted remnants
Of cherished expectation?
But hush this boding strain? — thy father's Catharine
Should not thus repine; let his dear shade,
If now it hovers nigh his daughter's misery,
Witness still her lofty sufferance.
The rays of day indeed are faded, and the shades of night
Are on these hills; but yet again the sun
Will o'er them beam in brightness, and in beauty.
My father's God is still on high, to prosper right
And shelter the defenceless. The lines of gray
That fret to-morrow's east may not be
Without some messenger of joy and peace.

[Enter Elizabeth.]

Saw you aught, Elizabeth?

Eliz. I did, my lady. Not far down the glen
There glimmers a feeble light.

Cath. It is of some cottage; let us instantly seek it.
Heaven grant it shines on honest ones,
Who will in part befriend us.

SCENE II. *A room in a cottage.* SIMON *making an axe-handle, with shavings around him* — RACHEL *spinning* — JUDY *winding yarn, held over the hands of* DIDAH.

Judy. How much of this yarn must I wind?

Rachel. O, wind a *right smart* lot of it.

Judy. I am winding as fast as I can; but how much?

Rachel. Wind about enough.

Judy. Well, how much do you call enough?

Rachel. Why, you jade you! as much as I always wind, when you are not here to do such things.

Judy. [Aside.] I wonder how I should know how much mother winds when I 'm at the village.

Simon. Don't, wife, bother the gal with your long-winded 'quivocalities.

[Enter Catharine and Elizabeth.]

Cath. Your pardon, good people, for disturbing you at this

hour. We are here with none to help us; and are come to seek for shelter.

Rachel. How came you here? You do not look as if you were used to these rough hills.

Cath. Do not question our distress too far; we, indeed, are not what we have been. Enough to say, we are in distress and ask your aid?

Judy. [To Simon.] That gold chain and handsome frock does not look like distress.

Rachel. And how do you expect that we can help you? we are almost too poor to help ourselves — such smart looking girls as you are, too?

Cath. You *can* assist us, and we hope the more, because you are poor. We are fled from confinement, and seek the means to prevent our return.

Eliz. We cannot stop now to tell how; O, will you save us? We will, perhaps, sometime reward you well. Let us be your daughters.

Rachel. What can you do? Can you spin, or milk the cows, or pen the sheep, or sew, or knit, or weave?

Cath. Elizabeth can, and I know that I can learn. But here, [holding out a purse,] good woman, this purse is full of roubles; take them all; they are nothing to our safety.

Rachel. [Taking the purse — looking at it.] What say you, Simon?

Eliz. O! do save us. If the king should find my dear mistress, she is lost!

Simon. The king! was he your keeper? does he seek her life?

Eliz. He does.

Simon. Wife, we must help these ladies. What would we have given, three years ago, if our sons had been saved from that cruel king? O my sons! they were noble boys, and most cruelly murdered.

Rachel. Well, you may be our daughters while you wish. I would do anything to vex the king.

Cath. Can you give us any dress to disguise ours?

Rachel. Judy, give her your large cape and apron. [Judy passes the articles — Catharine appears rather awkward in putting them on.] They will do, I think. [To Didah.] Go, and get something for the other. [To Judy.] You may go too, and after the lady's dress is fixed, you may all together do up the out-door chores.

[Exit Didah, Judy and Elizabeth.]

Cath. [Having adjusted her dress, sits down.] But I must have some work to do; can't I learn some of your work?

Rachel. Can't you knit?

Cath. Not much; but I know I could learn.

Rachel. [Gets some knitting from her bag, and shows Catharine how to knit; talking as necessary, after a few moments, to Simon.] Won't you go and help the girls? They will need you about penning the cows.

Simon. [Getting up, brushing himself.] Well, I 'll see 'bout it.

[Exit Simon.]

Rachel. Tell us, now, how you escaped so clear from your prison.

Cath. We were kept in Cremlitz castle, and allowed to go hunting at times, with a slender guard. We never seemed to manifest any concern about our captivity, and thus, our guards at length became quite negligent. This morning, as they were in eager pursuit of the deer, we galloped around an eminence, beyond which was a path to the castle, shaded by trees. As we reached the path, we left our horses to pursue their way home, and our straggling keepers to be deceived by their hoof-prints, when they should discover we had left the chase. [Singing is heard, without.] Who is that singing so sweetly?

Rachel. Nobody but our Dide. And did you come the rest of the long way on foot?

Cath. We did, except a few miles in an honest countryman's cart.

[Enter Judy, Didah, and Elizabeth.]

Judy. We have got all our out-door work done up; what shall we go about next?

Rachel. You ought to know as well as I. You may get your frock you tore yesterday, and mend it. [Exit Judy.]

Cath. [To Didah.] Was that you, my girl, who just sang so sweetly? [Didah looks very bashful.] Sing for me a song, for I feel very sad.

Didah. I can't sing much.

Rachel. Our Didah is so very bashful.

Cath. Never mind, Didah; I like to see girls somewhat diffident.

Rachel. What tune was that which made the girls laugh so, last night?

Didah. I can't sing that.

Cath. Well, sing what you like, then.

[Didah sings "Fair Nottinggimtown."]

Cath. That is a merry song, and very merrily sung. Is the other, your mother mentioned, as laughable?

[Enter Officers and Soldiers.]

Cath. [Aside.] Merciful Heavens! here are the king's officers.

Officer. Good lady, have you about here any strange persons, one a crazy girl—but here [handing a paper] is the direction.

Rachel. [Reading, partly aloud.] Escaped this morning — deranged — dark hair — jewelry — mum, mum, mum. — So commands the king. [Handing back, with reverence.] Why did I not know his majesty's officers before? [Goes up, and slaps Catharine on the cheek.] Why do you sit loitering here, and gazing, as though you had no manners, before the king's officers? Off, and that right quick, and help your sister and your father pen the sheep! [Exit Catharine, Elizabeth, and Didah.] Since our sons have died, our daughters have to perform their service.

Officer. But have you seen the persons described?

Rachel. You have seen all I have seen, except my husband and daughter Judy, who are about the chores.

Officer. Have you heard of them?

Rachel. How should we hear of them, who have scarcely a neighbor with whom to speak?

Officer. We *must* find them. The king himself is out in search of them; and is now about the western hill.

Rachel. The king! and does he care so much about two crazy women?

Officer. Sure he does; well he may. Good woman, you say you have no neighbors. Then must his majesty, with your permission, pass here the hours until dawn.

Rachel. That I should be so honored as to have a king beneath my roof! Things shall be ready, according to our means. [Exit Officers and Soldiers.] Alas! poor thing, how can we protect her? So innocent, and so lovely, she must not be snared!

[Enter Catharine and Elizabeth.]

Cath. Whither, oh! whither shall I seek refuge? The king's officers will be eagle-eyed about this place. He that was just here has well-nigh discovered us already. I heard him muttering to his men, you had too many daughters.

Rachel. Oh! that I could save you!

Cath. Is there no hiding-place in your knowledge?

Rachel. Sure, there is the mountains.

Cath. O yes; in the mountains! Some lonely grot, some shady recess.

Rachel. But hold. Even there you cannot be safe; your too eager hope has forgot the fear you just mentioned. If he thinks we have too many daughters, what, if he returns, and finds two are gone?

Cath. True; suspicions would be thus made realities.

Rachel. You must then remain disguised. You may yet escape.

Cath. No. [Attempting to remove her disguise.] He may be kind;

but, kind or not, I have no power to choose. When he comes he shall not find me mad.

Eliz. Let me entreat! [Attempting to restore her disguise.]

Cath. No, Elizabeth; I will appear as my royal father's daughter should appear. I will have no protection but innocence and truth.

[Enter Simon, in haste.]

Sim. This land is free! the tyrant has just now, in his haste, fallen, with his horse, off the westland crag, and a mangled corse is all that remains of our sons' murderer, and this lady's foe. [Catharine shrieks, and, fainting, is supported by Simon and Rachel.]

Rach. So much for joy!

Eliz. It was not joy. She loved him once,
But soon far other thoughts be hers I ween;
For know you now, your *daughter* is your *queen!*

WILLIAM TELL.

J. S. KNOWLES.

TELL, a Swiss patriot.	GESLER, a tyrannical governor.
EMMA, his wife.	SARNEM, an attendant.
ALBERT, their son.	VERNER, a friend of Tell.

SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS.

SCENE 1. *Cottage — mountains and lake.*

Emma. [Entering.] O, the fresh morning!
That never empty handed comes to those
Who know to use its gifts. Praise be to him
Who lends it still, and bids it constant run
The errand of his bounty! Praise be to him!

[Enter Albert.]

Albert. My mother!

Em. Albert! Bless thee! How early were you up?

Alb. Before the sun.

Em. Ay, strive with him. He never lies abed
When it is time to rise. Be like the sun.

Alb. What you would have me like, I'll be like,
As far as will to labor joined can make me.

Em. Well said, my boy! Knelt you when you got up,
To-day?

Alb. I did; and do every day.

Em. I know you do! And think you, when you kneel,
To whom you kneel?

Alb. To him who made me, mother.
Em. And in whose name?
Alb. In the name of him, who died
For me and all men, that all men and I
Should live.
Em. That's right! Remember that, my son:
Forget all things but that — remember that!
'T is more than friends or fortune; clothing, food;
All things of earth; yea, life itself. It is
To live, when these art gone, where they are nought —
With God! My son, remember that!
Alb. I will!
Em. I 'm glad you husband what you 're taught.
That is the lesson of content, my son;
He who finds which, has all — who misses, nothing.
Alb. [Tell enters, Albert runs to embrace him.]
Ah! my father.
Em. [Advancing towards her husband.]
William! Welcome, William! welcome!
I did not look for you till noon, and thought
How long 't would be ere noon would come. You 're come —
Now this is happiness! Joy's double joy,
That comes before the time.
Tell. [To Albert.] Dear child, I well may love thee.
[To Emma.] And this cottage! How dear is it to me,
Made happy by thy presence — and where I
Was born! How many acres would I give
That little vineyard for, which I have watched
And tended since I was a child? Those crags
And peaks — what spired city would I take
To live in exchange for them? Yet what
Are these to me? What is this boy to me?
What art thou, Emma, to me — when a breath
Of Gesler's can take all?
Em. O, William! think
How little is that all to him — too little
For Gesler, sure, to take! Bethink thee, William,
We have no treasure.
Tell. Have we not? Have we
No treasure? How! No treasure? What!
Have we not liberty? — that precious ore,
That pearl, that gem, the tyrant covets most,
Yea, makes a pawn of his soul — to strip
The wearer of it! Emma, we have that,
And that 's enough for Gesler!

Em. Then, indeed,
My William, we have much to fear.
Tell. We have;
And best it is we know how much. Then, Emma,
Make up thy mind, wife! make it up! remember
What wives and mothers, on these very hills,
Once breathed the air you breathe; —
But go now and tell our people to guard
Well the boy in whom is bound up our hope,
While his father and thy husband strive, as best
He can, to foil that tyrant of tyrants,
Gesler, that he throw not around these free limbs
His chains. [Both go out, — one to the right, the other to the left.]

SCENE II. *Before a castle.*

[Enter Gesler, Albert, Verner, Sarnem, Officers, Soldiers, with Tell chained, and people.]

Sar. Down, slave!
Behold the governor. Down! down! and beg
For mercy!
Ges. Does he hear? — Thy name?
Tell. My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee now:
My name is Tell.
Ges. Tell! — William Tell?
Tell. The same.
Ges. What! he so famed, 'bove all his countrymen,
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 't is said
His arrows never miss! — [Aside.] Indeed! — I 'll take
Exquisite vengeance! — Mark! [To Tell.] I 'll spare thy life,
Thy boy's too. Both of you are free, — on one
Condition.
Tell. Name it.
Ges. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.
Tell. Name the trial you
Would have me make. [Tell looks on Albert.]
Ges. You look on your boy,
As though instinctively you guessed it.
Tell. Look
Upon my boy! — What mean you? Look upon
My boy, as though I guessed it! Guessed the trial
You 'd have me make! Guessed it
Instinctively! You do not mean — no — no —

You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child? Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.
Ges. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.
Tell. Is my boy to hold it?
Ges. It is to rest upon his head.
Tell. Great Heaven!
Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give, —
Such trial of the skill thou 'rt master of,
Or death to both of you, not otherwise
To be escaped.
Tell. Ferocious monster! Make
A father murder his own child!
Ges. Dost thou consent?
Alb. He does.

[Gesler makes signs to his officers, who proceed to take off Tell's chains, — Tell, the meanwhile, unconscious of what they are doing.]

Tell. With his own hand!
Murder his child with his own hand!
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!
[His chains fall off.] What 's that you
Have done to me? [To the guard.]
Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's! — I 'll not
Murder my boy for Gesler.
Alb. Father — father!
You will not hit me, father!
Ges. Dost thou consent?
Tell. Give me my bow and quiver!
Ges. For what?
Tell. To shoot my boy!
Alb. No, father! no, —
To save me! — you 'll be sure to hit the apple.
Will you not save me, father?
Tell. Lead me forth, —
I 'll make the trial.
Alb. Father! —
Tell. Speak not to me:
Let me not hear thy voice, — thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be: — earth should be dumb,
And heaven, — unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver!

Ges. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.
Tell. Is
The line a true one?
Ges. True or not, what is 't
To thee?
Tell. What is 't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing: — a yard or two
Is nothing here or there — were it a wolf
I shot at! [Sarnem begins to measure.]
Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun.
Ges. And what of that?
What matter, whether to or from the sun?
Tell. I 'd have it at my back. The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I cannot see to shoot against the sun!
I will not shoot against the sun! [mercy.
Ges. Give him his way! — Thou hast cause to bless my
[Sarnem pacing goes out.]
Tell. I shall remember it. — I 'd like to see
The apple I 'm about to shoot at.
Ges. Show me
The basket. There! — [Gives a very small apple.]
Tell. You 've picked the smallest one.
Ges. I know I have. Take it.
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hit'st it.
Tell. True — true, — I did n't think of that: — I wonder
I did not think of that. Give me some chance
To save my boy! [Throws away the apple.] I will not murder him,
If I can help it, — for the honor of
The form thou wear'st, if all the heart is gone!
Ges. Well! choose thyself. [Hands a basket. Tell takes an apple.]
Tell. Have I a friend among
The lookers on?
Verner. Here, Tell!
Tell. I thank thee, Verner! — Take the boy
And place this apple upon his head.
Then, Verner, charge him to keep steady, — tell him
I 'll hit the apple. Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.
Ver. Come, Albert! [Leading out the boy.]
Tell. My boy! [Holding out his arms to him.]
Alb. My father! [Running into Tell's arms.]
Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I? — Go now,

My son — and keep in mind that I can shoot.
Go, boy — be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple. Go: — God bless thee! — go. My bow!

[Sarnem gives the bow, and Verner retires with Albert.]

Ges. Give him a single arrow. [To an attendant.]

Tell. Is 't so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent, — the feather jagged;
That 's all the use 't is fit for! [Breaks it.]

Ges. Let him have another. [Tell examines it.]

Tell. Why, 't is better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I 'm to take. 'T is heavy in the shaft:
I 'll not shoot with it! [Throws it away.] Let me see my quiver!
Bring it! 'T is not one arrow in a dozen
I 'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that!

Ges. It matters not.
Show him the quiver.

[Tell kneels, and while picking out an arrow, conceals one under his garment.]

Tell. See if the boy is ready.

Ver. He is.

Tell. I 'm ready too! — Keep silence, for [to the people]
Heaven's sake! and do not stir. And let me have
Your prayers — your prayers! — and be my witness,
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'T is only for the chance of saving it.
Now, friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent!

[Tell shoots; in a moment after, Verner, with the apple on the arrow's point, comes in, leading Albert.]

Ver. Thy boy is safe! no hair of him is touched!

Alb. Father, I 'm safe! — your Albert 's safe! Dear father,
Speak to me! speak to me!

Ver. He cannot, boy!
Open his vest,
And give him air!

[Albert opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops: Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert, and exclaims,]

Tell. My boy! my boy!

Ges. For what
Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!
Liberty
Would, at thy downfall, shout from every peak!
My country then were free!

COWARDICE AND BOASTING.

W. SHAKSPEARE.

[Enter Falstaff.]

P. Henry. Welcome, Jack! Where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too!—marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy! Ere I lead this life long, I 'll sew nether socks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue! Is there no virtue extant? [He drinks.]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?—pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun?—if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue! here 's lime in this sack, too! There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man. Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime it—a villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack! die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring! There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old. God help the while!—a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack?—what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects before thee like a flock of wild geese, I 'll never wear hair on my face more! You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why!—what 's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward?—answer me to that!

P. Hen. If ye call me coward, I' ll stab thee!

Fal. I call thee coward! I 'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!—give me them that will face me!

P. Hen. What 's the matter?

Fal. What 's the matter?—here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack?—where is it?

Fal. Where is it?—taken from us, it is; a hundred upon four of us.

P. Hen. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half sword with a dozen

of them two hours together! I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man. All would not do. A plague of all cowards!

P. Hen. Speak, sir Jack, how was it?

Fal. We four set upon some dozen — and bound them every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew; and, as we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us, and unbound the rest, and then came in the others.

P. Hen. What! fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish! if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature!

P. Hen. I pray Heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that 's past praying for! I have peppered two of them; two, I 'm sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits! I tell thee what, Hal — if I tell thee a lie, call me a horse! Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me ——

P. Hen. What! four? — thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four. These four came all-afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven! — why, there were but four, even now!

Fal. In buckram?

P. Hen. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else! Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee, too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of ——

P. Hen. So, two more already!

Fal. Their points being broken, they began to give me ground. But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! — eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as it happened, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand!

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable! Why, thou clay-brained, knotty-pated fool! thou tallow-keech! ——

Fal. What! art thou mad? — art thou mad? — is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason! What sayest thou to this?

Fal. What! upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion! Give you a reason on compulsion! — if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion! I ——

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. Thou sanguine coward! thou horse-back-breaker! thou huge hill of flesh! ——

Fal. Away, you starveling! you elf-skin! you dried neats' tongue! you stock-fish! O, for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's yard! you bow-case! you vile standing tuck! ——

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this. Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark, now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your mountain sides away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword, as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. Ha, ha, ha! I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear me, my master. Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? — should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct! the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better on myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors! watch to-night, pray to-morrow! Gallants! lads! boys! hearts of gold! all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? — shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'st me!

THE INDIAN'S WRONGS.

N. T. MONROE.

ONTARIA, an Indian chief. | UONO, a young Indian woman.

SCENE: — *The shore of a lake, surrounded by deep woods. Ontaria standing beneath an aged oak, his tomahawk, bow and arrows, lying neglected at his feet.*

Ontaria. My father's land hath felt the white man's tread;
His step hath echoed on our hunting-grounds,
And scared the wild deer from his forest home.
The red man seeks for food, but finds it not;
The white man's corn grows on his fathers' graves,
His cattle feed where once our forests stood;
And yet, the Indian must not touch his corn,
Nor kill one of his thousand sheep, which feed
Upon our hills, — for death would be his doom!
And hath the red man's mighty spirit sank,
That thus the pale-face treads him under foot?
Is the fell tomahawk entombed for aye?
Are our bright council-fires forever dead?
The white man's poison mixes with the blood,
And maddens in our warriors' veins. They drink
The deadly draught the pale-face gives, and fall,
As the leaves from our old forest oaks
Before the autumn blast! O may the curse,
The malediction of a blighted heart,
Rest on his dwelling! May it ever be
A shadow round his path, black as the cloud
Which bears the dreaded thunder! Let it feed
Upon his heart, till it shall gain new strength
To revel in the bosoms of his sons!
And may he die unhonored, and his bones
Lie whitening on the plains which once were ours!
Hark! a step, but it is not the white man's, —
Too light the tread. Uono, is it thou?

[Enter Uono.]

Uono. Why stands Ontaria thus in solitude?
Why doth the Eagle of the Mohawks leave
His home so long? Uono vainly watched
To hear his steps.

Ont. Ontaria sought for food,
But found it not. The hunter now may roam
The forest paths, and not a single deer
Will cross his way; unblest he doth return,

Weary and tired, unto his home, and hears
His children's cry for food. O let him curse
The white man for all this, and be the thought
Like hissing adder in his dreary way!
And when he sees *his* stately mansions rise,
And plenty round *his* home, then let him turn
Unto his own low cabin; let him gaze
Upon his children's meagre forms, and then,
Then, let him brood on vengeance, deep and stern, —
Vengeance as deadly as his burning hate!

Uo. The Eagle of the Mohawks now is wroth;
But let him turn unto his home; his boy
Is sleeping now, but he will wake to hear
His father's voice, and his glad laugh will fall
Upon his ear, and call him back to joy.

Ont. The Indian hath no other joy
Than his dark thought of dread and stern revenge!

Uo. Our tribe are gathered round to hear the words
Of our white father — him who speaks to us
From the great book his God hath given him.
Will not Ontaria listen with his tribe?

Ont. He will *not* listen! Let the white man pour
His wily words into our warriors' ears, —
And let the foolish listen, if they will, —
The Eagle of the Mohawks will *not* go
To hear the words like poison to his heart!

Uo. But our white father tells us of a God
Of goodness and of mercy; one who hears
The lowliest prayers we offer; one who loves
The Indian as the white man. In his book
He tells us we should love our enemies,
And bless and pray for those who do us wrong.

Ont. The white man saith it — ha! and does his God
Command him thus? What if he disobeys?
What if he take the land he never owned,
And drive the helpless and oppressed from home,
Making him curse the day he saw the light? —
Say, doth he go unpunished for all this?
Is there no fiery bolt in heaven, to fall
On the offender's head? or does he sin,
And yet his God not know it? The Indian
Dare not disobey!

Uo. The white man's God is just. He says the bad
Shall never go unpunished, and the way
Is hard and fearful where the sinner walks.

Ont. And yet the white man hath oppressed our tribe,
Hath spoiled our hunting-grounds, and our dark woods
Have fallen to the earth! Our stately oaks
Have built his ships to waft his merchandise
Across the mighty deep. Nor is this all.
He brought a weapon deadlier than the bow,
Worse than the gun, and sharper than the knife;
'T is *this* has broke our warriors' strength — 't is this
Has sunk the haughty Indian to the brute!
Is not this sin a dark and deadly one?

Uo. Ontaria, yes; the white man has thus sinned;
But can you not forgive? can you not call
The white man brother? for *his* God is *ours.*
We have one Father!

Ont. Sweet Uono, hear!
Dost thou not see yon field of waving corn?
My father's bones lie *there:* the stately oak
Once stood above his grave, but it has fallen;
The axe laid low our forest's pride; the plough
Left its deep traces on the very spot
Where I had laid my father's bones to rest!
Who had an arm so mighty in the battle
As the great war-chief of the Mohawk tribe?
Who carried terror to the white man's heart
Like Osceola? Yet he fell! he fell,
As falls the tiger in the treacherous net!
Dost think the Indian hath forgotten *this?*
Thou knowest well the Indian ne'er forgets;
Nor will Ontaria forgive the pale face!
He will *not* call the hateful white man brother!

Uo. My warrior knoweth well the white man's law;
He knows that death will be the doom of him
Who killeth even one of all their race.

Ont. And dost thou think, Uono, gentle one!
The Eagle of the mighty Mohawk stoops
Unto the white man's laws? Did the dark chief
E'er seek revenge and find it not?

Uo. The book
Of wisdom, which our father brought, forbids
Such things; we should forgive, e'en as we hope
To be forgiven.

Ont. If the white man's God
Teaches his children thus, they do not well
Obey his laws; and why, then, should the Indian?
To him he gave no book to teach these things.

Uono, 't is the wily white man's plan,
That he may thus bow down the Indian's soul,
And bind the chain of slavery firmer still.

Uo. Not so; now let Ontaria come and hear
The words of our white father for himself.

Ont. No! let the young Fawn of the Mohawk
Listen but once unto her warrior's words.
Ere many suns shall rise, the Mohawk chief
Will turn his footsteps towards the western sky.
He goes to where the deer will start to hear
His step, and where the forest oaks again
Will wave above his head. When he is gone,
The young Fawn of the pale-face, she may bow
Unto his God; forget, aye, if she will,
Her warrior-chief, and dwell within the home
Of her white brother.

Uo. No! she gave her heart
Unto the mighty war-chief; she will go
Where'er he goes; his wigwam is her home.
And through the dark and lonely forests paths
She follows him.

Ont. Uono's feet will tire
Before she sees the spot her chieftain seeks.
She will be welcome in the white man's home;
She owns his God; and why, then, should she wish
To follow the lone Indian's wandering steps?

Uo. She loves him, — *therefore* will Uono go!
True, she calls the white man's God her Father;
But if Ontaria will not hear his words,
Nor dwell among the white men, then no more
Uono's step will tinkle in their bowers;
For where the Eagle of the Mohawks goes,
There will the young Fawn of the forest follow.

Ont. Uono, thou may'st go, if thou canst tread
The path which leadeth toward the setting sun.

Uo. Ontaria, wilt thou forgive the white man
Ere thou goest? Say thou wilt not take revenge
On him who wronged ——

Ont. Speak not to me of *him;*
For thou wilt rouse the war-whoop in my heart!
Let not the white man's name be on thy lips,
And speak not *now* of aught his God has done!
I cannot hear of these, while all things round
Speak of the Indian's wrongs! For *thee*, I 'll leave
The pale-face in his home secure, although

My father's spirit seems to cry, "Revenge
Upon the murderer of my child!" The Fawn
Hath calmed the warrior's mighty wrath; and though
He never can *forget*, yet will he leave
The whites unharmed, and go beyond their sight.
And when our home is in the ancient woods,
Then may'st thou speak of the great God who gave
The book of life; and *then* perhaps I'll hear.
Does the young Fawn still wish to go
With her Ontaria to the wilderness?

Uo. An Indian's love is strong, and changes not;
Uono travels with her warrior-chief,
Who yet will know that good and mighty God,
Who loves the Indian, as the pale-face!

THE SISTERS.

F. HEMANS.

First Speaker.

I go, sweet sister! yet my love would linger with thee fain,
And unto every parting gift some deep remembrance chain;
Take, then, the braid of eastern pearl, that once I loved to wear,
And with it bind, for festal scenes, the dark waves of thy hair;
Its pale, pure brightness will beseem those raven tresses well,
And I shall need such pomp no more in the lone convent cell.

Second Speaker.

Oh! sister, sister! wherefore thus? — why part from kindred love?
Through festal scenes, when thou art gone, my steps no more shall move.
How could I bear a lonely heart amidst a reckless throng?
I should but miss earth's dearest voice in every tone of song!
Keep, keep the braid of eastern pearl! or let me proudly twine
Its wreath once more around that brow, that queenly brow of thine!

First Speaker.

Oh! wouldst thou seek a wounded bird from shelter to detain?
Or wouldst thou call a spirit freed to weary life again?

Sweet sister! take the golden cross that I have worn so long,
And bathed with many a burning tear, for secret woe and wrong!
It could not still my beating heart — but may it be a sign
Of peace and hope, my gentle one! when meekly pressed to thine!

Second Speaker.

Take back, take back, the cross of gold, our mother's gift to thee:
It would but of this parting hour a bitter token be!
With funeral splendor to mine eyes it would but sadly shine,
And tell of early treasure lost, of joy no longer mine!
Oh, sister! if thy heart be thus with voiceless grief oppressed,
Where couldst thou pour it forth so well as on my faithful breast?

First Speaker.

Urge me no more! a blight hath fallen upon my altered years;
I should but darken thy young life with sleepless pangs and fears!
But take, at least, the lute I loved, and guard it for my sake,
And sometimes from the silvery strings one tone of memory wake!
Sing to those chords, in starlight hours, our own sweet vesper-hymn,
And think that I, too, chant it then, far in my cloister dim!

Second Speaker.

Yes! I will take the silvery lute, and I will sing to thee
A song we heard in childhood's days, e'en from our father's knee!
Oh! listen, listen! are those notes amidst forgotten things?
Do they not linger, as in love, on the familiar strings?
Seems not our sainted mother's voice to murmur in the strain?
Kind sister! gentlest Leonore! say, shall it plead in vain?

Song.

Leave us not, leave us not!
Say not, adieu!
Have we not been to thee
Tender and true?

Take not thy sunny smile
Far from our hearth!
With that sweet light will fade
Summer and mirth.

Leave us not, leave us not!
Can thy heart roam?
Wilt thou not pine to hear
Voices from home?

Too sad our love would be,
If thou wert gone!
Turn to us! leave us not!
Thou art our own!

First Speaker.

Oh, sister! thou hast won me back! too many fond thoughts lie
In every soft spring breathing tone of that old melody:
I cannot, cannot leave thee now! e'en though my grief should fall
As a shadow o'er the pageantries that crowd our ancient hall:
But take me! clasp me to thine arms! — I will not mourn my lot,
Whilst love like thine remains on earth — I leave, I leave thee not!

ELLEN AND MARY.

GOSP. TEACHER.

Mary.

O! Ellen, this is a lovely world,
With everything so nice;
God made it, and pronounced it good, —
'T was then a Paradise.

Ellen.

Yes, Mary, I think 't is very fine;
Such hills and mountains high,
With valleys sweet to look upon,
And rivers gliding by.

Mary.

I love to read about the birds
Within my little book;
The lambs that skip, the fish that play,
Within the pearly brook.

Ellen.

I 'd rather see those happy birds,
And hear their merry song,
And catch the lambs, and scare the fish,
Than read such stories long.

Mary,

I love to think about the flowers
That bloom in fields and wood ;
God made them to adorn the earth, —
How beautiful and good !

Ellen.

I 'd rather go, a thousand times,
And pick those wild-wood flowers,
Out in the fields, where gay they smile,
To bless our childhood hours.

Mary.

Well, — in a world so beautiful,
How happy should we be !
Like playful lambs, and merry birds,
From every sorrow free.

Both together — hand in hand.

O ! thus we 'll be as innocent,
And guileless in our ways ;
Sweet dreams shall soothe our sleep at night,
And joy shall crown our days.

THE COLONISTS.

L. AIKIN.

MR. BARLOW, ARTHUR, BEVERLY, CHARLES, EDWARD, FRANCIS, GEORGE, HENRY, LEWIS, OLIVER, PHILIP, ROBERT.

Mr. Barlow. Come, my boys, I have a new play for you. I will be the founder of a colony ; and you shall be people of different trades and professions, coming to offer yourselves to go with me. — What are you, Arthur ?

Arthur. I am a farmer, sir.

Mr. B. Very well. Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon. The farmer puts the seed into the earth,

and takes care of it, when it is grown to the ripe corn. Without the farmer we should have no bread. But you must work very hard; there will be trees to cut down, and roots to drag out, and a great deal of labor.

Arthur. I shall be ready to do my part.

Mr. B. Well, then, I shall take you willingly, and as many more such good fellows as you can find. We shall have land enough; and you may fall to work as soon as you please. Now for the next.

Beverly. I am a miller, sir.

Mr. B. A very useful trade! Our corn must be ground, or it will do us but little good. What must we do for a mill, my friend?

Bev. I suppose we must make one.

Mr. B. Then we must take a mill-wright with us, and carry mill-stones. Who is next?

Charles. I am a carpenter, sir.

Mr. B. The most necessary man that could offer. We shall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houses to build, fences to make, and chairs and tables besides. But all our timber is growing; we shall have hard work to fell it, to saw boards and planks, to hew timber, and to frame and raise buildings.

Ch. I will do my best, sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you; but you had better bring two or three able hands along with you.

Edward. I am a blacksmith.

Mr. B. An excellent companion for the carpenter. We cannot do without either of you. You must bring your great bellows, anvil, and vice; and we will set up a forge for you, as soon as we arrive. Who is next?

Francis. I am a shoemaker.

Mr. B. Shoes we cannot do well without; but I fear we shall get no leather.

Fr. But I can dress skins, sir.

Mr. B. Can you? Then you are a clever fellow. I will have you, though I give you double wages.

George. I am a barber and hair-dresser.

Mr. B. What can we do with you? If you will shave our men's rough beards once a week, and crop their hair once a quarter, and be content to help the carpenter the rest of the time, we will take you. But you will have no ladies to curl, or gentlemen to powder, I assure you.

Lewis. I am a doctor.

Mr. B. Then, sir, you are very welcome; we shall some

of us be sick; and we are likely to get cuts, and bruises, and broken bones. You will be very useful. We shall take you with pleasure.

Henry. I am a lawyer, sir.

Mr. B. Sir, your most obedient servant. When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know.

Oliver. I am a schoolmaster.

Mr. B. That is a very respectable and useful profession. As soon as our children are old enough, we shall be glad of your services. Though we are hard-working men, we do not mean to be ignorant; every one among us ought to be taught reading and writing. Until we have employment for you in teaching, if you will keep our accounts, and at present read sermons to us on Sundays, we shall be glad to have you among us. Will you go?

Oli. With all my heart, sir.

Mr. B. Who comes here?

Philip. I am a soldier, sir; will you have me?

Mr. B. We are peaceable people, and hope we shall not be obliged to fight. We are all soldiers, and must learn to defend ourselves; we shall have no occasion for you, unless you can be a mechanic or a farmer, as well as a soldier.

Robert. I am a gentleman, sir.

Mr. B. A gentleman! And what good can you do us?

Rob. I expect to shoot game enough for my own eating; you can give me a little bread and a few vegetables; and the barber shall be my servant.

Mr. B. Pray, sir, why should we do all this for you?

Rob. Why, sir, that you may have the credit of saying that you have one gentleman, at least, in your colony.

Mr. B. Ha! ha! ha! A fine gentleman, truly! Sir, when we desire the honor of your company, we will send for you.

UPON SCHOOL STUDIES.

FERNALD.

Catharine. I have been thinking, Eliza, on the frivolous pursuits of mortals in this world.

Eliza. Quite serious-minded, then.

Catharine. Yes; for only think of the folly of most of our school-mates, who seem to have no more relish for genteel accomplishments than cows or horses.

Eliza. Perhaps they have a different opinion of genteel accomplishments from what you have.

Catharine. Indeed! a different opinion they *must* have. For there is Charlotte Hapgood, spending all her time in Moral Philosophy and History, and Jane Sonett eternally poring over Composition and Poetry. And I believe to my soul, Martha Peabody thinks more of Astronomy and Chemistry than she does of all the rest of her studies.

Eliza. But you certainly would not condemn these as *not* being genteel accomplishments!

Catharine. No; but then it is so horribly dry, and makes one appear so awkward, to be all the time thinking, and straining after an idea, upon such deep subjects.

Eliza. But you certainly cannot expect to know those things *without* thinking; and as to their being deep, — if they can be mastered, I suppose that 's enough.

Catharine. Oh dear! well, you know what I mean. They can't know but little about 'em, any way. And besides, I asked Jane Lovett, the other day, if she could understand Young's Night Thoughts, and Milton's Paradise Lost; and she said she liked one for its sublimity, and the other for its moral. Now, just as though she knew anything about sublimity!

Eliza. Why, Catharine! Don't you s'pose she ever read anything about the sublime and the beautiful?

Catharine. Why, yes; but then what 's that to do with gentility? I like to see folks like other folks; — not all the time so plaguey knowing! I would rather know nothing, than be so plaguey proud about it. And then to be telling, all the time, what Jupiter is, and what Mars is, and even the fixed stars, as they call them; and about inclined planes, and gases, and experiments; — *what is the use* of talking about such things?

Eliza. Why, I suppose that 's the very object they study them for — to be able to talk about them.

Catharine. But who can they find to *talk* about such things? I 'm sure *I* can't, and I don't care anything about them.

Eliza. There! now you 've brought yourself out! It 's envy, after all. *I* don't feel capable to converse on such matters, neither; but I don't envy those who can. I should like to know Chemistry and Astronomy, and know how to appreciate Milton, and be acquainted with all the sciences; but I am not, and I don't expect to be. But I 've often wished I knew more about Theology.

Catharine. Oh! my!! You do beat all! That is the dryest of all things! What! do you mean Theology as they teach it in colleges?

Eliza. No, not exactly.

Catharine. Not exactly! — but you don't pretend that anybody can ever know anything about religion, any more than to do good, and be honest, and treat everybody as you 'd be done by?

Eliza. Why, Catharine Smith! How you do talk! Then you envy everybody else because they know the sciences that you don't, and think there 's no religion but being honest and good! Strange mixture, this, of envy and self-righteousness!

Catharine. But what do you mean? What do you call me envious for? I guess I know as much about Astronomy as Martha Peabody does; and what I know, I know it better, too! What does *she* know about a thousand stars? No, I 'm not envious; but it is so plaguey silly to pretend such awful learning, when they don't know the common rules of genteel breeding, nor how to act in company! And what better religion can you have than honesty and goodness? Now, the fact is, if you want to go with Charlotte Hapgood, and Martha Peabody, and all them, you can go! *I* don't envy *any* of 'em! Then you can have Theology, and Astronomy, and everything else! But, for my part, I like to see folks appear well and honest, and do all the good they can; and that 's *my* opinion of matters!

Eliza. But how can a person appear well without knowledge?

Catharine. But I s'pose you 've read somewhere, "that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing"?

Eliza. And so you mean to keep on the safe side?

Catharine. Can you have anything safer than virtue?

Eliza. Is not religion safer?

Catharine. And is n't virtue religion?

Eliza. Yes, in one sense; but what can your virtue avail, without a knowledge of God, and an attachment to him?

Catharine. Well — to be sure, I acknowledge that.

Eliza. Well, that is what I advocate the sciences for.

Catharine. What! get religion out of the sciences?

Eliza. To be sure.

Catharine. Well, so far, I agree with you. I thought you was talking about what nobody can understand or describe.

Eliza. No, not I.

Catharine. You speak, then, of *natural* religion?

Eliza. Yes, and revealed, too. In my view, the Bible is quite as much a help to nature, as nature to the Bible. That very Young, that you 've been despising here to-night, says, somewhere in his Night Thoughts,

> "Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
> An undevout astronomer is mad."

Catharine. Well, now you talk with some sense and reason.

Eliza. That is what I always meant to talk.

Catharine. Then you would study the sciences to know the *source* of the sciences; or study nature to know the *God* of nature?

Eliza. That 's it, exactly.

Catharine. But that is n't Charlotte Hapgood's and Martha Peabody's notion.

Eliza. No matter what their notion is. They are foolish girls, I know, in some respects. But *my* idea is, that knowledge is a ministry to religion, and all religion to virtue; and that a truly religious and virtuous person will always appear well, even if they are not skilled in all senseless accomplishments of the day. They will always be loved, and always respected.

Catharine. But then you do think that we ought to know a little about the world?

Eliza. What do you mean by the world?

Catharine. Why, its fashion and appearances.

Eliza. O, yes; but then we should remember that "the fashion of this world passeth away," and that one ounce of sterling piety and virtue is worth a ton of moonshine, empty gentility.

Catharine. Well — I declare, I agree with you. We have n't argued this matter in vain. But what do you think Hapgood and Peabody will say?

Eliza. No matter what they say. I have learnt somewhat to despise the opinions of the world; and feel that if we make the best of our own intelligence and virtue, it matters but little what others think. "Be this thy care," says the poet, "to stand approved in the sight of God, though worlds judge thee perverse."

Catharine. Now let me quote another passage from Shakspeare.

> "Oh, momentary grace of mortal men!
> Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
> Who builds himself in air of your fair looks,
> Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
> Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
> Into the fatal bowels of the deep."

Eliza. Good! And Young says —

> "Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
> What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame?
> Earth's highest station ends in '*Here he lies*,'
> And dust to dust concludes her noblest song."

Catharine. Excellent! Thank Heaven for this meeting! We have arrived at the true philosophy of life. Let us abide by it, and trust all its consequences.

Eliza. So shall we spend our lives in peace.

Catharine. And go down to the grave in triumph.

Eliza. And rise to a world of infinite knowledge and virtue.

Catharine. Where the follies of this world never come.

Eliza. Exactly so. Farewell.

Catharine. Farewell.

THE HATTER AND THE PRINTER.

J. M. MORTON.

JOHN BOXER, a journeyman printer.
JAMES FELTER, a journeyman hatter.
MR. BOUNCER, landlord.

SCENE—*A room, having several doors opening out of it, and furnished with a side-board, a table, stove, and chairs.*

[Enter Felter.]

Felter. Mr. Bouncer, I wish to call your attention to a fact that has been evident to me for some time past—and that is, my coals go remarkably fast——

Mr. Bouncer. Why, Mr. Felter!

Felt. It is not only the case with the coals, Mr. Bouncer, but I have lately observed a gradual and steady increase of evaporation among my candles, wood, sugar, and lucifer matches.

Mr. B. Now, Felter! you surely don't suspect me?

Mr. Felt. I don't say I do, Mr. B; only I wish you distinctly to understand, that I don't believe it 's the cat.

Mr. B. Is there anything else you 've got to grumble about, sir?

Felt. Grumble! Mr. Bouncer, do you possess such a thing as a dictionary?

Mr. B. No, sir.

Felt. Then I 'll lend you one; and if you turn to the letter G, you 'll find "Grumble, verb neuter — to complain without a cause." Now that 's not my case, Mr. B.; and now that we are upon the subject, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke?

Mr. B. Why — I suppose the chimney——

Felt. The chimney does n't smoke tobacco. I 'm speaking of tobacco-smoke, Mr. B. How is it that ——

Mr. B. Why — I suppose — yes — that must be it ——

Felt. At present I am entirely of your opinion — because I have n't the most distant particle of an idea what you mean.

Mr. B. Why, the gentleman who has got the attics is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth — and there he sits, with his feet on the mantel-piece ——

Felt. The mantel-piece ! That strikes me as being a considerable stretch, either of your imagination, Mr. B., or the gentleman's legs. I presume you mean the fender, or the hob.

Mr. B. Sometimes one, sometimes t' other. Well, there he sits for hours, and puffs away into the fire-place.

Felt. Ah, then you mean to say that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going *up* the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking a contrary direction ?

Mr. B. Why ——

Felt. Then, I suppose, the gentleman you were speaking of is the same individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I 'm going down, and going down stairs when I 'm coming up ?

Mr. B. Why — yes — I ——

Felt. From the appearance of his outward man, I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

Mr. B. Yes, sir — and a very respectable young gentleman he is.

Felt. Well, good-morning, Mr. Bouncer !

Mr. B. You 'll be back at your usual time, I suppose, sir ?

Felt. Yes — nine o'clock. You need n't light my fire, in future, Mr. B. — I' ll do it myself. [Exit.]

Mr. B. He 's gone at last ! I declare I was afraid Mr. Boxer would come in before Mr. Felter went out. Luckily, they 've never met yet — and what 's more, they 're not very likely to do so ; for Mr. Boxer is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and does n't come home till the morning ; and Mr. Felter is busy making hats all day long, and does n't come home till night ; so that I 'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a capital idea of mine — that it was ! But I have n't an instant to lose. First of all, let me put Mr. Felter's things out of Mr. Boxer's way. [He removes a dressing-gown and slippers.] I was so dreadfully puzzled to know what to say when Mr. Felter spoke about it !

Boxer. [Without.] Pooh — pooh! Why don't you keep your own side of the stair-case, sir? [Enters, dressed as a printer. Puts his head out at the door again, shouting.] It was as much your fault as mine, sir! I say, sir — it was as much your fault as mine, sir!

Mr. B. [Meeting him.] Why, Mr. Boxer, what is the matter?

Box. Just attend to your own business, Bouncer!

Mr. B. Ah! ah! Mr. Boxer! what a temper you are in, to be sure! I declare you 're quite pale in the face!

Box. What color would you have a man be, who has been setting up long leaders for a daily paper all night?

Mr. B. But, then, you 've all the day to yourself.

Box. [Looking significantly at Bouncer.] So it seems! Far be it from me, Bouncer, to hurry your movements, but I——

Mr. B. Ah, Mr. Boxer! [Going.]

Box. Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up stairs when I 'm going down?

Mr. B. [Confused.] Oh — yes — the gentleman in the attic, sir——

Box. Oh! There 's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats, so that I have come to the conclusion that he must be individually and professionally associated with the hatting interest.

Mr. B. Yes, sir. And, by the bye, Mr. Boxer, he begged me to request of you, as a particular favor, that you would not smoke quite so much.

Box. Did he? Then you may tell the gentle hatter, with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining parish.

Mr. B. Oh, Mr. Boxer! You surely would n't deprive me of a lodger? [Pathetically.]

Box. It would come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer; because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe out, I at once give you warning that I shall give you warning at once.

Mr. B. Well, Mr. Boxer — do you want anything more of me?

Box. On the contrary — I 've had quite enough of you!

Mr. B. Well, if ever! What next, I wonder? [Goes out.]

Box. Now, let me see — shall I take my nap before I kindle my fire, or shall I kindle my fire before I take my nap — I mean, shall I take my nap before — no — never mind! Now for lighting the fire. Where are my lucifers? [Looking on mantel-piece, and taking a box, opens it.] Now, 'pon my life! this is too bad of Bouncer — this is — by several degrees, too bad!

I had a whole box-full, three days ago, and now there 's only one! I 'm perfectly aware that he purloins my coals, and my candles, and my sugar—but I did think—oh, yes, I did think my lucifers would be sacred! [Takes a candlestick off the mantel-piece, in which there is a very small end of candle—looks at it.] Now, I should like to ask any unprejudiced person or persons their opinions touching this candle! In the first place, a candle is an article that I don't require, because I 'm only at home in the day-time; and I bought this candle on the first of May—calculating that it would last me three months, and here 's one week not half over, and the candle three parts gone! [Going to stove, applies a match to kindle a fire.] How sleepy I am, to be sure! I 'd indulge myself with a nap, if there was anybody here to take care of my fire. Perhaps it will take care of itself. [Yawning.] I must lie down, surely,—so, here goes. [Goes out at a door on the right, while, after a short pause, enter Felter, hurriedly, by door on the left.]

Felt. Well, wonders will never cease! Conscious of being eleven minutes and a half behind time, I was sneaking into the shop in a state of considerable excitement, when my venerable employer, with a smile of extreme benevolence on his aged countenance, said to me, "I shan't want you to-day—you can have a holiday." Thoughts of "Gravesend and back—fare, One Shilling," instantly suggested themselves, intermingled with visions of "Greenwich for Fourpence!" Then came the omnibuses, and the boats—in short, I 'm quite bewildered! However, I must light my fire. Holloa! —[Seeing the lucifer-box on table.]—who presumes to touch my box of lucifers? Why, it 's empty! I left one in it—I did. Hey-dey! why, the fire *is* lighted! Well, now, 'pon my life! there is a quiet coolness about Bouncer's proceedings that 's almost amusing. He takes my last lucifer—my coals, and—I can't stand this! I 'll go and give Bouncer a piece of my mind! [On turning to go Boxer suddenly enters—they approach each other.] Who are you, sir?

Box. If you come to that—who are you?

Felt. What do you want here, sir?

Box. If you come to that—what do you want?

Felt. [Aside.] It 's the printer!

Box. [Aside.] It 's the hatter!

Felt. Go to your attic, sir——

Box. *My* attic, sir? *Your* attic, sir!

Felt. Printer, I shall do you a frightful injury, if you don't instantly leave my apartment!

Box. *Your* apartment? You mean *my* apartment, you contemptible hatter, you!

Felt. *Your* apartment? Ha! ha!—come, I like that! Look here, sir!—[Produces a paper out of his pocket.]—Bouncer's receipt for the last week's rent, sir——

Box. [Produces a paper, and holds it close to Felter's face.] Ditto, sir!

Felt. [Suddenly shouting.] Thieves!

Box. Murder!

Both. Mr. Bouncer! [Each runs to door, calling.]

[Mr. Bouncer runs in.]

Mr. B. What 's the matter? [Felter and Boxer seize Mr. Bouncer by the arm, and drag him forward.]

Box. Instantly remove that hatter!

Felt. Immediately turn out that printer!

Mr. B. Well,—but, gentlemen——

Felt. Explain! [Pulling him round.]

Box. Explain! [Pulling him round.] Whose room is this?

Felt. Yes, man—whose room is this?

Box. Does n't it belong to me?

Mr. B. No!

Felt. There! You hear, sir—it belongs to me!

Mr. B. No—it belongs to both of you!

Felt. and Box. Both of us?

Mr. B. Oh, gentlemen, don't be angry—but, you see, this gentleman—[pointing to Boxer]—only being at home in the daytime, and that gentleman—[pointing to Felter]—at night, I thought I might venture, until my little back second floor room was ready——

Felt. and Box. [Eagerly.] When will your little back second floor room be ready?

Mr. B. Why, to-morrow——

Felt. I 'll take it!

Box. So will I!

Mr. B. Excuse me—but if you both take it, you may just as well stop where you are.

Felt. and Box. True.

Felt. I spoke first, sir——

Box. With all my heart, sir. The little back second floor room is yours, sir—now, go——

Felt. Go? Pooh—pooh!

Mr. B. Now don't quarrel, gentlemen! You see, there used to be a partition here——

Felt. and Box. Then put it up!

Mr. B. Nay, I 'll see if I can't get the other room ready this very day. Now *do* keep your tempers! [Exit.]

Felt. What a disgusting position! [Walking rapidly round the stage.]

Box. [Sitting down on chair, at one side of table, and following Felter's movements.] Will you allow me to observe, if you have not had any exercise to-day, you 'd better go out and take it.

Felt. I shall not do anything of the sort, sir! [Seating himself at the table, opposite Boxer.]

Box. Very well, sir.

Felt. Very well, sir! However, don't let me prevent *you* from going out.

Box Don't flatter yourself, sir.

Felt. Well, sir.

Box. Although we are doomed to occupy the same room for a few hours longer, I don't see any necessity for our cutting each other's throats, sir.

Felt. Not at all. It 's an operation that I should decidedly object to.

Box. And, after all, I 've no violent animosity to you, sir.

Felt. Nor have I any rooted antipathy to you, sir.

Box. Besides, it was all Bouncer's fault, sir.

Felt. Entirely, sir. [Gradually approaching chairs.]

Box. Very well, sir!

Felt. Very well, sir! [Pause.]

Box. What, then, hinders our being friends?

Felt. [Both rising.] Give me your hand. [They shake hands, and then go out.]

THE FRENCHMAN'S LESSON.

HOME JOURNAL.

Frenchman. Ha, my friend! I have met one very strange word in my lesson. Vat you call h-o-u-g-h, eh?

Tutor. Huff.

Fr. Tres bien, huff; and snuff you spell s-n-o-u-g-h, eh?

Tu. O no, no! snuff is spelled s-n-u-ff. In fact, words in *ough* are a little irregular.

Fr. Ah, very good! 't is beautiful language! H-o-u-g-h is huff. I will remember; and of course c-o-u-g-h is cuff; I have one very bad cuff, ha?

Tu. No, that is wrong; we say kauff, not cuff.

Fr. Kauff, eh? Huff and kauff, and, pardonnez moi, how you call d-o-u-g-h — duff, eh? is it duff?

Tu. No, not duff.

Fr. Not duff! Ah, oui; I understand, it is dauff, ha?

Tu. No, d-o-u-g-h spells doe.

Fr. Doe! It is very fine! wonderful language! it is doe; and t-o-u-g-h is toe, certainement. My beef steak is very toe.

Tu. O no, no! you should say tuff.

Fr. Tuff? Le Satan! and the thing the farmer uses, how you call him, p-l-o-u-g-h, — pluff, is it? Ha, you smile, I see that I am wrong, it must be plauff. No? Then it is ploe, like doe? It is one beautiful language! ver' fine — ploe!

Tu. You are still wrong, my friend; it is plow.

Fr. Plow! Wonderful language! I shall understand ver' soon. Plow, doe, kauff; and one more, r-o-u-g-h — what you call Gen. Taylor, Rauf and Ready? No? Then Row and Ready?

Tu. No. R-o-u-g-h spells ruff.

Fr. Ruff, ha? Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is ruff, and b-o-u-g-h is buff, ha?

Tu. No, bow.

Fr. Ah, 't is ver' simple! wonderful language! — but I have had vat you call e-n-o-u-g-h — ha? vat you call him? — he! he! ha! ha!

BANISHMENT OF CATILINE.

G. CROLY.

SCENE: *Senate in session, a consul in the chair; lictors present. Cicero concluding his speech.*

Cicero. Our long dispute must close. Take one proof more
Of this rebellion. Lucius Catiline
Has been commanded to attend the senate.
He dares not come! I now demand your votes!
Is he condemned to exile?

[Enter Catiline hastily, and as he seats himself on one side, all the senators go over to the other.]

Cic. [Turning to Catiline] Here I repeat the charge, to gods and [men,
Of treasons manifold; — that, but this day,
He has received despatches from the rebels;
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the province; nay, he has levied troops,
And raised his rebel standard; that, but now,
A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murdered slave.
To these he has no answer.

Catiline. [Rising calmly.] Conscript fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words:
Let that plebeian talk; 't is not my trade:
But here I stand for right! — let him show proofs! —
For Roman right! though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master — judges, Romans — slaves!
His charge is false! I dare him to his proofs!
You have my answer; let my actions speak! [tor done?

Cic. [Interrupting.] Deeds shall convince you! Has the trai-

Cat. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong;
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me, — turning out
The Roman from his birthright, — and for what?
To fling your offices to every slave; [Looking round him.]
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb;
And having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler men below.

Cic. This is his answer! Must I bring more proofs?
Fathers, you know there lives not one of us,
But lives in peril of his midnight sword.
Lists of proscription have been handed round,
In which your properties are made
Your murderer's hire.

[A cry without, "More prisoners!" Enter an officer with letters for Cicero, who, after looking at them, sends them round the senate.]

Cic. Fathers of Rome! If men can be convinced
By proof, as clear as daylight, here it is!
Look on these letters! Here 's a deep laid plot
To wreck the provinces; a solemn league,
Made with all form and circumstance. The time
Is desperate, — all the slaves are up, — Rome shakes! —
The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
We stand even here! The name of Catiline
Is foremost in the league. He was their king. —
Tried and convicted traitor! Go from Rome! [thrones!

Cat. [Rising haughtily.] Come, consecrated lictors, from your [To the senate.]
Fling down your sceptres! — take the rod and axe,
And make the murder, as you make the law!

Cic. [To an officer, and interrupting Catiline.] Give up the record of his banishment. [The officer gives it to the consul.]

Cat. [With indignation.] Banished from Rome! What 's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" — who says this?
Who 'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished? I thank you for 't! It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour —
But now my sword 's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities!
But here I stand and scoff you! — here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your consul 's merciful. For this, all thanks! —
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

Consul. [Reads.] "Lucius Sergius Catiline! by the decree of the senate, you are declared an enemy and alien to the state, and banished from the territory of the commonwealth!" [Turning to the lictors.] Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!

Cat. [Frantic.] "Traitor!" I go — but I return! This trial! —
Here I devote your senate! — I 've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
And make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day 's the birth of sorrows! — This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus! — all shames and crimes; —
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave! [from Rome!

Senators. [Rising in confusion, cry out,] Go, enemy and parricide,

Cic. Expel him lictors! clear the senate-house!

Cat. [Struggling through the lictors surrounding him.]
I go! but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go! but when I come, 't will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake — rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin! Fare you well! —
You build my funeral pile, but your best blood [return!
Shall quench its flame! [To the lictors.] Back, slaves! I will

 [Exeunt.]

A SCENE FROM VENICE PRESERVED.

T. OTWAY.

[Enter Priuli and Jaffier.]

Priuli. No more! I'll hear no more! begone, and leave me!
Jaffier. Not hear me! by my sufferings, but you shall!
My lord — my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?
Pri. Have you not wronged me?
Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself,
To gain a hearing from a cruel father. —
Wronged you?
Pri. Yes, wronged me! in the nicest point,
The honor of my house, you've done me wrong.
You may remember, (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness,) when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on,
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation,
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you;
Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits;
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self, was yours; you might have used me
To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When, in requital of my best endeavors,
You treacherously practised to undo me;
And stole her from my bosom,
My only child! Oh! Belvidera!
Jaf. 'T is to me you owe her:
Childless had you been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since, in your brigantine, you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
And I was with you: your skilful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock; when, to your boat,
You made for safety; entered first yourself;
The affrighted Belvidera followed next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep;

When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And, buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize.
I brought her unto your despairing arms;
Indeed you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul; for from that hour she loved me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me! like a thief you stole her,
At dead of night! that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear!
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you, till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion!

Jaf. Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder?

Pri. You dare not do 't!

Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart, that awes me, is too much my master:
Three years are passed since first our vows were plighted,
During which time, the world must bear me witness,
I 've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice:
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded:
Out of my little fortune I 've done this;
Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature)
The world might see I loved her for herself;
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.

Pri. No more!

Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu forever!
There 's not a wretch, that lives on common charity,
But 's happier than me; for I have known
The precious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never woke but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet 's withered in the ripening!

Pri. Home, and be humble! study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy servants in thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly!

Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state;
Then, to some suburb cottage, both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life!
Home, home, I say! [Exit.]

Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me —
This proud, this swelling heart! — home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Filled and crowded with gaping creditors:
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and please with ruin!
O Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife —
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more!

[Enter Belvidera.]

Belvidera. My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating,
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh, smile, as formerly you aye were wont,
And cheer my fainting soul!

Jaf. As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has, then, my fortune changed thee?
Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art altered, where shall I have harbor?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?

Bel. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy presence,
With all the resolution of strong truth?

Jaf. Can there, in woman, be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!

Bel. If love be treasure, we 'll be wondrous rich;
Oh! lead me to some desert wide and wild,
Barren as are our fortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and every listening planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom 's fraught!

Jaf. Oh, Belvidera! doubly I 'm a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee!
Want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view!
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,

Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitterness of smarting poverty ?
When banished by our miseries abroad,
(As suddenly we shall be,) to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
Wilt thou then talk thus to me ? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love ?

Bel. Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
My deep affection shall be none the less ! [her !

Jaf. Hear this, you Heavens, and wonder how you made
Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world !
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine ;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again, to lift you in your pride ;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you !
I, in my private bark, already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
That had, by chance, packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that :
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus prize my little, but my precious store,
Resolved to scorn and trust my fate no more. [Exeunt.]

THE SISTER BAND.

N. T. MONROE.

LOVE.	LONG-SUFFERING.	FAITH.
JOY.	GENTLENESS.	MEEKNESS.
PEACE.	GOODNESS.	TEMPERANCE.

Love.

I came, the first of a radiant band,
Sent out on the earth by God's own hand ;
I came ere the breath of life was given
To him who was made in the image of Heaven.
But darkness rose, and the serpent's breath
On the garden fell, with the scourge of death !
Our band was broken — and since that hour
We 've met no more as in Eden's bower.
Our meetings are short, and we find no home,
But apart o'er the world our spirits roam,
And the spirit of Love is oft-times lone.

Joy.

Not now alone — thy sister is here,
The next who came to this mortal sphere.
We meet not oft — the last was where
Two hearts were pledged with vow and prayer;
I tarried not long, — I might not stay
When light and hope were passing away!
How long dost thou *thy* vigil keep,
With hearts that mourn, and eyes that weep?

Love.

I staid till the last, low prayer was said,
And the living stood by the silent dead;
And our sister Peace, who cometh now,
With her soft, bright eye, and holy brow,
I left her there by the mourner's side,
To soothe the heart so sorely tried.
Sweet sister, O say, hast thou found a home?
Has the world a spot thou canst call thy own?

Peace.

Sisters, we met at the infant's bed,
O'er his rosy sleep my spirit I shed,
And left ye there — and to manhood turned, —
His cheek was flushed, and his forehead burned;
Too much of earthly passion was there,
And I turned where a maiden knelt in prayer,
And I dwelt with her till her spirit fled,
And the mortal frame lay still and dead.
But 't was not my home; and, sisters sweet,
I pined for a spot where we *all* might meet.

Love and Joy.

Long time we stood by that infant's bed,
O'er his rosy path our spirits shed,
And scattered flowers around his way,
And taught his little hands to play.
We watched him well, till manhood came,
And with it ardent hopes of fame;
Till his soul grew sick in his weary way,
Till his heart almost forgot to pray.
We left him then with his empty name,
For Love and Joy dwell not with fame!

Long-suffering.

Hail, sisters sweet! we meet once more;
Have ye found a home — are your wanderings o'er?
For I fain would rest; — I come from a scene,
Where, my sisters sweet, ye all *have* been; —
A close, a darkened, a stifled room,
Where sorrow and sickness have found a home.
There 's an aching brow, there 's a breaking heart,
There 's a soul that longs from earth to part,
Still bearing on, as it ever hast,
Through all the woes of the bitter past,
And murmuring not, but in deepest trust
Awaiting the mandate, "dust to dust!"
Twin sisters sweet! I left ye there, —
Has he met his God with trustful prayer?

Gentleness and Goodness.

He waiteth the summons;
And calmly he lies,
As lieth the clouds
In the sunset skies;
And calmly as sinketh
The sun to his rest,
So sinketh he now
On his master's breast.
We have smoothed his pillow,
And cheered his heart,
And taken from death
The bitterest smart.
We left him with Faith,
And she cometh now,
With her beaming eye
And her glorious brow.

Faith.

He has gone to his God, — triumphant he passed!
Undimmed is his glory, — high trust to the last.
I stood by his side till the last look was given;
I stood by his side till his soul was in heaven.
Why meet we here? Can we find no home?
Hath the earth no place we can call our own?
Hath the world no spot where we all may dwell,
And know not, and fear not, a sad farewell?
Say, sister meek, what tale dost thou bring, —
Through what scenes hast thou passed, with thy gentle wing?

Meekness.

The gentle of earth
My spirit loves best;
With the young and pure
I find sweet rest.
I soar not afar —
My flights are not high —
I dwell in a tone,
In the glance of an eye.
In the mother, who gazes
With heartfelt joy,
And watches the sports
Of her infant boy.

Faith.

But sister, sweet sister! I 've met thee oft, —
Thy voice is so low, and thy tone so soft,
Thou art loved by all, and the glad and gay
Both welcome thy coming, and urge thy stay.
But the last of our sister band is nigh,
With her glad, free step, and joyous eye,
As if she had brought whole realms at her feet, —
Say, what are thy tidings, sister sweet?

Temperance.

Sisters, all hail! and I am the last?
O'er all the world has my spirit passed.
The work has begun — the mighty, the strong,
And nations have blessed it; and loud is the song
Which swells o'er the earth. The wicked hath turned
From his wayward path, and the heart that spurned
At all that is good, is a suppliant now,
And low at the feet of a Saviour must bow.
Do we meet to rejoice? O there is deep joy
Where the mother weeps o'er her penitent boy!
Do we meet to mourn o'er the sins of earth?
Then gird on our armor, and go we forth,
To soften the hearts of mankind by our power,
For high is our gift, and glorious our dower; —
But which of our band, O say, can tell
Where again we shall meet, and say not farewell?

Faith.

If we all meet again,
On the earth, ne'er to part,
Sweet sisters, 't will be
In the Christian's heart.

But the *home* of our spirit
On earth is not given;
It is with our God,
Mid the glories of heaven.

THE FOUR WISHES.

ANONYMOUS.

First Voice.

I would shine in diamonds, in colored gems be drest;
The rainbow for my mantle, the stars upon my breast, —
Feathers, fringes, flowers, and lace, all rich and gay attire, —
Should make the humble know their place, and all the world admire;
And I would lead the *ton*, by wealth's commanding power;
Thus joy should fill my golden cup till life's last lingering hour.

Second Voice.

I would be a beauty, and flash my brilliant eye;
My cheeks should opening roses show, my lips a vermeil dye;
My alabaster brow and neck should dazzle all who gazed;
My dimple smiles should win all hearts, where'er my beauty blazed.
So I would charm the world by my bewitching power;
And thus fill up my cup of bliss, till life's last lingering hour.

Third Voice.

Give me nor wealth nor beauty! — I ask a spirit keen;
A wit that sparkles while it burns, that cuts as soon as seen;
Like a blazing comet, I would trace a bright, portentous path,
And all should worship at my shrine, or tremble at my wrath.
Thus I would sweep the world by wit's subduing power,
And fill my joyous crystal cup, till life's last lingering hour.

Fourth Voice.

These tempting gifts I dare not ask, — they blight the soul when given;
Oh! rather grant me a pure heart, which guides us straight to heaven;
A gentle spirit from above, to lead in wisdom's ways,
To make me humble in my youth, and useful all my days.
And if I always rule my life by virtue's holy power,
My cup of bliss will overflow, beyond my latest hour.

ON CURIOSITY.

COMM. SCRIPT.

FOUR BOYS — WILLIAM, LOUIS, JAMES, AND HENRY.

Louis. I 've found something! O Bill, you can't guess what it is!

William. What is it? [Turning to James.] James, Louis has found something.

James. What is it? Let me see, won't you?

Louis. O, I shan't let anybody see it till they guess what it is. [He holds his hand close.]

Wil. Is it *money?*

James. Is it a knife?

Louis. Guess on, and I 'll bow my head when you 're right.

Wil. Tell us the first letter!

James. Yes; it is not fair to keep us waiting so.

Louis. Ho! it belongs to me; I need n't tell any one unless I choose to.

James. You 'll tell us, won't you?

Louis. I don't know that!

Wil. Then, James, we won't play with him, will we?

James. No; and we won't show him anything we get. Father 's going to buy me something to-morrow, — it 's my birth day.

Wil. What is it, Jim? Let me see it — won't you?

James. Yes, but Louis shan't, if he don't tell me what he 's found.

Louis. Ho! I don't believe it will be much.

Wil. I guess it will, for his father is able to buy him a great deal, — is he not, Jim?

James. Yes, it will be worth, — I shan't say how much.

Louis. 'Cause you don't know. It will not be worth a pin sight.

Wil. It will, too; come, Louis, let us see it.

James. Poh! I don't believe he has anything.

Louis. I have too! Just see how large my hand is! I can't hardly shut it.

James. Let 's get it away from him, Bill, will you?

Louis. I should like to see you try. I can master both of you.

James. O, O, Bill! I 've found something too! [Snatches something from the ground.] Look here.

Louis. I don't believe it.

James. I have — have n't I, Bill?

Wil. Yes, indeed; I would n't exchange.

James. Nor I either.

Louis. Let us see it.

Wil. Poh! I would n't waste my breath.

James. Well, you will not see it; come, Bill, let 's go home.

Wil. Yes, I will show my new — [Louis comes up to listen.] — new — you need not listen, Louis; I shan't tell. You need not follow us; you will not know.

[Enter Henry.]

Henry. What is the matter, boys? I thought you were the best friends in the world.

Wil. And so we were; but Louis has found something, and won't tell us what it is.

Louis. I told them to guess, and they would not.

James. We could not; but I 've found something, and he shan't see it.

Henry. How foolish, boys, to get angry at such trifles! Nothing you have, even though it is gold, can be of more value than your friendship for each other.

Wil. Louis began it! — he ought to have shown us what he 'd found.

Louis. Well! you began to get mad right off, before I had a chance to tell.

James. O Louis, what a story!

Henry. See, now, what a great fire a little spark kindleth. Louis, if you had shown what you had found, you would have saved this trouble.

Louis. Jim has found something too, and would not let me see it; and he says he 's going to have a birth-day present to-morrow, but I shan't be any the wiser. And Bill 's got something new at home; but *I* don't care ——

Henry. Now, boys, listen to me. You have all done wrong. Come, Louis, — you was the first trespasser; show what you found. [Louis hesitates.] Come!

Louis. O, it is n't much. I only wanted to see what they 'd say.

Henry. You wanted to excite their curiosity, and exercise a little superiority. Well, boys, I would n't care to know what it is. If it was a prize, he 'd show it quick enough.

Louis. Ask Jim what he 's got; if he 'll show, I will; and what has Bill got at home?

Henry. Come, James, open your hand.

James. Pooh, it 's only a stick!

Louis. And mine is only a cent!

Wil. And I 've got at home a kitten!

Henry. Now, boys, see how foolish your quarrel; here you were, all by the ears, almost ready to fight — for what? — a *stick*, a CENT, a KITTEN! Just think of it! weeks would have passed, and you would not have spoken to each other. And so with many quarrels, that begin in trifles, and end only in bloodshed and the prison. Beware, boys, of such tempers!

Louis. Ho! I did n't mean anything. I just wanted to teaze them a little, to see if they were good Yankees at guessing! Who could n't have guessed *a cent?*

James. And who could n't have guessed *a stick?*

Wil. And who could n't thought of *a new kitten?*

Henry. That 's enough. Now, be frank with each other; tell your good luck, and take a joke as a joke, and not make a serious affair of it.

Wil. Oh, we don't care for it now, — do we, James?

James. No; come, Louis, we won't think anything more about it, will we?

Louis. No; I did n't mean anything.

Henry. I 'm glad to see you ready to forgive, and we can all go home happy now. Come. [All go off.]

THE LADIES' WREATH — A TOPIC.

H. A. H. WAIT.

Characters considered: — JOANNA BAILLIE; HANNAH MORE; ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD; CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY; LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY; FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

First Speaker. It has been asserted that females are unfit to pursue the higher walks of science and imagination, in which the nobler sex delight to tread; — but is the stigma just?

Second Speaker. That it is not, let her answer to whom science is no less indebted than to her illustrious father; and let the sweet remembered notes, also, of Rhyllon's noble poetess respond.

Third Speaker. Why, then, if woman has a mind capable of lofty thoughts and noble aspirations, does she submit to spend her life, the gaudy butterfly, flitting from flower to flower, to suck up honeyed words of praise.

Fourth Speaker. How can even the noblest mind expand

beneath the culture hitherto bestowed on woman's intellect? While exercise of the most rigid character has been imposed upon the mind of man, woman has been taught to feel that her mission is fulfilled when she has made herself mistress of a few accomplishments. Thus is her taste vitiated, her mind perverted, her influence misdirected, and her heart rendered, too often, the receptacle of all that is vain, foolish, and unprofitable. Thus not unfrequently has her life been all beauty without soul — an ornament without intrinsic value. Men have placed around her mind a barrier almost insurmountable, and then, forsooth, they have exclaimed, How feeble the intellect which cannot burst its bands! And when, perchance, one noble mind breaks forth, how is she made the gaze and wonder of a stupid world! She is *honored* and *admired*, it is true; but she is elevated above the pleasures and delights of life, upon a marble pedestal, and deemed as cold and heartless quite. She is condemned to see others far beneath her laving their brows in the pure fount of affection, whilst hers is parched and withered beneath the laurel wreath which binds it.

Fifth Speaker. Shall it always be thus? — shall man alone rove freely in the field of science, and wander, at will, in the gardens of literature, and woman always be denied full freedom to walk therein?

Second. S. Surely it shall not be thus; for many choice spirits have already arisen to assert their claims to a higher destiny, and woman will, I doubt not, ere long learn her true position. And from among the fair flowers of female character, which have shed their fragrance upon the hearts open to their influence, let us cull a ladies' wreath of fame. And first, Joanna Baillie, the sister of Shakspeare, as she has been called; — her genius may be likened to the splendid "Aloe flower," which opens but once in a century; so rare, indeed, that it is regarded rather as a wonder than a blessing.

Sixth Speaker. Her literary career began in early life, and has been pursued with unremitted ardor. The great care she has ever manifested in the revision of her productions affords an excellent example of patience and industry for our imitation.

Fourth S. Her power seems to have shone concentrated in one burning ray — the knowledge of the human heart; and this knowledge she has illustrated in her poems, with the cool judgment of the philosopher, and the pure, warm feeling of the woman.

Seventh Speaker. Probably no woman ever did so much to

promote the cause of moral and social improvement as Miss Hannah More; certainly, no one ever more consistently subserved the best interests of her sex.

First S. She possessed, I think, more talent than genius; more judgment than imagination; and her poetry, though good in every respect, seldom merits a higher epithet.

Seventh S. Her honored name may be placed in our wreath, to be an amulet as well as an ornament. If there be any hesitation in designating it by a flower, it is because it deserves something less perishable; — it is the "Evergreen pine," the emblem of piety and philosophy, which time has no power to wither.

Eighth Speaker. How vividly comes over my heart the remembrance of Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymn in Prose!" Her name will ever live in my memory, mingling with the pleasant recollections of childhood.

Third S. The genius of the good lady you mention seems never to have incited her to a wide range or a lofty flight, yet like the "Lavender," whose rich fragrance makes us prize its simple flower, her poetry will be treasured, because imbued with those pure and enduring qualities of truth and feeling which require little ornament.

Sixth S. Who, that is conscious of possessing a soul that longs for immortality, does not feel that all high poetry must be religious? There are aspirations of the mind for something higher, better, lovelier, than can be found on earth, and it is the holiest office of poesy to embody in language those vague longings for purity and happiness, and to paint on the dark and torn canvass of human life transparent and glowing pictures of heavenly beauty and tranquillity.

Ninth Speaker. Few writers have done this with more power than Mrs. Caroline Bowles Southey.

Tenth Speaker. There is, indeed, a sincerity, a devotedness, ay, an enjoyment, too, in her religious musings, which show that Christian feelings have elevated the poetic sentiment, in her heart, till she can sing of the better land with the sure and sweet conviction of its reality. As the "Myrtle" is all beautiful, — leaf, flower, and tree, — so is her poetry all worthy of our admiration and esteem.

Eleventh Speaker. I propose for our wreath the name of Lydia Huntley Sigourney, the sweetest poetess of our own fair land. Her genius brightens in the Muses' smile. The delicate spirit of her fancy brings sounds — sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not. Her fine perception for the harmonious and appropriate appears in the smooth flow of her

lines, and in the perfect adaptation of her language to the subject.

Eighth S. These qualities, united with tender feelings and a naturally contemplative turn of mind, have, it seems to me, inclined her to elegiac poetry. The knell that summons the mourner to weep awakens her sympathy, and the tender dirge is sung to comfort the bereaved. She allows not the trophy of death to be left at the tomb, but shows us the resurrection and the life, thus elevating the hopes of the Christian, and chastening the thoughts of the worldly-minded. Like the "Imperial Passion Flower," her genius has ever been

> "Consecrate to Salem's peaceful king;
> Though fair as any gracing Beauty's bower,
> Yet linked to sorrow like a holy thing."

Twelfth Speaker. But we must not forget that highly gifted daughter of song — Felicia Dorothea Hemans. Her harp, like the "Rose," soothes and delights alike the humble and the elevated.

Ninth S.

> Let others thank thee, — 't was for them
> Thy soft leaves thou didst wreathe; —
> The red rose wastes itself in sighs
> Whose sweetness others breathe!

Twelfth S. Well said. The mighty spell by which she wrought was love, in all its purest, holiest, sweetest emotions of household affections, patriotism and devotion; and while love shall have a place in the human breast, her name shall live green in the memory of the race.

Fifth S. Sorrow, care, and the "wasting task and lone" of her minstrel vocation, caused a premature close of her life; and she died as stars go down, her genius bright and expanding till the last. Though she has gone from us, yet the light of her intellect will never be dimmed, nor the sweetness of her harp be forgotten.

Tenth S.

> We would not win thee back, — thy lyre, even here,
> Breathed the undying music of the sky;
> Its tone was not of earth, — too sweetly clear
> To blend with aught of life's sad harmony.
> Then joy for thee, crowned one! forever wearing
> Immortal glory on thy radiant brow;
> Bard of eternity! in triumph bearing
> A lofty part in heaven's sweet hymn, even now.

TATTLEVILLE SEWING SOCIETY.

F. CROSBY.

NED MADCAP, a wild, boisterous youth, from college.
AMANDA MADCAP, Ned's sister.
LUCY DE VERE and ARAMINTA FLAMBEAU, school-girl friends of Amanda, from New York city.
AUNT MARY, a taciturn old lady, fond of Ned, her nephew.
MRS. TRIMMINS, president of Tattleville Sewing Society.
MISS SNIVEL, a young lady past a certain age.
MRS. ARRACK, MRS. BONION, and MRS. RACKET, acting members of Tattleville Sewing Society.
BETTY, a maid at all work.

SCENE I. *A room in the house of Ned's father, in which are Amanda Madcap and her two city friends.*

[Enter Ned — court-plaster on his face — singing loudly,]

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,
That fills the ——" [Discovering them.]

Ah! beg your pardon, ladies — excuse my boisterousness — I was ——

Amanda. [Turning to him.] Ned, Lucy De Vere and Araminta Flambeau — very dear friends, of whom you've heard me speak ——

Ned. [Bowing.] Oh, such a lark! — excuse me, ladies — but I must tell you, 'Man; — you see my face, eh? Well, that flat of a Verisoft tried to dodge me in the library — got so bad that he actually ran out doors — after him go I, through the window to save time and expense — nabbed him, and stowed him away in farmer Hastings' granary. [Rubbing his hands in glee; — Miss Flambeau laughs loudly — Miss De Vere listens contemptuously.]

Aman. Well done, *ma chevalier!* — and what do you propose doing with yourself after dinner? Can't you be at our service?

Ned. Can't, 'Man, — can't, 'pon honor! — full of business — every moment precious. Nahum tells me the village Sewing Society, for the dissemination of knitting-work and the propagation of scandal, holds its monthly meeting this afternoon. [Laughing.] I've nothing to serve but my country, you know, and can't refrain from paying my *devoirs* to them. I'll meet you in the evening, however. *Au revoir.* [Ned exit.]

Miss Flambeau. [Laughing.] Incorrigible wag, 'Manda, is n't he? I shall set my cap for him.

Miss De Vere. Will you accompany me to the library? I must reperuse my sweet Lalla Rookh.

Aman. Certainly — anything. [Exeunt.]

[Enter Aunt Mary, reading a note.]

Aunt Mary. "Mrs. Trimmins — 11 o'clock. You are aware that the monthly meeting is holden this P. M. As my girl Jane is sick, you would confer a favor on me by accommodating me with your Betty for the afternoon and evening. Your friend, Priscilla Trimmins. P. S. Have you heard that awful story about William Leggett? I shall call and tell you early to-morrow morning. P. T." [Folding the note, and placing it in her pocket.] Betty *must* go — 't is such a *good object!* [Calls.] Betty!

Betty. [Entering.] Did you call, mum?

Aunt M. Yes — you may go over to Mrs. Trimmins and help her about the Sewing Society this afternoon.

Betty. [Courtesying.] Yes, mum. [Going.]

Aunt M. Here, Betty — as I can't go myself, here 's a pair of all wool socks you may give Mrs. Trimmins, as my contribution to the benevolent association. [Giving them to Betty.]

Betty. [Courtesying.] Yes, mum.

[Exeunt — Betty to the right — Aunt Mary to the left.]

Scene II. *A room in the house of Mrs. Trimmins.*

[Mrs. Trimmins — Bonion — Snivel — Arrack — and Racket, sitting round the room, knitting and sewing. A work-table, with work-basket, &c., in back-ground.]

Mrs. Trimmins. Yes — I think he should be severely reprimanded — his conduct brings disgrace on our quiet village.

Miss Snivel. Oh, 't is lamentable to think how our rising generations is growing into pervarsity! There 's Sam Sampson, whose smoked I don't know how many cigars this week! — Tabitha Tattle told me that she had counted him fourteen times, and was purty posi*tive* once more — and ——

Mrs. Racket. Yes — and don't you think Dorothy Jones says *'t is* a fact that young Merry's wife has two bran new silk dresses ——

Mrs. Arrack. Mercy! Did you ever? [Holding up both hands.]

Mrs. Bonion. What a provoking little gossip that Hannah Parrot is! — I do declare I never heard such a tongue in my life ——

Mrs. R. Don't mention her name! — I 'm disgusted with the whole family! — such a supercilious, good-for-nothing ——

Mrs. T. Don't talk so rudely, Mrs. Racket — don't! — we should always love our neighbors, you know. I 'm heartily opposed to all manner of abuse. Miss Snivel, did you hear how Deacon Brackett's darter talked sarcy to her mother last

Wednesday? Oh, she 's an impudent, niggardly, slovenly vixen! — I *must* tell you about it ——

All. Oh, do — do! [Dropping their work, and listening eagerly.]

Mrs. T. You see, Jemima Brackett 's been off and on more 'n three weeks ——

Mrs. B. It 's more 'n five — [counting her fingers] no — it 's six — I remember how ——

Mrs. R. Oh, no, — don't you mind — 't was the day afore Salome Sprague's youngest boy was three years old ——

Mrs. T. [Bell rings.] Who *can* it be? I 'll run up stairs, and look out of the winder. [Exit.]

[Enter Betty, with a bundle — all crowd around and examine.]

Mrs. A. P'raps it may be a contribution from some of the honorary members — let 's untie it.

Miss S. Let it be till Mrs. Trimmins comes — her name 's on it.

Mrs. R. I 'm dying to see it! — I *know* it 's something for our Serciety — I 'll just peek into it! [Peeps into a corner of the bundle.] Yes — 't is 't is — [clapping her hands] — I can see something black — may be it 's a present from — [pausing] — I wonder *who?*

[Enter Mrs. Trimmins.]

Mrs. B. Come quick, Mrs. Trimmins — here 's something for *you.* We are confident it 's for the Serciety, and we want it opened.

[Mrs. T. unties the bundle carefully, and displays a pair of pants — note drops on the floor — throws them contemptuously from her — calls.]

Mrs. T. [Calling.] Betty — Bet-ty!

Betty. [Entering.] Marm?

Mrs. T. [Pointing to the bundle.] Who brought that bundle here?

Betty. Don't know, mum — 't was left on the door-stone. [Stooping down and picking up a note which had dropped.] Here be a letter, mum. [Exit.]

Mrs. T. [Reading — others peeping over her shoulders.] "Having just returned from a long absence I beg leave to present you with a testimonial of my regard. The accompanying are intended for *wear.* A Friend."

I know you, sir — I know you, Ned Madcap — and you shall suffer for this. I 'll run right over and tell Miss Vinegar. [Exit.]

Miss S. Who *ever* heard of sich imperdence? The gallers is too good for him! [Door-bell rings.]

Betty. [Entering.] Miss Snivel is wanted. [Miss S. — exit.]

Mrs. A. I guess it 's that oderous Miggins — I should n't wonder a bit — queer goings on in this village!

Miss S. [Re-entering.] Nahum Noddle — scape-gallows! — says

Ned Madcap wants to know if I was aware that Tom Stacy had traded horses — and hoped I 's well. His aunt shall hear of this — that she shall!

[Bells ring — cries of fire — fire.]

Betty. [Entering hurriedly.] Somebody's house is afire somewhere, I guess.

Mrs. B. I must go — where 's my shawl?

[Exeunt Betty and Mrs. B.]

Mrs. A. I should n't wonder if it 's Coggses' grocery — I seed 'em fetching some lard lamps in there this mornin ——

Miss S. Oh! — oh — oh — they 're exploded, for sartin! — several persons *must* be killed and others wounded! — quick — hurry! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A drawing-room in the house of Ned's father.*

[Aunt Mary knitting by a table with books.]

Ned. But, my dear aunt, what else *could* I do in the premises?

Aunt M. Why, Edward, you should have been the *last* one to disturb the harmony of any family. Mrs. Trimmins tells me that ——

Ned. Oh, bang Mrs. Trimmins! — she 'd say the sun was a cabbage, if she could gain a proselyte by it. I 've no faith in these old women who forget that the mouth was ever made to be shut. Then, there 's Miss Snivel ——

Aunt M. Oh, she 's a *dear* young lady!

Ned. Young lady! [Holding up both hands.] Fates preserve us! What! that unwedded stick? Why, she can't remember her last beau — 't was such a *long* time ago. No, no — there 's no use talking to me — I vowed revenge upon the whole bevy long ago. Did n't I throw 'em into an agreeable noise and confusion this afternoon? What a time, and nobody to it! Ha! ha! ha! [Mimicing Miss Snivel.] Several persons *must* be killed and others wounded! — ha! ha! ha! [Laughing loudly.]

[Scene closes.]

CHURCH CRITICS.

EASTERN MAIL.

SCENE. *Twist, Squint, Ungracious, Lofty, Goodwin, Twaddle, and others, standing around the church door, after meeting.*

Twist. Well, Mr. Squint, what do you think of the new preacher?

Squint. Why, Mr. Twist, I can't say that he pleased me; that is, he wan't what might have been expected. Indeed, I don't know but I might say I was disappointed a leetle!

Twist. That 's jest what I should have said myself, Mr. Squint, but you took the words out of my mouth. But, Mr. Lofty, what is your opinion? — will he do?

Lofty. Will he do? Why, I must say that I have my doubts. He wore, as you all must have been pained to observe, a black cravat, and even wiped his face in the pulpit with a red bandanna. All out of taste! decidedly unclerical! To suit me, a minister may wear black gloves, but white is the only suitable color for his neckcloth and pocket-handkerchief. Besides, I should have been better pleased if his hair had been a shade lighter, and his eyes a little more animated.

Goodwin. Rather particular, friend Lofty; but, neighbor Ungracious, how were *you* suited?

Ungracious. Not so well as I might have been. He preached up too much piety and religion for me. For one, I don't want to be twitted of my sins every Sunday.

Goodwin. [In a low tone.] It is a guilty conscience that speaks!

Ungracious. What 's that you observe?

Goodwin. I was going to say that it would take more than an angel to suit everybody.

Lofty. But, Deacon, there is no disguising the fact, I think, that his sermons lack depth. They are so plain and simple, that anybody may understand every word of them.

Goodwin. All the better, in my opinion, for being easily understood.

Lofty. It is well, I know, to have plain preaching; but then it must not be so plain as not to have some learning in it.

Twist. I agree with you there, 'zactly; I 've heard preachers, in my day, and not a few, neither. The fact is, now we are going to have a railroad, our village must begin to look up. His discourses had no large words in them. He did not as much as mention Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, nor any of the old patriarchs. Now, the Rev. Mr. Novelty, up river, preaches crack discourses, such as take his hearers, with their dictionaries, a whole week to find out his meaning.

Twaddle. I 'm of your opinion. You have hit it, neighbor, 'zactly. Besides, I guess you will be a little surprised when I tell you that he has gone and got engaged to a young miss out of town.

Goodwin. He has, indeed! Why, wife picked our Jerusha for him.

Twaddle. But he seems to have picked for himself, and slighted all our daughters.

Goodwin. Well, well,—he 's no go here, now, take my word for it.

Squint. Come, let us go and express our minds to the parish committee. [All go off.]

THE VILLAGE SQUIRE.

ANONYMOUS.

Timothy Wiggins, Squire.	Mr. Edgerstone, an attorney.
Jonathan, his nephew.	Mr. Millwood, a student.

Officer.

Scene I. *Squire's Office.*

Squire. [Entering with a letter. Opens, looks at the bottom, and reads.] "Your dear brother, Pelecompeser Jozadak Wiggins." Ay, ay, from brother Daka. "State of Varmount, two miles to the westward of any place, May 8th, 1849. Dear brother. I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am well, and hope these few lines will find you the [looking close] sam." What does he mean?—I am uncle Tim. Sam lives in the Jarseys. But let us see what he says. "As I have more children than I know what to do with, and hearing that you are pretty considerable of an old bachelor, I have made bold to come to the determination to send you our Jonathan. He is a keen chap for a young one, and will beat any on 'em, only give him a chance. My wife sends love, and a blessing for Jonathan, who will be with you soon arter this letter. Barsheba, and Hetty, and Dinah, and Mabel, and Philis, and Rachel, and Dorcas, and Tabathy, and Medad, and Zephaniah, and Shishak, and Tobit, and Shaphat, send love to uncle Tim. The rest of the boys are out grubbing. Your affectionate brother, Pelecompeser Jozadak Wiggins." Children! I think so! An uncommon lot of them. Well, I am glad Daka has not quite forgotten me. A son to bring up is better than nothing.

[Enter Edgerstone.]

Edgerstone. Good-morning, Squire. Any news from the city?

Sq. Not a bit, Mr. Eag—— Eaglestone. [Edgerstone correcting him.] Ah! I have it then,—Mr. Edgerstone. A line from Vermont. Anything stirring down below?

Edger. Nothing, to my knowledge, of much consequence.

I am told they are beginniug to talk about the election of congressman.

Sq. Indeed, I have been thinking of that myself. Who will be nominated for our district?

Edger. No one can conjecture as yet.

Sq. Who is talked of?

Edger. Several have been named, but I do not like any of them.

Sq. Which of them would you prefer?

Edger. I cannot vote for either, and I have come over this morning to see if the squire would not stand, if he should be nominated.

Sq. What did you say, Mr. Gagglestone? [Edgerstone correcting.] What! *I* be nominated? I go to Congress? Who says it? who believes it? It can't be so!

Edger. Yes, it can, squire, rest assured of that. Come, what say, — will my friend consent to stand?

Sq. [Walking as in thought.] Why yes, I think I would. I have been wanting to *sarve* my country, and do something in a po*lit*ical way. It would tickle me considurble to go to Congress; but how can it be brought about?

Edger. It is, indeed, a point of some little difficulty; but [rather mysteriously] you know, squire, in these times, anybody can get an office whose pockets are well lined with bank-notes and is not too stingy to produce them.

Sq. Well, I think you about right, Mr. Guzzledown. [Edgerstone correcting.] Well, I declare, I can never get the hang of your name. How much do you think it will cost? I would not value a hundred or two, if I could only make out something in the po*lit*ical way.

Edger. Say two hundred dollars, to begin with. I will go, and I hope on the strength of that to get you nominated in the county caucus. That accomplished, I will go down to the district convention and get your nomination carried there. This will take a good sum more, — say, all together, one thousand dollars.

Sq. A thousand dollars! That is a good sum, as you say. Can't it be done for less? [Walking about.] A thousand dollars; I want to sarve my country, but if it is going to cost so much, I must think about it again.

Edger. It may not amount to that. Suppose we begin with two hundred, and see how it tells.

Sq. We will try that; I shall anyhow be getting into the po*lit*ical way.

Edger. I will see to your business directly. [Taking a paper

from his pocket, and approaching the squire in a half obsequious tone.] Squire Wiggins, will you do me the favor to endorse this bond?

Sq. [Takes the bond.] Five thousand dollars, to be paid a week hence. I—I—let me see. I want to accommodate if I can. Can you give me security?

Edger. Yes, a sound claim for twice the sum on the Bentham estate.

Sq. Well, make out your writings; I will sign the bond. One favor of you, Mr. Anglehorn. [Edgerstone correcting.] My nephew, Jonathan, is coming from Vermont to-day. I wish you would sound the boy, and give him a bright idea or two, if you find he has got any scrumption.

Edger. I will do so. The writings will be prepared shortly. [Exit Edgerstone.]

Sq. [Alone.] How this will sound:—Squire Wiggins, a member of Congress! Let us see. How will my speeches be reported? Why, "Mr. Wiggins rose and addressed the chair in the following eloquent and powerful speech." I'll beat Clay and Calhoun, Webster and Benton, and the whole of 'em. The first of the Wigginses that ever sat upon the floor of Congress,—I will hand my name down to the latest posterity. But what have I to do with posterity, crusty, fussing old bachelor that I am? Ay, true enough. There is my niece Julia, and Jonathan, that ought to be here, if he is coming. They shall be my posterity. They shall have my property and fame too, if Jonathan is worthy of either. It is only yesterday that Julia returned from the city. How it will sound there,—Julia Wiggins' uncle has gone to Congress!

[Enter Jonathan.]

Jonathan. How de du, uncle Tim?

Sq. What, Jonathan!—this you? How a man knows his own relations, if he never did see them! How are you, my boy?

Jona. Pretty considerable stirring, I guess.

Sq. I have just got a letter about you. Do you think you would like to live with me, Jonathan?

Jona. I should be nationed curious feller not to, I guess. Dad telled me, if you took a notion to me, I should be dressed as I am now, all the while, and, instead of grubbing up stumps and heckeling among hummocks, and going to Ashdod to mill, I should be a gentleman, and go to college.

Sq. What made him think of college?

Jona. Cause I have always been a mighty cute lad at *larning*. The first winter I went to school, I larnt to read as fast

as I could talk; and the next, I beat the master in rithmetic, all holler.

Sq. That was not so slow, neither, Jonathan. Mr. Megerbone will be here to-night, and he will see if you are fit for anything. Don't despair. You may be president yet. How that will sound, — President Wiggins! President Wiggins!

Jona. Ha! ha! that it will, uncle. [Exeunt.]

Scene II. *A lawyer's office.*

Edger. [Seated at a table covered with papers and law books, and writing.] I can't leave a flaw in it, after all, that the old squire can't discover. Well, it must be so. Better as thus, than go to jail next week.

[Enter Millwood.]

Millwood. How are you, Edgerstone? Always at business, ha?

Edger. A little engaged this morning, but I am now at your service. But what is the matter with you, Millwood? your laughter-loving eyes look sober.

Mill. A mere trifle.

Edger. Got into some of the scrapes they learn you at college, and want me to get you out?

Mill. A scrape, I allow, but I do not know that we learn it at college. I just saw you come from esquire Wiggins', did I not?

Edger. I have been there, this morning.

Mill. Did you see Julia?

Edger. Now I have it, — in love! That is a scrape; ha! ha!

Mill. Don't laugh at me.

Edger. They say Julia has grown up a very beautiful girl?

Mill. Oh, she is divine!

Edger. Very likely.

Mill. Could you have seen her last evening, as she was handed from the carriage, you would not now speak in sarcasm. The thick coming emotions of home had crimsoned her cheek — health and grace were in every motion — joy shone in every feature. I caught one glimpse as I passed; and, oh! an angel could not have been more enchanting.

Edger. I imagine that you would make that angel yours.

Mill. Yes, and here is where I am in difficulty. The old squire has forbidden my seeing her.

Edger. In such a case, I know of no statute or common

law principle in point. The law of love is altogether a singular code, that Blackstone has not mentioned.

Mill. I did not come to ask advice, but some assistance in the way of sending to her. Here are some verses I have been writing. Can you get them consigned to her hands?

Edger. Indeed, Millwood, I can't promise. Let me think; perhaps I may. Jonathan will be here shortly; I can hand them to him. [Taking the verses.] Ahem! Shakspeare. In true love style, — on the envelope two hearts pierced with two darts. Love is cruel. I'll deliver them. [Exit Millwood.] If Jonathan is anything of a Yankee we will have this love-lorn Millwood in a scrape, in good earnest. [Enter Jonathan.] Jonathan Wiggins, I suppose, come to be examined. Well, Jonathan, I think you come from Vermont, where the stones are so thick that they sow their wheat with a rifle.

Jona. Yes, and where they have to grind the sheep's noses every month.

Edger. Well, my boy, can you skin a flint?

Jona. That will depend on who is a-going to have the hide.

Edger. Rather keen, Jonathan. Did you ever tree an earthquake?

Jona. No, but I have ketched three young ones asleep, before now.

Edger. Can you ride a streak of lightning, bareback?

Jona. I can, after the bridle is on.

Edger. What will you take to go to New York about the quickest?

Jona. The magnetic telegraph, to be sure.

Edger. Did you ever see the sun at midnight?

Jona. Yes, I saw a dozen suns one night, when old Lucas' mill-pond got afire.

Edger. How big are the hail-stones in your country?

Jona. I heard dad say he seed one once as big — oh, as big as a piece of chalk.

Edger. Well, my boy, you will do something yet. We must go to the squire's now. Here is a paper you may hand to Julia.

Jona. [Taking the verses.] The dickens! what 's that? It looks like two legs of bacon in agony. [Exeunt.]

Scene III. *Squire's office.*

[Squire reading newspaper, with spectacles on, &c. Presently enter Edgerstone.]

Edger. What says the Gazette?

Sq. Not much. Nothing unfavorable any way. We shall do something yet, Mr. Grizzleton. [Edgerstone correcting.]

Edger. Ay, that will we. I have the writings prepared, squire. [Hands them. While the Squire is reading, Edgerstone examines very close the desk.]

Sq. Sign here, I suppose. [Signs.]

Edger. Now, if you will advance me that small sum you mentioned.

Sq. [Opening his desk and taking out money.] Oh, how much it costs to serve one's country! Well, I will get glory enough to pay up before the session is through.

Edger. [Taking the money.] That is right.

Sq. I will take a receipt, if you please.

Edger. Would it not be best to dispense with that?—you know it might be shown to your disadvantage, if it was discovered. Besides, you know it is illegal to expend money in buying votes; and so a receipt is good for nothing.

Sq. Yes, yes. Look to it that you are honest.

Edger. You will see shortly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A private room.*

[Enter Jonathan and Millwood,]

Jona. Be you the gentleman who sent some verses to cousin July?

Mill. Yes, and what of it? Has she consented to an interview?

Jona. She sends them back, and says she can't understand them all.

Mill. What does she not understand?

Jona. Take them and read along; I'll tell you when you come to it.

Mill. [Reads.]

Oh, who is so cruel, so heedless, so gay,
To quench in despair the soul's only ray,
Whatever the raptures or woes that enthrall,
And o'er it to shed lone midnight's dark pall?

Your image in beauty o'er my fancy is stealing,
Each thought is a gush of emotion —

Jona. She wants to know how a thought can be a gush of emotion.

Mill. Oh, poetic license allows as much as that. [Reads.]

Could I kneel where that beauty its form is revealing,
I auspicate there the soul's deep devotion.

Jona. She wants to know what you mean by "auspicating the soul's devotion." She says there is no such word as auspicate, and, if there were, the line would be all nonsense.

Mill. Well, what poet is there now-a-days that does not

have a line of nonsense, now and then? Horace says that Homer sometimes nods. [Reads on.]

As the moon's witching beams of the sun were withdrawn,
Were parted forever from man's longing view,
So my being is quenched in darkness forlorn,
If parted, dear Julia, from you.

Then grant me one smile from those lips so divine,
One love look that soul cannot belie;
Or, if fate deals too hardly with sorrows like mine,
Grant me one moment of sadness — a sigh.

Jona. She says she shan't hinder you from sighing, if you like it.

Mill. How she misunderstands me! I wanted her to sigh. Has she consented to an interview?

Jona. On one condition.

Mill. Oh! what is that? Pray what is it?

Jona. You know uncle Tim has said you should not see her; and, if you meet her, you must be blindfolded.

Mill. Oh, glorious! My poetry has softened her heart a little, after all. When and where shall I meet the sweet creature?

Jona. She says, this afternoon, by the old crab-apple tree in the garden.

Mill. Blindfolded. Yes, I consent to anything, if I can be near her, and know that she is thinking of my unworthy self. I will certainly be there. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Room in the Squire's house.*

[Enter Squire and Jonathan.]

Sq. Well, Jonathan, have you got most wonted here?

Jona. Why, pretty considerable, I guess. There are so many funny chaps about I have n't been homesick a bit.

Sq. What do you mean?

Jona. There is Billy Millwood; he acts like a crazy terrapin with a coal of fire on his back.

Sq. What is he crazy about?

Jona. Don't you think he is in love with our July?

Sq. You don't believe he cares anything about the girl, do you? I was informed that he was a hair-brained youth, capable of nothing but gambling and dissipation.

Jona. And who told you so?

Sq. Lawyer Gizzlestone.

Jona. And he is another cute chap. I tell you what, uncle Tim, if I do say it, it won't answer to trust too much to what he says.

Sq. Why, Jonathan? [Much alarmed.] What do you mean by that?

Jona. Oh, not much.

Sq. Speak out, boy.

Jona. Millwood is no more dissipated than our old lame turkey.

Sq. How do you know that?

Jona. I had pretty considerable of a chat with him, yesterday, about college matters, and sich. He said he staid alone from one week's end to another. Now, no one would do so that was dissipated.

Sq. Then Weaslestone has deceived me.

Jona. And I guess this is not the only thing he has played the Indian about, neither. I heard him laughing about some old fool that thought he was going to Congress.

Sq. Who told you about that?

Jona. Nobody; but I guessed he meant you.

Sq. You beat all nature, Jonathan, for guessing! I could swear you were a Yankee, if I did not know that you come from Vermont. It may be he has wheedled me, after all. Here, Jonathan, tell Ben to harness old Dobbin. [Exit Jonathan.] I'll go and talk with parson Tousey. He is something of a man in the po*li*tical way, [putting on coat, &c.] and knows all about this Gaggledown, too. Why did I not think of him before? I'll not see my two hundred again, I 'm afraid.

[Exit.]

Scene VI. *In a garden.*

[Enter Edgerstone, leading Millwood, blindfolded.]

Mill. Have we got near to the crab-apple tree?

Edger. It is just here. No need to touch it. There, she is coming.

[Enter Jonathan, muffled in a long cloak.]

Mill. Oh, that I should live to see such an hour as this! Here I am, Julia. [Kneeling on one knee.] May I press your hand?

Jona. [Disguising his voice.] Yes, if it will do you any good.

Mill. [Taking hold of Jonathan's hand, and throwing it from him.] That is not Julia's hand! [Tearing off the bandage. The others laughing heartily.] Well, this is a joke in earnest! There, I might have known that Julia would have never consented to such a meeting as this! [Enter Squire.] Oh, distraction! here is the squire himself. Squire Wiggins, I trust you will pardon this intrusion. Indeed, I have been deceived, or I should never have been here.

Sq. It seems, Mr. Millwood, that we have both been

deceived, and by a villain who has the effrontery to call himself a gentleman. Mr. Edgelesshone, or by what other name you are called, I have found you out at last!

Edger. As you have no further need of my services, I shall withdraw. [Offers to go.]

Sq. [Stepping before him.] Not in such haste, if you please. An officer is approaching, to take you to jail on charge of breaking open my desk and removing sundry bonds and papers. You were going to get me into Congress. You will find a situation for yourself, at any rate, for the next two years, in the state penitentiary. Mr. Millwood, we have misunderstood one another. Upon inquiry, I find I can respect you as a man and a scholar. I do not hereafter expressly prohibit your seeing Julia. [Enter officer, and arrests Edgerstone — *Jonathan* goes behind Edgerstone as he is led off.] Now he has got it!

[Exeunt.]

GUSTAVUS VASA.

H. BROOKS.

SCENE. *Mountains of Dalecarlia.*

[Enter Gustavus as a peasant; Sivard and Dalecarlians following.]

Gustavus. Ye men of Sweden, wherefore are ye come?
See ye not, yonder, how the locusts swarm,
To drink the fountains of your honor up,
And leave your hills a desert? — Wretched men!
Why came ye forth? Is this a time for sport?
Or are ye met with song and jovial feast,
To welcome your new guests, your Danish visitants?
To stretch your supple necks beneath their feet,
And fawning lick the dust? — Go, go, my countrymen,
Each to your several mansions! — trim them out,
Cull all the tedious earnings of your toil,
To purchase bondage! — O, Swedes! Swedes!
Heavens! are ye men, and will ye suffer this?
There was a time, my friends, — a glorious time! —
When, had a single man of your forefathers
Upon the frontier met a host in arms,
His courage scarce had turned; himself had stood,
Alone had stood, the bulwark of his country!
Come, come ye on, then! Here I take my stand!
Here, on the brink, the very verge of liberty;
Although contention rise upon the clouds,

Mix heaven with earth, and roll the ruin onward,
Here will I fix, and breast me to the shock,
Till I or Denmark fall!

Sivard. And who art thou,
That thus wouldst swallow all the glory up
That should redeem the times? Behold this breast!
The sword has tilled it; and the stripes of slaves
Shall ne'er trace honor here; shall never blot
The fair inscription. —— Never shall the cords
Of Danish insolence bind down these arms,
That bore my royal master from the field. [grief! —

Gus. Ha! Say you, brother? Were you there — oh,
Where liberty and Stenon fell together?

Siv. Yes, I was there! — A bloody field it was,
Where conquest gasped, and wanted breath to tell
Its o'er-toiled triumph. There our bleeding king,
There Stenon on this bosom made his bed,
And, rolling back his dying eyes upon me,
Soldier, he cried, if e'er it be thy lot
To see my gallant cousin, great Gustavus,
Tell him — for once, that I have fought like him,
And would like him have ——
Conquered!

Gus. Oh, Danes! Danes!
You shall weep blood for this! Shall they not, brother?
Yes, we will deal our might with thrifty vengeance,
A life for every blow, and, when we fall,
There shall be weight in 't; like the tottering towers,
That draw contiguous ruin.

Siv. Brave, brave man!
My soul admires thee. —— By my father's spirit,
I would not barter such a death as this
For immortality! Nor we alone —
Here be the trusty gleanings of that field
Where last we fought for freedom; here 's rich poverty,
Though wrapped in rags, — my fifty brave companions;
Who through the force of fifteen thousand foes
Bore off their king, and saved his great remains.

Gus. Why, captain,
We could but die alone, — with these we 'll conquer.
My fellow laborers too —— What say ye, friends?
Shall we not strike for 't?

Siv. Death! Victory or death!

All. No bonds! no bonds!

Arn. Spoke like yourselves. — Ye men of Dalecarlia,

Brave men and bold! whom every future age
Shall mark for wondrous deeds, achievements won
From honor's dangerous summit, warriors all!
Say, might ye choose a chief —
Speak, name the man,
Who then should meet your wish!
Siv. Forbear the theme!
Why wouldst thou seek to sink us with the weight
Of grievous recollection? Oh, Gustavus!
Could the dead wake, thou wert the man.
Gus. Didst thou know Gustavus? [worth
Siv. Know him! Oh, Heaven! what else, who else was
The knowledge of a soldier? That great day,
What Christiern, in his third attempt on Sweden,
Had summed his powers, and weighed the scale of fight,
On the bold brink, the very push of conquest,
Gustavus rushed, and bore the battle down!
In his full sway of prowess, like Leviathan
That scoops his foaming progress on the main,
And drives the shoals along; — forward I sprung,
All emulous, and laboring to attend him;
Fear fled before, behind him rout grew loud,
And distant wonder gazed; — at length he turned,
And having eyed me with a wondrous look
Of sweetness mixed with glory — grace inestimable!
He plucked this bracelet from his conquering arm,
And bound it here! But from that blessed day
I never saw him more — yet still to this
I bow, as to the relics of my saint:
Each morn I drop a tear on every bead,
Count all the glories of Gustavus o'er,
And think I still behold him!
Gus. Rightly thought!
For so thou dost, my soldier,
Behold your general,
Gustavus! come once more to lead you on
To laureled victory, to fame, to freedom!
Siv. Strike me, ye powers! It is illusion all!
It cannot — it is, it is! [Falls and embraces his knees.]
Gus. Oh, speechless eloquence!
Rise to my arms, my friend!
Siv. Friend! say you, friend?
O, my heart's lord! my conqueror! my ——
Gus. Approach, my fellow soldier; your Gustavus
Claims no precedence here.

Haste, brave men!
Collect your friends, to join us on the instant:
Summon our brethren to their share of conquest,
And let loud echo, from her circling hills,
Sound freedom, till the undulation shake
The bounds of utmost Sweden! [Exeunt Dalecarlians, shouting.]

BARON VON KLINGENBERG.*

J. C. PORTER.

Capt. Bromly Cheston.	Mrs. Blake Bently.
Mrs. Albina Cheston.	Miss Matilda Bently.
Miss Myrtilla Cheston.	Miss Turretville.
Aunt Quimby, a plain speaker.	Miss Lybrand.
Mr. Smith, a nobleman incog.	Mr. Symmington.
Baron Von Klingenberg, an impostor.	Mr. Beverly, an acquaintance of Smith.

[Enter Capt. Cheston, Mrs. Cheston, and Miss Cheston, and take chairs.]

Miss Cheston. How fortunate that Aunt Quimby left us last week! This last visit has been so long, that I think she will scarcely favor us with another for two or three weeks, at least. I hope she has not heard of our party to-night.

Capt. Cheston. There is no danger of that, Myrtilla. Aunt cannot possibly have heard of it; and besides, she told me she was going to set out for Baltimore on Wednesday, to visit Billy Fairfield's sister, Mrs. Bagnell. Says she, "I shall remain in Baltimore all the fall, for when the Bagnells once have me with them, I don't believe they will let me come away this side of winter."

Mrs. Cheston. I sincerely hope they may not. But pray, is it not about time for our company to arrive?

Capt. C. They will soon be here, no doubt. I trust we shall spend the time pleasantly with our new acquaintances.

Miss C. One thing, — Aunt Quimby will not be here, to rattle her tongue as usual in everybody's ears.

Capt. C. Well, I confess aunt is *rather* sociable.

Miss C. She is. indeed, most intolerably sociable!

Mrs. C. Oh, Bromly! There comes our most *mal-apropos* of aunts! — I thought she was a hundred miles off!

Miss C. What shall we do with her? — on this evening, too, of all evenings!

Capt. C. We must endeavor, as usual, to make the best of

---

* Adapted from the "Ladies' Book."

her. But where did she pick up that singular looking man she seems to be pulling along with her?

[Enter Aunt Quimby and her companion, whom she introduces as Mr. Smith.]

Mr. Smith. [Shaking hands awkwardly with Capt. Cheston.] I suppose I am unexpected — I fear I am trespassing ——

Aunt Quimby. O nonsense, now, Mr. Smith! where 's the sense of being so shamedfaced, and apologies for what can't be helped? I dare say my nephew and niece wonder quite as much at seeing me here; but are you sure my baggage is all on the barrow? Just step back, Mr. Smith, and see if my big blue band-box is safe, and the little one too. [Exit Mr. Smith.] Men all seem to owe a spite at bandboxes.

Capt. C. Tell me who this gentleman is, aunt, and how happens it he comes with you?

Mrs. C. I thought, aunt, you were to start yesterday for Baltimore.

Aunt Q. O! yes — but things have worked the queerest I ever saw.

Miss C. Have you invited Mr. Smith here to-night? ——

Capt. C. You are always meeting with strange adventures, aunt, — did the steamboat blow up? Your perseverance must have met something extraordinary — pray give us the whole history.

Aunt Q. Why, the short and long of it is this: I was to have started for Baltimore yesterday morning, bright and early, with Mr. and Mrs. Neverwait; but the shoemaker disappointed me in my overshoes, and a great many other things turned up, so that I could not possibly go; and the Neverwaits went without me.

Mrs. C. But who told you about the party, aunt?

Aunt Q. Don't be in such a wonderment, Albina! you 'll know all soon. As I was saying, I was bent upon going somehow this morning. So Billy Fairfield went down to the wharf, and found this Mr. Smith, who was a man that took no airs, and did n't set up for great things.

Miss C. And invited him to our party?

Aunt Q. No, no! We had n't heard of the time you was to have to-night. As I was saying, Billy got him to take charge of me to Baltimore ——

Mrs. C. And why did n't you go, aunt?

Aunt Q. Dear me! Albina, that 's what I was trying to tell. You see, Mr. Smith was some bashful, and a good deal flustrated, and took me into the wrong boat; and the boats being all mixed up together, we did n't find out our mistake until we got half way up the river, instead of being half way

down. And then I heard the ladies talking of a party, which they said was to be at Capt. Cheston's to-night. I pricked up my ears, and found it was even so; and I told them that Capt. Bromly Cheston was a near relation of mine, for his wife was own daughter of Mrs. Marsden, whose first husband was my own sister Nelly's son — and all about your marrying Capt. Cheston.

Capt. C. And what did the company say to all this?

Aunt Q. Why, I don't exactly remember; but they must have said something, for I know that those nearest stopped their own talk when I began.

Mrs. C. But about this Mr. Smith?

Aunt Q. Oh! after a while I went and told him what a lucky mistake we had made, as we were to be at a party without intending it; and he made a sort of heming and hawing about intruding himself without an invitation, as he called it; but I told him the party was to be at my nephew and niece's, who are always crazy to see me, and to have me with them, and I'd engage to pass him through, as they would be just as glad to see any of my acquaintances.

Miss C. But does your son-in-law know nothing more of him than merely seeing him at the wharf?

Aunt Q. Oh! yes, we had him at tea once, (you need not mention it though.) It was quite in a plain way; but he seemed very satisfied; and though there were doughnuts and cucumbers, and all such things, on the table, he did n't eat anything but bread and butter, and not much of that.

Miss C. But, is he respectable?

Aunt Q. But, if the truth must be told, Mr. Smith is an Englishman.

Miss C. An Englishman!

Aunt Q. Yes, but the poor man can't help that, you know; and I'm sure I never should have guessed it, for he neither looks English nor talks English.

Capt. C. Are you *sure* he is a man of good character?

Aunt Q. Why, Bromly! you are as fidgety as an old maid! Billy went to the English consul and described his dress and looks, and the consul knew who he meant, and said he would warrant him to be perfectly honest and respectable.

[Reënter Mr. Smith.]

Mr. S. Mr. Cheston, will you be so kind as to direct me to the nearest inn, that I may remain till a boat passes down the river?

Aunt Q. Why, Mr. Smith, where 's the sense of being so

backward? I suppose you think you 're not welcome; but I will answer for you, as well as for myself ——

Capt. C. Mr. Smith, I hope you 'll not leave us; we should be very happy to have you remain and pass the evening with us.

Mr. S. But — but — is there not to be a party of young folks here to-night?

Aunt Q. Oh! there, Mr. Smith, I do believe you are bashful, and afraid of getting into company where there are girls.

Capt. C. We are, indeed, expecting a few friends in this evening, but we think you will find them every way agreeable.

Mr. S. I guess, then, I will remain.

[Goes and takes a seat by himself.]

Aunt Q. I heard some of the ladies in the boat say that there was to be a lion here to-night.

Capt. C. Well, aunt, did that frighten you?

Aunt Q. *Frighten me?* Good gracious! It made me open my eyes, and put me all in a quiver. I told them he should not be turned loose, if he were ever so tame. Is it indeed so, Albina?

Mrs. C. Why, aunt, don't you know that a lion means a great man?

Aunt Q. A lion means a great man! Well, I say it 's a real right down shame to speak of Christian people as if they were wild beasts; but who is this great man?

Mrs. C. O! he 's a foreigner — Baron Von Klingenberg.

Aunt Q. Baron Von Klingenberg! My sake! — a baron — a real outlandish baron!

Mrs. C. O aunt! he 's a person of very high tone.

Aunt Q. High tone! I suppose he 'll drown the voice of everybody else in the room. I 'm sure I want some chance to talk myself, — a baron! I suppose, then, all the young ladies have fallen in love with him. Well they may, for all of me, if I am a widow! Dear me! now they are all coming; how glad I am that there are chairs enough!

[Enter Symmington, Miss Lybrand, and Miss Turretville.]

Capt. C. [After all are seated.] You never visited this place before, I believe, Mr. Symmington — how have you enjoyed yourself since your arrival?

Symmington. Oh! very well indeed — a pleasant place. I understand that the baron is to be here to-night.

Capt. C. He is, and will probably come with Mrs. Bently and her daughter.

Mrs. C. He must fancy greatly Mrs. Bently's carriage; it seems he always rides in it.

Miss Turretville. Perhaps the carriage, and its inmates too.

Miss Lybrand. Have you ever had an introduction to him, Miss Turretville?

Miss T. Yes, at Mrs. De Mingles' party.

Miss C. Did I not see him take your fan and fan himself with it?

Miss T. I think he did so — how very easy and familiar he always appears!

Aunt Q. O, if there is not Mr. Smith sitting away back behind us all! Do come here, Mr. Smith, with the rest of us; — come — you will find a much pleasanter seat beside me. [Mr. Smith keeps his seat.] Myrtilla, come here; [speaking low] do take some account of that poor forlorn man that's sitting back there. He 's so very backward, and thinks himself such a mere nobody, — there now, that's a good girl; go and spirit him up a little.

Miss C. I hardly know how to talk to an Englishman.

Aunt Q. Why, can't you ask him if our sun is not a great deal brighter than his, and if he ever in his life saw so wide a river, and if he ever in his life saw such big trees?

Miss C. [Going to Mr. Smith.] Mr. Smith, don't you think our sun is a great deal brighter than yours? did you ever in your life see so wide a river, and did you ever in your life see such big trees?

Mr. S. I never have.

Capt. C. Miss Lybrand, have you heard the baron speak of his splendid castle?

Miss L. O yes! how gorgeous it must be!

Sym. The baron is very intimate with your family and Mrs. Bently's, I learn.

Miss L. Yes, he has favored us with many visits, as well as the rest of the fashionable circles in our part of the city.

Aunt Q. Miss Lybrand, — is that your name? — was your grandfather's name Moses?

Miss L. It was.

Aunt Q. Oh! then you must be grand-daughter of old Moses Lybrand, who kept a livery stable up in Race-street. Is your father's name Aaron?

Miss L. [Rather tartly.] No, madam. My father's name is Richard.

Aunt Q. Richard! — he must have been one of the second wife's children. Oh! I remember seeing him when a little boy; he had a curly head. Yes! yes! I recollect the family

very well! they used to go to our meeting, and sit up gallery. Richard was a smart looking boy, — they used to call him Tippy Dick. But what has become of your uncle Aaron?

Miss L. [Looking displeased.] I don't know, — I never heard of him.

Aunt Q. But was not your grandfather's name Moses?

Miss L. There might have been *other* Moses Lybrands. [Changes her seat.]

Aunt Q. Was he not a short, pock-marked man, who walked lame, with something of a cast in his right eye, — but I won't be positive, it might be in his left?

Miss L. I 'm sure, papa's father was no such looking man.

[Enter Baron Von Klingenberg, Mrs. Blake Bently, and her daughter Matilda.]

Capt. C. [After all are seated.] You have not been long in this country, I believe, baron?

Baron Von Klingenberg. No, my dear captain, but I have never regretted coming.

Sym. I am glad you enjoy your visit; do you think it pleasanter residing in America than in Europe?

Baron Von K. I can hardly say which delights me most.

Mrs. Blake Bently. A change of scenes, baron, and forming new acquaintances, I should think might be very agreeable to you?

Baron Von K. It is, madam,— the truth is, one gets surfeited with courts, and kings, and princes. By the way, this assembly reminds me of the annual *fêtes* I give to my serfs in the park that surrounds my castle, at the Cataract of the Rhine.

Miss B. I suppose you take great pleasure in giving these great entertainments to your serfs?

Baron Von K. Certainly. [Applying Mrs. Bently's essence-bottle to his nose.] As I was saying, when I give these *fêtes* to my serfs, I regale them with Westphalia hams, from my own hunting-grounds, and hock, from my own vineyards.

Aunt Q. Dear me! Ham and hock!

Miss T. Baron, I suppose you have visited the Hartz Mountains?

Baron Von K. My castle stands on one of them.

Miss T. Charming! then you have seen the Broken.

Baron Von K. It is directly in front of my ramparts.

Miss T. How delightful! Are there still brigands in the Black Forest?

Baron Von K. Troops of them — the Black Forest is just back of my own woods.

Miss C. The situation of your castle must be *unique* — in the midst of the Hartz Mountains, at the Falls of the Rhine, with the Broken in front, with the Black Forest behind.

Mrs. C. O, you must doat on the place! Did you live there always?

Baron Von K. No; only in the hunting season. I am equally at home in all the capitals of the continent; perhaps chiefly at my native place, Vienna, where my friend, the emperor, is never so happy as when I am with him. I recollect, at the last court ball, the emperor was teazing me to dance with his cousin, the Archduchess of Hesse Hoblingen; but her highness dances as if she had a cannon-ball chained to each foot — and so I got off by flatly telling him it was rather excruciating to whirl about with persons in heavy royal robes.

Miss T. Is it possible? Did you dare to talk so to an emperor?

Mrs. C. Of course, before the next morning, you were loaded with chains and immured in a dungeon.

Baron Von K. Not at all. My old crony, the emperor, knows his man; so he laughed, and slapped me on the shoulder, and I took his arm, and we sauntered off to the other end of the grand saloon. I remember, that evening, I broke my quizzing-glass, and had to borrow the Princess of Saxe Blingenberg's.

Miss C. Was it not very elegant, set round with diamonds?

Baron Von K. Quite likely it was; but I never look at diamonds, — one gets tired of them. I often joke with my friend, Prince Esterhazy, about his diamond coat — its glitter really incommodes my eyes, when he happens to be near me, as he does quite often. Whenever he walks, you may track him by the gems that fall from it.

Mrs. B. And I suppose you can hear him far off by the continued tinkling as they fall?

Baron Von K. Well, I must say you have a capital idea of royal cuts and scenes.

Aunt Q. I believe, madam, your name is Bently?

Mrs. B. I am Mrs Blake Bently.

Aunt Q. Mrs Blake Bently! Oh! I remember your husband very well. He was a son of old Tommy Bently, up Second-street, that used to keep the sign of "Adam and Eve." Old Tommy's wife was a Blake — that was the way your husband came by his name. Her father was an upholsterer, and she worked at the trade before she was married. She

made two bolsters and three pillows for me, though I 'm not quite sure it was not three bolsters and two pillows. She had a brother that was a painter and a glazier, too. I remember, we always used to send for him to mend our broken windows. And you live up Chestnut-street, don't you, among the fashionables?

Mrs. B. My residence *is* up *Chestnut*-street.

Aunt Q. And your mother's name was Ross?

Mrs. B. Her maiden name was Ross.

Aunt Q. I thought so — I remember your father very well. He was a son of old Tommy Atwood, who kept an ironmonger's shop down Second-street. Your grandfather was a very obliging old man. I recollect once he had the kitchen tongs mended for me, and when I put him in mind I had bought them at his store, he never charged me a cent. Strange I never got acquainted with you before!

Mrs. B. [With disdain.] Got acquainted with me before! [Turning to the baron.] Baron, I suppose the royal saloons are fitted up with the utmost splendor, are they not? [Exit Captain Bromly C.]

Baron Von K. Some of them. I remember, one day, I was dining with the King of Prussia; there were some fine peaches on the table, and the king said to me, "Klingenberg, my fine fellow, let 's try which of us can first break that large looking-glass by shooting a peach-stone at it."

Aunt Q. Dear me — what a king! — and now I look at you again, sir, — there! just now, with your face turned to the light, — there 's something in your looks that puts me in mind of Jacob Stimble, our Dutch young man, that used to live with us. Mr. Quimby bought him out of a redemptioner's ship. He was to serve us three years; but before the time was up he ran away. Maybe he was a relation of yours, as you both came from Germany.

Baron Von K. A relation of mine!

Aunt Q. There, now,— there 's Jake Stimble to the life! He had just that way of stretching up his eyes, and drawing down his mouth, when he did not know what to say. [The baron contracts his brow. Aunt Quimby looks inquisitively.] Fix your face as you will, you are as much like him as you can look. I can see Jake Stimble now, with the market basket, or scrubbing the pavement.

[Enter Captain Bromly C.]

Capt. C. [Addressing the company.] Ladies and gentlemen, it will give me pleasure to wait on you to the refreshment hall. [Exeunt all but Aunt Quimby and Mr. Smith.]

Aunt Q. Why, Mr. Smith! have the girls given you the slip? They surely meant for you to follow them.

Mr. S. [Rising suddenly, going a step or two, and hesitating.] I dare not, without an invitation.

Aunt Q. Pho! Pho! You are too humble. Pluck up a little spirits, and run after the girls.

Mr. S. I — I believe I cannot take such a liberty.

Aunt Q. Then I 'll call Captain Cheston back, to invite you. [Going.]

Mr. S. [Seizing her by the arm.] No, no, — I had rather not intrude further upon his kindness.

Aunt Q. I declare, you are the most shamefacedest man I ever saw. Here you 've been, all the evening, looking as if you had n't a word to throw at a dog. Sit down, Mr. Smith, and talk to me. There 's a seat. [He is seated.] Mr. Smith, don't you think barons have voices much like other people? Did you ever hear any of them talk, when in England?

Mr. S. Once or twice, I believe.

Aunt Q. On business, I suppose? Do noblemen go to the shops and buy their own things themselves? Mr. Smith, please to tell me what line you are in?

Mr. S. [Hanging his head and blushing — after a pause.] The tin line.

Aunt Q. Well, never mind, — though, to be sure, I did n't expect you were a tinner, — perhaps you do a little in the japan way?

Mr. S. No, I deal in nothing but plain tin.

Aunt Q. Well, — if you think of opening a shop in our place, I 'm pretty sure Billy Fairfield will give you his custom; and I 'll try to get Mrs. Pattypan and Mrs. Kettleworth to buy all of their tins of you.

Mr. S. You are very kind. Is the tin business good in this country?

Aunt Q. Well, there! — you have asked me one question to-night, have n't you? Do try, Mr. Smith, to keep up your courage, when the girls come back, wont you? Albina will be laughing at me for having such a bashful man with me, if you don't talk more. But, what did you ask?

Mr. S. I asked if the tin business was good in this place?

Aunt Q. Oh! as to that, I hardly know what to say. Was you going to be a tin pedler?

Mr. S. A what?

Aunt Q. A tin pedler. Did n't you ever hear of that trade before, and a tinman too? Well, between us, it is not quite so respectable as some. However, one thing I 'm sure of, you 'll never be a bit above your business. I 'll do my best for

you, and when you get a little more acquainted with our people, you 'll hold up your head and look quite pertly. [Enter Captain Cheston, Symmington, Albina, Myrtilla, Mrs. Bently, Miss Lybrand, and Miss Turretville.] Come, Mr. Smith, let us go out into the other room — maybe we shall see the baron again.

[Exit Aunt Quimby, followed by Mr. Smith.]

Capt. C. How did you like the appearance of the baron, friend Symmington?

Sym. Oh! very much! he must be very distinguished in Europe.

Mrs. B. To be so familiar with kings, and princes, and all such great characters!

Capt. C. Did you ever learn anything of his military fame, Mr. Symmington?

Sym. Nothing, in particular. I heard him speak of having on his Hussar uniform, on a certain occasion.

Mrs. C. I should like to see him in such a dress.

Miss C. Oh! he don't look to me like a bloody warrior.

Miss L. So I think. He neither looks nor talks like a cruel man at all.

Miss C. I delight to hear him talk!

Miss L. O, I do! about castles, and diamonds, and fêtes!

Miss T. How I wish there were castles with ramparts, and cataracts, and banditti, in this country!

Mrs. C. Hark! What 's that noise?

[Enter Aunt Quimby, all out of breath.]

Aunt Q. Oh! mercy! — if Mr. Smith has n't been collaring the baron! [All rise and press round her.]

Mrs. C. and Mrs. B. [Together.] The baron collaring Mr. Smith, you mean!

Aunt Q. No, no, — I mean as I say! Who 'd think 't was in Mr. Smith to do such a thing? Oh! he shook him, and kicked him! — and, only think, all that to a baron!

Capt. C. And to my guest too!

Mrs. B. Oh, dear! Is the baron wounded — is he bleeding?

Miss L. Are they fighting now? — do go and help him!

Mrs. C. Go, quick! O, he 'll be killed — the baron 'll be killed!

Sym. There will be a duel out of this, certainly.

Mrs. B. A duel! why yes, and more too,— the King of Germany will make war upon the United States, before to-morrow morning!

[Enter Smith, and Miss Bently, with her handkerchief at her face, who goes sobbing to her mother's side.]

Mrs. C. [Indignantly calling out, as Smith makes his appearance.] Impudent scoundrel!

Sym. Base assassin!

Mrs. B. Ungrateful murderer!

Aunt Q. You ugly man! I guess I shall help you sell your tins!

Capt. C. You ruffian! What's the meaning of this outrage, and in the presence of a lady, too?

Mr. S. The lady must excuse me for forgetting myself so far as to chastise, on the spot, a contemptible villain.

Mrs. B. You are the contemptible villain, yourself!

Capt. C. Explain yourself, sir!

Mr. S. Believe me, friends, I know this Baron Von Klingenberg to be an impostor and a swindler. He has visited several countries in Europe, feigning to be an American gentleman of great fortune, and has always turned out a thievish rascal. Just now, I detected him picking pockets, and cutting the jewels from the ladies' dresses.

Mrs. B. Don't believe him! — Mr. Smith, indeed! who 's to take his word? who knows who Mr. Smith is?

Mr. Beverly. [Speaking as he enters.] I do, — I had the pleasure of knowing him intimately, during my last tour in Europe.

Aunt Q. Maybe you bought your tins of him?

Mr. B. Ladies and gentlemen, shall I have the honor of introducing Lord Huntingford. [The company gradually fall back.] The only tin he deals in is that produced by his extensive mines in Cornwall.

Mr. S. Perhaps, my friends, the epithets, rascal and scoundrel, will apply as well to barons as to lords.

Capt. C. Lord Huntingford, I humbly ask your pardon for my rashness. Sir, — if you can overlook such injurious language ——

Mrs. B. My lord, — I hope you will excuse us all; we were excited.

Mr. S. Far be it from me to blame any of you. I expected such treatment.

Capt. C. But, my lord, — can it be possible that the baron is an impostor?

Mr. S. It is truly so.

Mrs. B. And a thief, too?

Mr. S. Yes, a thief ——

Mrs. C. And you saw him steal?

Mr. S. All I have told you is true.

Sym. What a humbug!

Aunt Q. Humbug! My gracious! I should say Lord Smith humbugged me the most! — making me believe he was a tin pedler. Dear me! to think I should be so familiar with a lord, and a real one, too! I suppose I must not speak to you, now, Mr. Smith, for I don't know how to begin calling you my lord.

Mr. S. Call me Mr. Smith, if you choose; under that name I have had opportunity of gaining much knowledge of this unique and interesting country — knowledge which I could not have obtained in my real character. This last consideration, I hope, will be sufficient excuse for the little deception I have practised.

Sym. But, where 's the baron? has he sneaked off?

Miss B. He has! he has, — and has taken my beautiful diamond ring!

Mrs. B. Now I think of it, he did not give back my gold essence-bottle, with an emerald stopper!

Miss T. Now I remember, he did not return to me the beautiful fan he took from my hand at Mrs. De Mingles'!

Sym. And I doubt if he returned her diamond opera-glass to the Princess of Saxe Blingenberg.

Aunt Q. The Princess of Saxe Fiddlestick! Do you suppose he really ever had anything to do with such folks? Between ourselves, I thought it was all fudge, the whole time he was trying to make us believe he was hand in glove with women that had crowns on their heads, and men with diamond coats, and kings that shot peach-stones! I believe he is Jacob Stimble. The more he talked, the more he looked like him, — and when Lord Smith was giving him such a drubbing, he looked, for all the world, as he did when Mr. Quimby used to be plying the switch to him.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

W. SHAKSPEARE.

SCENE. *The Forum and Citizens.*

[Enter Brutus, and goes into the Rostrum.]

Citizens. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor;

and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may be the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him: there are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none! [Several speaking at once.]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

[Enter Antony and others.]

Here comes Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony. [Exit.]

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We 'll hear him: noble Antony, go up.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his saying.

2 *Cit.* There is not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

3 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar, —
I found it in his closet, — 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood.

4 *Cit.* We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will! the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will!
Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii: —
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods! how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody Treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
2 *Cit.* O traitors! villains!
3 *Cit.* We will be revenged! — revenge!
About! — seek! — burn! — fire! —
Slay! — let not a traitor live! [Exeunt.]

OCCASIONAL
ADDRESSES AND EXERCISES.

A SALUTATORY.

COMM. SCRIPT.

PARENTS AND FRIENDS :—We rejoice to meet you here on this occasion. We feel that you are concerned in the improvement we may have made of the golden hours which we have passed in this cherished place ; it truly gladdens our hearts in beholding the interest your kindly presence manifests. We feel assured you will not judge of our performances by any very elevated standard, since, from those as young as ourselves, perfection, or any near approach to it, cannot be reasonably expected. If you but discover those *germs* of culture and scientific attainments which *promise* future respectability and excellence as scholars or speakers, you will find all we could claim. Not to what we *are*, but to that which we are striving to *become*, would we ask your attention. We greet you, then, not as *critics*, but as *friends*, — friends, who, generously overlooking each deficiency necessarily attending youthful inexperience, will hail every indication of success, as the bright harbinger of future usefulness.

But, whatever may be the measure of our merit, we feel to one belongs the full meed of praise.

Kind teacher, — it is proper that we acknowledge, with thankfulness, your unceasing toils in our behalf. We doubt not, that you, sir, have already that rich reward which the consciousness of duties well performed always imparts, — but to that we would fain add our sincere gratitude and high respect.

Schoolmates, — hand in hand we have been privileged to cull mental flowers, more beautiful than those that garnish the teeming earth. If any of you have found that beneath the beautiful rose of unfolding truth the thorn has lurked — or, in other words, if the more you have learned, the more deeply you have been pierced with the conviction that the endless river of knowledge murmurs forth its melodious invitations

to drink of *inexhaustible* waters — feel solaced by the reflection, that though you can never learn *all* things, yet the very boundlessness of truth enables *every* noble spirit to partake freely of its pure element. And the bright examples of the wise and good show clearly how may be yours all the noblest objects of a laudable ambition.

> "Therefore, press on! and reach the goal,
> And gain the prize, and wear the crown;
> Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
> Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
> To thine own self be true, and keep
> Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
> Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
> A heavenly harvest for thy toil!"

A SALUTATORY.

F. CROSBY.

A CHEERY smile ever finds some "wee green neuk, some wee sly neuk," wherein to nestle in the hearts of the young. Age may learn to cloak the sweetest emotions of the soul — hypocrisy may mildew with its night-shade glare each sound of praise — the world may teach us to forget all sunny looks which lighten the load of life — this, all this, may be our *future* lot, — but may it be a future far distant. Long may it be ere we shall learn the art of ingratitude, foreign to all ingenuous natures — never may we stifle a thank-offering when our hearts would yield it!

For your gladsome presence with us this evening, in behalf of my comrades, I thank you. Commencing, as we do, under such favorable auspices, how can our success but be enhanced? — how can we but strive to gain the meed of your applause?

Over our short-comings and failures we beg that the mantle of charity may drop. We are no veterans, born and bred to thread the mazes of the drama; no children of the stage are we, accustomed to call-boy and prompter; a failure with us brings no loss of bread; — nought of all this are we.

We offer ourselves as mere novices in the art histrionic — we ask no higher niche than this in your memory. From us you will expect the delineation of the school-boy, the demeanor of those all unacquainted with the mysteries of the boards. That we provoke no laughter, that we cull no approbation, attribute all to this, — this rank alone do we claim.

Accept, then, our evening's tribute as an index of our willingness to endeavor, though we fail of success. Happy shall we be, if, perchance, we equal a fair anticipation.

Closing, as we do, this evening, our present term, permit me for my companions to thank you for the kindness shown our attempts to please you, during the eleven weeks which now slumber with the past. May coming time bring no regret to your memories, when wandering over these fields, now numbered with the silent. May you ever retain the happiness of the true patron — and when we shall have lain this evening aside with its brothers of the by-gone, may no saddened tear drop over its resting-place, — but may we, one and all, patrons, teachers, and taught, sun ourselves in the recollection of a season happily spent.

AN INTRODUCTORY.

COMM. SCRIPT.

Respected Friends, — It is a source of pleasure to us, this evening, to behold you at our exhibition, because we are led to infer from your presence that our undertaking has your approval.

You are doubtless aware that we have given our attention for a short time past to speaking and recitation; and we hope to show, by this evening's exercises, that our efforts at improvement have not been wholly in vain. Perfect specimens are not to be expected of any so young as ourselves; yet we know not but there may be among us some who may rise, by means of a persevering diligence, to that degree of intellectual greatness and power that shall enable them to hold listening multitudes in rapture, and sway the councils of the nation by their eloquence. We know not what we *are*, — much less what we *shall be*. Therefore we have determined to labor and to hope, feeling fully assured that the greater our attainments of learning and virtue in youth, the better we shall be prepared to act honorable and useful parts on the great stage of active and responsible life.

And it is ours to hope, that this evening's recreations, honored by the attendance of our relations and friends, may not be lost upon us, but prove an inducement for us ever to strive for the approbation of the wise and good.

A VALEDICTORY.

W. L. P. BOARDMAN.

The veil of the past is soon to be drawn over all the records of the present term. Its joys, its sorrows, its moments well spent and its moments wasted, all that it has granted to us of intellectual wealth or of moral growth, are soon to become subjects of positive history. We are about to bid adieu to our teacher, to each other, and many of us, doubtless, a final farewell to this school. Farewell! how does the sound of that, alas! too oft repeated word, thrill every soul with poignant regrets! To unbind the tendrils entwined around the heart by intimate companionship, and to take the hand of cherished friends, perhaps, for the last time this side of the grave is, indeed, sad and melancholy, and would be hardly supportable were not true friendship eternal.

It is proper, kind friends, that we gratefully acknowledge the encouragement your attendance has given to us, at this closing scene. Your cheerful countenances, and your marked attention, tell us that our efforts to please have not been wholly ineffectual. Benefiting by the many lessons of wisdom that have been taught us, we confidently hope, by acting well our parts on the stage of active life, to be honored, not only with your continued approbation, but to receive that which is still better and nobler, even the approval of God and conscience.

To you, the much loved Principal of this school, allow me, in behalf of my schoolmates, to offer the unanimous testimony of affection and respect. The untiring zeal and assiduity with which you have labored to guide and aid us in our feeble, toilsome march up the rugged hill of science, have richly merited, and do receive, our heartfelt thanks. It will ever be the earnest wish of your pupils that all your labors may be crowned with rich success, and that in the end you may receive the faithful teacher's reward in heaven.

Schoolmates, you are now to part, never again to meet under the same circumstances. Some of you leave this place of learning to-day, as students for the last time, while others will return at the beginning of another term, to resume the onward march in the flowery paths of literature. A few years, at most, will be sufficient to work for you great changes. But with almost all of you it is entirely optional as to what station you shall occupy in life. Would you have the wreath that honor and virtue entwine encircle your brow? Then, in all your varied intercourse with the world, be so

guided and governed by the knowledge you have been privileged here to acquire, as ever to display in your characters and lives an honest, virtuous, persevering integrity.

And now, at the moment of separation, permit me, in behalf of friends, teacher, and students, to speak to each, for each, the parting word, hoping that we all may be allowed to meet each other again, at last, in that better world, where partings are known no more. Farewell!

A CLOSING ADDRESS AT AN ACADEMY.

J. FISHER.

In view of circumstances peculiar to the closing of a term, I trust the audience will now bear with me while I may personally address those who, as teachers and students, are most deeply interested in the work of this institution.

And first, to you, our beloved *Principal*, whose labors have so abundantly blessed this band of happy youth, whose watchful supervision and constant concern for our welfare have ever attested the purity and disinterestedness of your motives, — to you, in behalf of my fellow students, would I render expressions of sincere and heartfelt gratitude. Well do we know the trials and discouragements which have attended you, and we should do you injustice not to confess our inability to reward your zeal. Your reward is *higher* and more noble than we, or the world, can give. *Heaven* and an approving conscience do alone bear to you a worthy recompense. Time may hurry us on, until the veil of the past shall interpose obscurity between memory and the scenes of youth, but God forbid that we may ever forget you, or cease to bind to our hearts your cherished name, your pure example and wise instructions. May the blessing of Heaven ever rest upon you. Accept, we pray, these expressions of regard, as the sincere and grateful tribute of many overflowing hearts.

And to you,* whose labors have lightened the cares of our worthy Principal, and heightened the joys of our intercourse with one another, we extend the affectionate congratulations of a friendship which we trust will continue to glow within our hearts while life and the recollections of the past remain.

And, also, to you,† whose task has been to cheer and enliven by the tuneful art, as well as to assist in the various

* The Assistant. † The Teacher of Music.

duties of the term, do we proffer our heartfelt testimonials of sincere regard. May your skilful hand continue to produce sweet melody, and your voice lend the soul-stirring enchantment of song, until you shall be called to join that angelic choir, whose fingers "sweep the golden wires" of celestial harps in the glory of Paradise.

Fellow Students, — what can I say to you? Our past intercourse speaks volumes to my heart. Age may silver my now youthful locks; time may waft its changes by; yet *never* shall I forget this affectionate group, and their happy union for the noble purpose of mutual improvement. As *brothers* and as *sisters* would I speak to you. Well do you know your responsibilities. I need urge nothing upon your attention in regard to the various duties which the world will expect you to perform as you go forth into its busy scenes. Your actions have already spoken, and announced the spirit of a noble determination. Go on, persevering in hope, and a crown of honor awaits you.

And now the hour of separation has come, what thoughts crowd in succession through our minds? We think of the term that has passed away; of the enjoyments it has brought us; of the social festivals it yielded; and all seems delightful to dwell upon. But, alas! the pang of separation dissolves the enchanting spell, and we look forth into the bosom of the dark, uncertain future!

For the *last* time we have assembled. Never shall we all again unite upon earth, an unbroken band, to enjoy the bliss of a union like that which is now being dissolved. We go forth to our scattered homes, many of us never again to visit this lovely spot; while some, perhaps, may slumber in the silence of the grave before the return of another occasion like this. But though we may no more meet together on earth, may we be permitted again to meet in heaven, and there enjoy together union, and peace, and love forever.

My duty is now done. Friends, teachers, and students, may God bless you all. FAREWELL!

A CLOSING ADDRESS FOR EXAMINATION DAY.

J. C. PORTER.

INDULGENT FRIENDS, you now have heard us through,
In kindness we can bid you all adieu.
The closing hour of school has come at last;
How quickly have the moments flitted past!

It seems, I know, a dream of sportive plays,
Yet, parents dear, well spent have been our days.

Teacher, our grateful thanks to you we give,—
May Heaven's blessings cheer you while you live.
Go on; assist the human soul to rise,
For brighter joys await you in the skies.

Gay, happy band, our feelings who can tell,
As now we part, and, parting, say farewell?
In future years, when life's gay scenes have fled,
And we perhaps to distant lands have sped,
How will remembrance these bright days recall,
And wisdom's lessons treasured in this hall!

Teacher and friends, and pleasant classmates too,
We kindly bid you, one and all, adieu!

AN EPILOGUE.

C. D. STUART.

Dear Friends and Parents! 'neath whose cheering smile
We 've toiled, to please and keep you here a while,
Our task is o'er, and unto me the part
Has been assigned to speak, with swelling heart,
To you who all have watched and wished us well,
The few brief words, of friendship and farewell!
O! gently judge us for all deeds amiss;
Forget our faults, and but remember this—
That all our acts, however ill expressed,
Were well intended, and we hope are blessed.
One meed alone it was our wish to gain—
Your kind applause—and have we strove in vain?
Methinks, while gazing on each smiling face,
The hoped for verdict I can plainly trace,
And hear in whispers from your bosoms start
The warm response, a tribute from each heart!
If so, the summit of our hope is won,—
What more than please has mortal ever done?
And for such meed, oh, friends! our thanks accept;
Your smiles shall all for after times be kept,
And rise to cheer us on some future day,
When o'er the past our memory's feet shall stray;

And we, recalling from its treasures dear,
Will bless the friends who saw us gather here.
Oh friends and parents! may your fortunes be
Henceforth unclouded, and from sorrow free;
And each year, in succession, as it flies,
Thus see us meet with rapture in our eyes;
Thus see us strive to act our parts as well,
And of your pleasure in sweet accents tell!
The past! our paths a thousand ways pursue —
Some hopeful star is beaming on each view!
O may those paths to peace and pleasure tend,
And at the goal of life immortal end!
May gentle flowers bloom lightly where you tread,
And joy's pure halo circle o'er each head!
Life's thorns be hidden in the distant sand,
And not a footstep tread that desert land,
But all glide onward till life's toil is past,
And meet together by one shrine at last,
As brothers meet upon a blissful shore,
When every cloud that darkens life is o'er,
Amid the songs from many hearts that swell,
To say no more the bitter word — "Farewell!"

A CLOSING ADDRESS AT A REPEATED EXHIBITION.

J. G. ADAMS.

Indulgent Friends! once more we close
A pleasant exhibition —
This evening doubly pleasant made,
Because a repetition.

It tells us that our efforts here
Have not proved unavailing;
It tells us that in greater deeds
We must not think of failing.

It tells us that the truth well said, —
Clear, earnest, and unbroken, —
To those who seek for sense, not sound,
Will bear to be re-spoken.

We 'll think of this! A thought sublime
Comes in the contemplation
Of truth here uttered — who can tell
Its work, its consummation?

Oh! truth repeated! 'T is a song
Through highest heaven ringing;
A song the daily sun, the moon,
And all the stars, are singing!

Heard in each breeze that sweeps the land,
Or skims the murmuring ocean —
In bird-note of the morn or eve,
Sounds of a true devotion!

Seen in each thing of life and joy
Our eyes are here beholding! —
Felt in that soul whose powers shall be
Eternally unfolding!

Beloved friends — good-night! — we pray
No evil may distress you —
That, in all gloom of life to come,
This evening's light may bless you.

ON PRESENTATION OF A SILVER PITCHER,

AT SALEM.

A handsome silver pitcher was presented to Mr. Cumston,* late Principal of the North Phillips School, by the pupils, on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 22d, 1848. Master John L. Hunt performed the ceremony of presentation, in the use of the subjoined speech:

Ladies and Gentlemen, *and* Mr. Cumston, *our late most respected and beloved teacher:* —

The pupils of the Phillips School, my brother scholars, have requested me, in their behalf, to present to you this token of their lasting friendship, esteem and love.

You have been to them, sir, not only the patient, able, and successful teacher, but the kind friend, the cheering guide; and they will recollect you, not only while they have minds to educate, but hearts to feel.

Their unfeigned regret at parting with you, you must have seen and felt; indeed, you shared the same feelings with us all. You were one of us, and among us; and such a loss we doubly feel. It is a vacancy which will not, alas! be filled.

We were desirous, sir, after you had gone from among us, to manifest, in some enduring form, the feelings which had connected us so pleasantly together; to again see you among

---

* Now a teacher in the English High School, Boston.

us, one of us, and present to you, personally, in a pleasant form, that token of their feelings.

They chose this pitcher; on it is inscribed our wishes. May you pour from it, unto your latest life, the waters of sweet contentment, kind remembrance, and pure happiness. May it remain by you as the evidence of former days of usefulness and duty, not unremembered by us all, and gladden your eyes, and cheer your heart, with the perpetual good wishes of those young hearts who now beg you to accept it. It is their simple but heartfelt gift. Accept it from our innermost hearts.

Our assistants, my fellow-scholars, each and all of us, unite in wishing you, now and ever, the best of earthly and heavenly wishes; long may you live for usefulness, honor and happiness, and as we may never meet you again in our old relations, may we yet all meet in that grander hall of instruction, where the *great* Teacher can purify our souls with the light of all truth, and lead us in his ways of pleasantness and his paths of peace.

Mr. Cumston replied very appropriately, and the exercises closed with singing.

ON PRESENTATION OF A VASE AND FLOWERS,

AT WEST NEWTON.

At the third triennial convention of West Newton State Normal School, held July 26, 1848, after the "Salutation" from the Principal, Miss Sarah A. Clark, a member of the school, stepped forward, and made a presentation to him of a silver vase filled with flowers, in the following words:

Mr. Peirce: — The present members of the Normal School would offer you, in behalf of yourself and lady, this vase. We do not offer it for its beauty or value, but simply because we love you, and wish to *express* our love to you. Take it, then, as a memorial of our deep and abiding sympathy; as a testimonial of our gratitude for your unceasing efforts to benefit us. And, above all, take it as a pledge that we will endeavor to profit by your instructions, that when you shall appear at the great gathering of souls, your crown may be wreathed with Normal blossoms, bright and pure as those now before you!

Mr. Peirce rose to receive it, and replied:

I accept the valued gift, my dear pupils, with deep-felt

gratitude and pleasure. My heart is too full now to utter more. You who know me will understand my feelings, even though I take it and say no more.

ON PRESENTATION OF A GOLD PENCIL,

AT DANVERS.

Mr. E. Valentine having taken his leave of District School No. 11, in Danvers, Mass., the scholars showed their appreciation of his services by presenting him with a beautiful chair and gold pencil. Master Walter Fairfield, on making the presentation of the pencil, addressed the teacher as follows :

Mr. Valentine, — In behalf of a large portion of the lads, your late pupils, permit me to tender you this pencil, as a token of our warmest gratitude and respect for your character as a teacher, a friend, and a man. Let not our delinquencies, to which we have been quite too prone, obliterate from your recollection what little of good you may have discovered in us ; but, unlike the records you shall make with the pencil, may it be engraven on the tablet of your memory in such a manner that distance or circumstance, nay, nothing save the finger of time, shall ever be able to erase it.

And as the last ray of the setting sun lingers upon the hill-tops, leaving its warm and genial influences upon flower and herbage long after that luminary has sunk beneath the horizon, so, we trust, the hallowing influence of the choice lessons of wisdom imparted to us through your teachings, and the gentle spirit of kindness ever manifested towards us, shall linger with us while our being lasts, and be felt by posterity long after *our sun* of life shall have gone down forever.

The reply of Mr. Valentine was very nearly as follows :

Beloved pupils, — I hardly know how to express my gratitude to you for this beautiful golden gift, whose office it will be hereafter to inscribe the thoughts as they flow from the inmost workings of the soul. How often I shall have occasion to recall your kindness ! How often, as I record whatever may transpire in the future scenes of my life, shall I be reminded, by this noble gift, of the masters of District No. 11 !

If, in past years, I have done aught that has rendered your

ascent up the hill of science easy, or done anything that has given your morals an onward course, receive it, beloved pupils, as coming from one whose pleasant duty it was to do all in his power to prepare you for future usefulness.

I say again, kind friends, receive my many thanks; and as the shades of darkness have fallen around us, and we are about to separate, — you to return to your several homes to go on preparing for future usefulness, — may we inscribe excelsior on our banners, and love on our hearts, hoping that we may have many pleasant meetings on earth, and at last may we meet in heaven.

ON PRESENTATION OF BOOKS,

AT WATERVILLE.

During the exercises of a collation, at the close of the fall term of the Waterville Liberal Institute, Nov. 12, 1847, Miss Sarah J. Goodale, on making a present of books to the Principal, thus addressed him:

Dear Teacher, — In behalf of the teachers' class of the Waterville Liberal Institute, with which you this day honorably close your arduous and very successful labors as Principal, I present you these beautiful volumes. They are presented in token of our high respect for you as a Christian and a scholar; and especially of our deep gratitude for your faithfulness and zeal in imparting instruction, and the affectionate solicitude with which you have ever regarded the highest well-being of all your pupils.

These Poems your excellent literary taste will perceive to be among the most gifted productions of the American mind; and this Holy Bible, whose great and glorious truths make wise unto salvation, — this Book of all books, — we know you will always suitably prize.

Please, then, on this parting occasion, accept our gifts, and keep them as mementoes of the donors, who sincerely hope, though we should never more meet on earth, we may have the happiness of meeting at last in heaven, where the bond of friendship knows no separations, and the word farewell is never spoken.

On receiving the books, the Principal thus replied:

It is impossible for me to express adequately my feelings, on receiving such noble gifts as these, in token of the affec-

tionate regards of my pupils. The unexpected honor the teachers' class has been pleased to do me on this occasion will constitute this scene one of those bright spots in life around which my memory will delight to linger. Both the intrinsic value of your presents, and the circumstances under which they are bestowed, call forth my most grateful acknowledgements.

These Poems, so beautiful in expression and excellent in sentiment, I shall ever delight to peruse; while this elegant Bible I shall esteem above price, and hereafter, as I shall go to its inspired pages for instruction, my enjoyment will be heightened by the most pleasant recollections of its donors.

Although we must separate, never more perhaps to meet on earth, we rejoice that we can do it with the kindest wishes for each others' welfare.

My young friends, take with you, on the voyage of life, *truth and love.* FOLLOW THE RIGHT, and God will never fail to give you his richest blessings.

ON PRESENTATION OF A GOLD RING AND WATCH-CHAIN,

AT SALEM.

A splendid gold ring and watch-chain were presented to Mr. Weston, Principal of the South Phillips School, Salem, Mass., on Saturday, Nov. 25, 1848, at the close of the morning session, by Benjamin S. Price, in behalf of the school. The following was his presentation speech:

MR. WESTON, — The scholars of the South Phillips School have authorized me to request your acceptance of a gold ring, and also of a gold watch-chain.

I have, sir, great pleasure in performing this duty; and, in their behalf, beg leave to assure you that they offer them not for their intrinsic value, but as testimonials slight, but all that is in their power to offer, of the respect and affection which they entertain for you.

The ring has, in all ages, been considered as a pledge of affection; as such a pledge from grateful pupils, we offer it to you; — and may this chain be emblematical of that chain which we hope will bind the hearts of instructor and pupils in mutual love.

Mr. Weston returned his thanks by some very excellent remarks.

ADDRESS TO GENERAL TAYLOR,

AT NEW ORLEANS.

At an examination of the Girls' High School of the Second Municipality, Dec. 2d, 1848, the President elect, being in attendance by invitation, was presented to the assemblage by Recorder Baldwin, and afterwards addressed as follows, by Miss Perry, in behalf of her fellow-pupils :

I HAVE been deputed by my classmates, dear general, to express to you the pleasure we experience from a sense of the high honor conferred upon the school by a visit from the distinguished chieftain who has been elected by the votes of freemen to preside over the destinies of our great republic.

It is, indeed, a source of gratification, when one of our own citizens visits the school; but how much is that gratification augmented, when we receive as our guest one who has rendered both himself and his country illustrious by his brilliant military achievements, and who is now about to entwine the graceful olive with the laurels which already encircle his brow. We trust, moreover, that you feel and acknowledge the truth of the celebrated reply of Madam De Genlis, when asked by Napoleon how he could best serve the interests of France — " By the education of her daughters." Pardon us, sir, for hoping that, under your auspices, at least one bureau may be established at the seat of government for the cause of education, upon which we have been taught the perpetuity of our institutions depends, so that a new civic flower may be wrought into the chaplet which you have earned upon the field of battle.

And when, in after years, we see your name associated with some of the most glorious deeds which have adorned the pages of our country's history, what delight and gratification will thrill our hearts, as memory brings back, among her choicest reminiscences, the hour you spent at the Girls' High School of the Second Municipality of New Orleans.

LE Je 32

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2007

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 021 958 635 8